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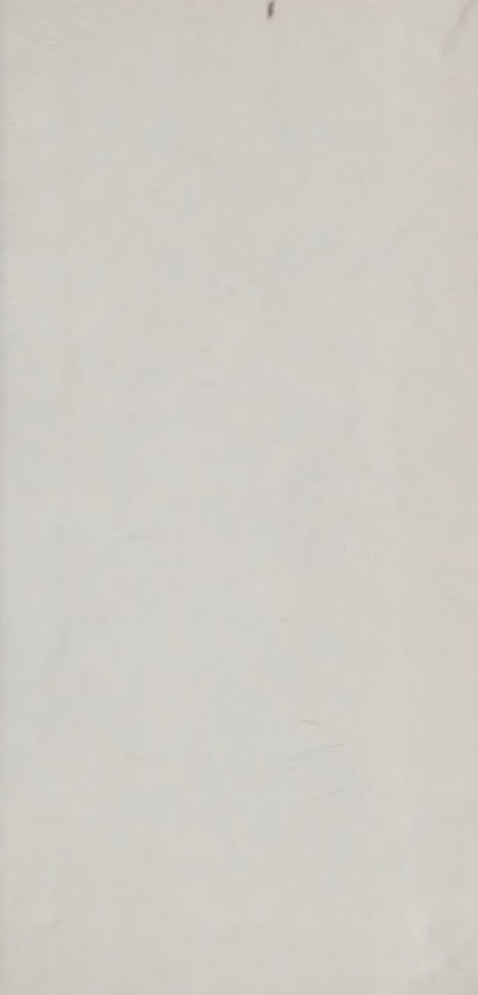
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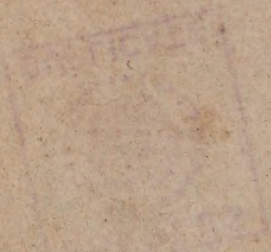




Geor: Riley's  
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THE  
MESSIAH:

ATTEMPTED

FROM THE GERMAN

OF

MR. KLOPSTOCK.

BY JOSEPH COLLYER.

*IN FIFTEEN BOOKS.—TWO VOLS.*

VOLUME I.

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY JOHN WEST AND CO.

*No. 75, Cornhill.*

1811.

George Riley  
was born November  
1764.

Gift  
Ambrose W. Clarke

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THE

## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

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THE extraordinary success of *The Death of Abel*, and the high opinion many persons of distinguished merit have entertained of that work, rendered them solicitous to see the *Messiah* attempted in the same manner, and by the same hand; they therefore applied to Mrs. Collyer, who began the arduous task; but had made no great progress, when a lingering illness, occasioned by the agitations of mind she suffered in writing the former work, unhappily for me, and for our children, put a period both to the attempt and to her life. As none could be better acquainted with her style than myself, I was encouraged to prosecute what she had begun, for my own benefit, and for that of my family; and I flatter myself, that I too shall meet with candor from the public. With diffidence I began this task; with fear, with labour, and repeated touches, I have prosecuted this piece of religious and moral painting; and at length have brought these volumes to a conclusion.

Mr. Klopstock has received from his *Messiah* the honour of being esteemed the Milton of Germany, and is considered as having completed what that favourite son of the British muse had left unfinished. I shall not here examine, whether the beauties of the *Messiah* equal those of *Paradise Lost*. It is sufficient for me here to observe, that Milton's *Paradise Regained*, or, in other words, his *Messiah*, though far from being destitute of merit, is universally allowed to fall much below the work which has done such honour to his country; and is acknowledged to be deficient in that unbounded invention, that beautiful machinery, and variety of characters, which distinguish the first and more vigorous effort of his genius; and has justly placed the name of Milton in the same rank with that of the Father of the Epic muse. But this is not all, *Paradise Regained* not only wants these distinguishing excellencies of an Epic Poem: but can scarcely be said, in any degree, to answer the title; it being entirely confined to the temptations in the wilderness, and on the pinnacle of the temple.

Mr. Klopstock's *Messiah* is formed upon a more extensive and important plan, and includes the sufferings, death, and resurrection of Christ; and as that gentleman proposes to continue the work until the *Messiah's* visible ascent into heaven, it will then, in the original, be considered as a complete Epic Poem: for it abounds in strength of invention, in grand imagery, and in a great variety of characters; some of which are entirely new, and all of them appear well supported. He particularly shines in his descriptions and speeches, in which there is sometimes an amazing sublimity, that



seems impossible to be transfused with such force and energy, into another language.

As to the merit of this attempt, I have little to say, that will be determined by the judgment of the public. I can only allege, that I have endeavored, to the utmost of my power, to do justice to the spirit of the original : but in all human attempts, perfection, and imperfection, only consist in being less or more imperfect. If, therefore in describing things “beyond the visible diurnal sphere,” I have sometimes been incapable of keeping up to the strength and sublimity of the excellent original ; or if in giving the speeches of the high host of heaven, I have been unable to find words capable of expressing the glowing fervor of a seraph, every pious, every good natured mind, I flatter myself will excuse the deficiency. Indeed, in the prosecution of this work, I have frequently been filled with sentiments too big, too sublime for utterance ; but happy will it be, if, where I have been unable to reach my own ideas, this work raises such great and inexpressible sensations in the minds of my readers.

I cannot conclude this preface without returning my thanks to those gentlemen and ladies who were pleased to honour me with their subscriptions to the two first volumes :\* some of whom from motive of humanity, exerted themselves with a warmth that did honour to their characters, and others subscribed in so generous a manner, that I might be charged with ingratitude, were I not thus publicly to acknowledge the favours I received.

\* The Messiah was formerly published in three volumes.

Mr. Klopstock has since published a third volume in German, which we have also translated into English. This treats of the great events which accompanied and followed the crucifixion of our Lord, till he appeared before his sorrowful disciples; and a fourth volume, which will doubtless conclude the work, will carry it to his glorious ascension, and triumphant entrance into the heaven of heavens.

ON

## DIVINE POETRY.

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THE public have a right to expect that the painter, who submits his picture to their judgment, should hang it up, and go away in silence. This rule I have carefully observed, and, mingling with the spectators, have held my peace, and improved by their observations. Still would I proceed in the same manner, and only take aside such of the spectators as are willing to hear me, and place them in a situation, in which, I imagine, they will be enabled to view pieces of this kind, in a proper point of view. My design is not here confined to the Messiah, but to sacred poetry in general.

I am very sensible that, by this means, I expose myself to double danger ; first, by slightly touching a subject that would require a volume, and by boldly reminding my judges of what they have a right to expect from those who undertake to give others a more sublime view of religion. But notwithstanding this, and, in spite of my aversion to engaging in works of criticism, the hopes of being of use to some, and of giving pleasure to others, have enabled me to surmount every difficulty. But, before I enter upon this subject, it seems previously necessary to consider, whether it

be allowable for poets to form their plans upon religious subjects. This may be doubted by some truly pious christians ; I shall therefore answer it with that respect which I shall always entertain for every good and upright mind.

That part of revelation which relates to facts, chiefly consists of outlines that were once filled up, and formed great and finished pictures. These beautiful outlines the poet carefully studies, and adds those bold touches, and lively colourings which he imagines most suitable to the design. Thus the whole, though regulated by the outlines, is, in a great measure, a picture formed from the imagination of the poet. Yet in this he does no more than others, who draw different consequences from the unhistorical passages of revelation ; and the conduct of both is equally allowable.

But others may, from a still more tender regard for religion, object, that nothing foreign should ever be mixed with divine revelation, lest the poet, by the force of his enchanting art, should make us forget that we are reading a work of imagination ; and that, in an affair of such infinite importance as religion, it is not allowable to mislead men, by making them mistake fictions for realities. To those who seriously make this objection, I answer, the circumstances which, either from the fervor of the heart, or the warmth of imagination, are, with all the appearance of truth, added to the history, can never be prejudicial to the cause of virtue : for if ever they be capable of being so, they must plainly appear fictitious, and not founded in truth and nature.

If then it be allowable for the poet to unfold and illustrate what is taught by revelation ; it may be farther asked, under what circumstances he may be permitted

to make use of materials drawn from religion ? To this I answer, that these circumstances are determined by nothing less than the end and design of religion itself. In sacred poetry a part of the plan and superstructure must depend on the genius and taste of the poet; but another, and perhaps the most essential, must arise from his religious turn of mind. His being well acquainted with the nature of religion in general, and his having thoroughly studied all its doctrines, are not sufficient, its truths must also be deeply impressed on his heart. But before I enlarge on these sentiments, and shew the numerous moral effects that flow from them, it is proper to bestow a few reflections on the genius and taste every person should possess, who attempts to distinguish himself in sacred poetry.

Some of my readers are well acquainted with the beauties of poetry, and know the various moral views it is capable of answering. Views which it ought always to have, though it is often without them. They know what the world, from the most enlightened judge, down to the lowest imitator, expect from the sublimer kinds of poetry. They who have read, and been accustomed to reflection, hold as infallible, not the judgment of hasty criticism, but that of the public, confirmed by time; and are convinced that what men call criticism, is often only ignorance, positiveness, partiality, and fashion. They are persuaded, that more just and perfect rules of writing may be learnt from a few lines of Virgil, or from those who deserve to be ranked with him, than from all the books of criticism in the world.

But there are other readers who equally deserve our respect, that know little of all this, how much soever

they may deserve to know it. These are they who are guided only by the pure, unbiassed sentiments of nature, and a good heart. As they are the most numerous, the author of a sacred poem must particularly write for them; and it is for their sakes I make the following few remarks on the most sublime kind of poetry, in order to shew how it should be employed on religious subjects. What I shall offer on this head, shall be reduced to the following short propositions:

A piece of sublime poetry is a work of genius, in which strokes of wit are to be sparingly used.

There are master-pieces of wit that neither reach the heart, nor flow from it; but a genius without the tender feelings of the heart, is very imperfect.

The highest and utmost effect of genius, is to move the whole soul. We may here arise, by gradual steps, to stronger and still stronger sensations. This is the grand theatre of the sublime.

Whoever thinks there is but little difference between causing gentle emotions in the soul, and strongly agitating all its powers, has too mean an idea of that immortal substance.

He who would thus move the soul, must, with the finger of harmony, touch every string, with a force suited to the nature of each; for the smallest error is here perceived. He who duly considers this, will often repent his labour in writing.

However the successful poet produces sensations that can neither be raised by the strongest philosophic conviction; nor yet by any other species of poetry; sensations that, from the strength and duration of their impressions, resemble those we receive from the living examples of the most illustrious of mankind.

Sublime poetry is utterly incapable of corrupting the heart, by dazzling representations that lead to vice; no sooner does it attempt this, than it changes its very nature: for mankind, however debased, can never feel all the powers of the soul moved at once, by what is not strictly virtuous.

The ultimate end of sublime poetry, and the true mark of its value, is moral beauty. This is alone sufficient to charm and animate the soul. The divine poet must raise us above all narrow, mean, and contracted views, and draw us strongly with a rapturous stream. He must deeply impress on our minds the idea of our immortality, and that we are capable of arriving even in this life, at a high degree of virtue and intellectual happiness. The man raised to this height, is the only qualified reader, and competent judge of divine poetry.

Man may here, even without a revelation, make great advances. Homer, setting aside his mythology, which was not his own invention, abounds with excellent moral precepts. But when divine revelation becomes our guide, we ascend from a hill that rises upon the top of a mountain.

Young's Night Thoughts is, perhaps, a work that has the merit of having fewer faults than any other. If we take from him what he says as a christian, Socrates remains; but how does the christian rise above Socrates?

The following remarks will not, perhaps, be superfluous, with respect to the observation I have still to offer on the nature of divine poetry.

We attribute to the soul, as its higher faculties, judg-

ment, imagination, and volition : all which the poet must address in performances of a sublime nature.

He must place before the judgment such truths as most deserve to be known, and which are alone, or at least, best felt and understood, by the honest and upright mind.

To the imagination he must oftener paint those objects that compose the great and awful beauties of nature, than such as only gently sooth the soul ; and in drawing these he will best succeed, when, from the fire of his own imagination, he feels the ideas he would excite.

And, to influence the will, which is a leading power of the soul, he will introduce such sentiments as raise, expand, and enoble the heart.

His design is more extensive than awaking a single passion, while the rest are lulled to sleep. He is not contented with affording his readers a more pleasing amusement, and decoying us into an indolent approbation : but, by a masterpiece of skill he lays before us views, at which, by a sudden and powerful touch, he makes us cry out with joy, stand immoveably fixed in astonishment, or filled with grief and terror, turn pale, tremble, and weep.

A critic will scarce venture to investigate the causes that produce such sudden and powerful effects ; causes and effects so variously delicate, and which have such manifold relations to each other, that it is infinitely difficult justly to unravel them ; and were this even done, none but a sagacious reader, of a peculiar taste, would be able to understand him. This the poet alone knows ; he knows still more : but should he encrease his knowledge, it would not add to his poe-



the innumerable ages of his existence, never had he felt ideas and sensations so affecting and sublime. The infinite love and condescension of the almighty Father, the grace and compassion of the great Redeemer, now opened on his astonished mind. The seraph arose—he stood amazed—he prayed.—Joy inexpressible thrilled through his whole frame. From him issued such refulgent light and splendor, that the earth melted under his feet : when the divine Mediator seeing the summit of the mountain illumined by his brightness, said, O Gabriel, veil thy lustre, and remember that thou ministerest to me on earth. Haste now to lay this my request before my Father, that the noblest of the human race, the blessed patriarchs and prophets, with all the celestial spirits, may behold that fulness of time for which they have so ardently longed. There thou needst not shroud thy glory, since thou wilt appear as the messenger of the Messiah.

Silent the seraph, with heavenly grace and lustre, ascended. Jesus followed him with his eyes, tracing his rapid course up to the confines of heaven. Now the Father and the Son entered on discourses mysterious and profound : obscure even to the immortals : discourses of things which, in future ages, should display the love of God to man.

The seraph entered the borders of the celestial world, whose whole extent is surrounded with suns, which, as an etherial curtain of interwoven light, extend their lustre around heaven. No dark planet approaches the refulgent blaze. Clouded nature flies swiftly by.

far distant. There the terrestrial orbs seem to roll minute and imperceptible, as the dust, the habitation of worms, is seen to rise from under the foot of the traveller. Around heaven are a thousand paths of extent immeasurable, also bordered by suns.

Along the ethereal way that leads from heaven to earth, when first created, constant flowed, from a source celestial, down to Eden's happy groves, a lucid stream, through which God and his angels descended, when they deigned to hold blest intercourse with man. But ah! too soon the lucid stream rolled back to its source: for man, by sin polluted, had turned a rebel to his God. The immortals then no longer visibly appeared in all their radiant lustre: they withdrew from a land defaced by guilt, and made a prey to death. They left the silent hill where yet remained the vestiges of the Eternal's presence: the whispering groves honoured by the appearance of the Most High: the sacred peaceful vales, once with pleasure frequented by the youth of heaven: the umbrageous bowers, where the human heart first overflowed with sweet sensations and extatic, grateful rapture; and where the first man wept for joy that he was thus to live for ever. These, these the blest spirits left. Cursed was the earth; it became the general tomb of its once immortal inhabitants. But when hereafter, purified by fire, it shall triumphant rise from its ashes, renewed in beauty, and God, by his omnipotent voice, shall unite the terrestrial orbs to the heaven of heavens, the world shall be one Paradise.

Then shall the ethereal stream of heavenly light again roll from its celestial source, and with resplendant brightness flow to a new Eden. Then shall assemblies of radiant spirits, coming to the earth, frequent its lucid banks, and seek sweet communion with the new immortals.

Up this sacred way Gabriel now ascended, and soon approached heaven, the peculiar residence of the divine glory.

In the centre of the assemblage of suns, heaven rises into an immense dome. The Origin of worlds, the Architype of all that is fair and lovely, diffuses beauty, in flowing streams, through the infinite expanse. The harmonic choirs borne on the wings of the wind, to the borders of the sunny arch, chant his praise, joining the melody of their golden harps, while he who looks with complacency and delight on all his works, smiles benignant, at the effusions of their gratitude and love.

O thou who teachest my tongue to utter celestial strains ! associate of angels ! prophetess of God ! instruct me to rehearse the song then sung by the sons of heaven.

Hail sacred land, where the Most High displays his majesty and grace ! Here our dazzled eyes behold him unveiled, and shining in unclouded light, diffusing joy and rapture through all the blessed. How infinite art thou in all thy perfections, O Jehovah ! Our songs, poured forth with grateful fervor, and all the powers of harmony, in vain attempt to extol thine excellence. Lost in thine immensity, in feeble strains we strive to express

thy glory. Thou alone art perfect—Thou alone, from thine essential excellence, wert ever sublimely happy : nor can our homage add to thine underived felicity. Yet, O most gracious ! prompted by thine overflowing goodness, thou hast created beings to taste thy love, and share thy bliss ! Thou heaven wast first created, then us, heaven's inhabitants. Far wast thou then from thy birth, thou young terrestrial globe ; thou sun, and thou, O moon, the favoured earth's attendants !

First born of the material creation, what was thine appearance, when, after an eternity of ages, God descended and created thee the mansion of his glory ? Thine immense circle, called to existence, was stretched out and assumed its glorious form. The creative voice went forth, with the first tumult of the chrysalis seas. Their banks heard thy voice and rose like terrestrial worlds. Then big with thought, didst thou, Creator Omnipotent, sit in solitude on thy new exalted throne ! O Hail—hail in joyful transports the thoughtful Deity !—Then, then were ye created, ye angels, ye cherubim, and seraphim, incorporeal beings, sublime in thought, and quick to perceive, adoring the wonders of your great Creator ! Hallelujah, a joyful hallelujah we will incessantly sing to the First of Beings ! At thy voice solitude fled : at thy word the angelic spirits arose to life and bliss. Hallelujah !

During the hymn the Meditator's refulgent messenger stood on one of the suns nearest heaven. The Eternal Father rewarded the celestial choir with a look of benignity, and

and know his counsels. Next to his dear Son, were ye most beloved, for whom he laid the gracious plan of redemption. That ye have ardently longed to see the day of salvation, and to behold the great Messiah triumph over the powers of hell, God is your witness. Blessed be ye his offspring. Shout for joy that ye see the glory of his face, who is the Source of Being, the Eternal and Unchangeable, whose mercy endureth for ever. He who no creature can conceive, condescends to term you his children. For your sake alone, this messenger of peace is sent by his beloved Son, to the celestial altars. Rejoice ye inhabitants of the earth, we will join with you in admiring the wonders of your redemption, which we shall behold with clearer light, with purer devotion, and more extatic rapture, while we give our pity to you, ye devout and humble friends of the Redeemer, who are still liable to darkness and error. But while his cruel, his obdurate persecutors have their names erased from the book of life, to you, ye faithful, your Saviour sends a divine light. Ye shall then no longer, with weeping eyes, behold his sacred blood: but joyful shall see it stream for you, flowing into eternal life. Then, solaced in the bosom of peace, ye triumphant, shall celebrate the festival of everlasting repose. Ye souls now escaped from the snares of life, and raised to glory, begin the eternal jubilee, which shall last when time shall be no more. The righteous children of the earth shall, generation after generation, be gathered to you, and join your blessed assemblies, till at last, at the con-

summation of all things, they and you shall, at the general judgment, be clothed with new and immortal bodies. and enter into more perfect felicity. Meanwhile, ye exalted angels of the throne, inform the guardians of God's immense creation, that they prepare to celebrate the chosen day ; and ye saints of the human race—ye progenitors of the Messiah, to you is also imparted the joy which God alone feels entire, mingled with the sensations of the Deity. Ye immortal souls arise and hasten to the sun that illumines the orb of redemption : there shall ye distant see the first sufferings of the great Redeemer. Descend by that luminous path, whence ye shall behold the whole extent of nature, rising to your view in renewed beauty. Hear it, O heavens ! the great Jehovah will establish a day of sacred rest, a second sabbath, more solemn than that when ye spiritual intelligencers, and ye seraphic spirits, with joyful acclamations celebrated the completion of the great work of creation. New-born nature then smiled with ravishing beauty. The morning stars sang together, and joined with you, ye angels, in paying homage to the great Creator. Now the Messiah, the effluence of his glory, will accomplish a work of grace and mercy still more resplendant. Thus wrapt in astonishment Eloa spake.—Silent the heavenly host looked up to the sanctuary : when, at a sign from God, the messenger of the Messiah ascended to the lofty throne, and there received secret orders to be delivered to Uriel, and the guardians of the earth, concerning the miracles to be performed at the death of Christ.

In the mean time the cherubims had descended from their seats, Gabriel followed, and approaching the altar of the earth, distant heard from the high bending arch of heaven, sighs and ejaculations in plaintive accents breathed for the salvation of man; above all, he distinguished those uttered by the first of the human race.

This is the altar of which the prophet of the new covenant saw the celestial model on the shore of Patmos, where he heard the voices of the martyrs, in mournful sounds, ascend, while, with angelic tears, they lamented that the Judge so long delayed the day of vengeance.

The seraph having descended to the altar of the earth, Adam, filled with eager expectation, hasted towards him, not unseen. A lucid ethereal body was the radiant mansion of his blessed spirit, and his form as lovely as the bright image in the Creator's mind, when meditating on the form of man in the blooming fields of Paradise. Adam approached with an amiable smile, that diffused over his face an air of sweetest dignity, and thus uttered his impassioned accents; hail happy seraph! messenger of peace, at the voice of thy blessed embassy, which resounded from afar, my soul arose joyful. Thou, dear Messiah, may I too, like this seraph, behold thee in thy sacred manly beauty, in the garb of compassion in which thou hast consented to reconcile my fallen offspring? Lead me, O seraph, to the steps imprinted by the feet of my Redeemer, the friend of all my race. At due distance will I attend him. Shew me where he pours out his soul

in fervent prayer for man. Ah, may the first of sinners presume to behold him through his gushing tears of joy ! O earth, my native land ! I was once thy first inhabitant ! on thee I cast a tender look ; thy fields, blasted by the thunder of the curse, would, in company of the divine Messiah, now vested in a mortal body, like that I left in the dust, be more delightful, than, O Paradise ! thy flowery plains, copied from the celestial meads.

Thy desire, first of men, answered the seraph, with friendly voice, I will mention to the Mediator. If it be his pleasure, he himself will intimate to thee, that thou shalt see him as he is, with all his glories shrouded by his humiliation.

Now the angelic spirits leaving heaven, swiftly distributed themselves among all the various worlds formed by the hand of the Omnipotent. To the earth Gabriel descended alone ; and on his approach, the neighbouring stars saluting it, began to shed upon it their first rays. Instantly resounded from every quarter, new names given to the terraqueous globe, which they termed, The favourite of heaven, the place where God a second time displays his glory, the lasting witness of the mercy and compassion of the great Messiah. Thus angelic voices from each orb resounded through the wide expanse. Gabriel heard them, while with speedy flight he descended to the earth.

Here the unruffled veil of darkness covered the mountains ; cool and silent repose reigned in the lowly vales. With eager looks Ga-



briel entered the gloom, seeking the Messiah. Him he found in a lonely valley, winding between the aspiring summits of Olivet's sacred mount. Overcome with thoughts profound, the blessed Saviour was fallen asleep, but his ever-active mind was still employed in great ideas of love to man. The bare rock was the couch of the mighty Prince of Peace. Placid love, a divine smile, benignity and grace inexpressible appeared in his face, while a tear of soft compassion gently stole down his cheek; and though the lineaments of his expressive countenance wanted the glow of life and active spirit, they still spoke his tender friendship for mankind. Gabriel beholding his sweet ærial slumbers, stood gazing on him in fixed attention. Thus a travelling seraph views the blooming earth when clad in vernal beauty, dew drops glittering hang on every flower, and Hesperus lights his evening lamp, to guide the pensive sage to groves where sacred meditation and peaceful rapture dwell.

After a long and silent contemplation, Gabriel thus spake; O thou whose piercing view extends to the heavens, thou who hearest me amidst the slumbers of thine earthly frame, with assiduous care have I executed all thy commands. While thus employed, the first of men expressed with longing ardour, his desire to see thy face. Now I obey thy great Father's will, and hasten hence to glorify thy redeeming love. Meanwhile be silent ye creatures that walk the earth or skim the air, while your Creator sleeps. Ye ærial sounds, re-

main silent within your tumultuous caverns, or only in soft and tremulous murmurs rise. Ye hovering clouds shed from your bosoms balmy rest. Wave not ye cedars, and ye palms be still; for your Creator sleeps.

Thus in softest accents the gentle seraph expressed his care. Then flew to the assembly of the guardians of the earth, who, in subordination to the great Supreme, govern this terrestrial globe, guiding the events of providence. To these was he to express the desire of the blessed spirits, the approaching reconciliation, and the second sabbath.

O thou who, next to Gabriel, presidest in the great affair of redemption! guardian spirit of the earth, the mother of the children of immortality, who through revolving centuries, are sent to the regions on high, while the ruins of the habitation of the inextinguishable soul are interred under eminences, on which the foot of the passenger never rests. Thou of this once glorious earth the protector, O seraph Eloa! forgive thy future friend, for making known to mortals, as taught by Sion's muse, thy secret residence, since Eden's creation. If filled with solitary delight, he is wrapt in meditation deep, and the bright round of silent extasy; if he has listened to the voice of angels and his enraptured soul has heard discourses celestial, oh hear! when bold and sublime, like the youth of Heaven, he sings not the mouldering ruins of the world; but leads man, devoted to death, and rising to immortality, to the assembly of the saints, to the council of the guardian angels.

In the silent recess of the unregarded north pole, reign solitude and eternal night, whence incessantly flow darkness and clouds, like an overwhelming sea. Thus, at the call of Moses, a black gloom once, O Nile! concealed thy seven channels, and hid the everlasting pyramids, the tombs of kings. Never yet has a being whose eye is bounded by the visible horizon, seen these desert tracts, involved in nocturnal stillness, where the human voice was never heard, and where there will be no resurrection! but dedicated to musings deep, and refined speculations, the seraphim render them glorious, when passing over the mountains sweetly absorbed, in a prophetic calm, they behold the future felicity of mankind. In the centre of these tracts opens the angelic gate through which the guardian spirits descend into their sanctuary.

As in hardy winter, after days dark and gloomy, the sun rises bright over the snowy mountains, when clouds and night fly before his all-enlivening rays, while the icy plains, and hoary frosts, with brilliant whiteness glitter in his beams: thus Gabriel advanced, brightening the dusky eminences over which he flew. Soon had his foot reached the sacred gate, which opened spontaneous, sounding like the rustling wings of cherubims, and on his entrance, closed. The seraph now penetrated into the depths of the earth, where old ocean slowly rolls his waves to desert and uninhabited coasts, while mighty rivers the sons of ocean, deep resounding, lash the hollow shores. Gabriel still advancing, his sa-

cred residence soon appeared before him. The gate, composed of a cloud, gave way at his approach, and then glowing with celestial brightness, vanished. Darkness rolling under his rapid feet, fled as he advanced : while far behind, waving flames marked his path. And now the beauteous seraph entered the angelic assembly.

Where, far from us, the earth turns on its centre, in a vast concave filled with a pure ether, in the midst of which is a sun which swims in a luminous fluid. From this source, life and warmth ascend into the veins of the earth. The superior orb of day, jointly with this his never failing assistant, forms the gay flowery spring ; the fervid summer, loaded with bending branches, and thee, O autumn ! rich in golden fruit, and smiling on the mountains clothed with purple vineyards. But never did this beneficent star rise or set. Round it in fleecy clouds distilling dew smiles an eternal morn. He who fills the heavens and the earth with his presence, in these clouds makes known his thoughts to the admiring angels, displaying before them the wonders of providence. Thus God here reveals his grace, when after prolific showers, the rainbow appears in a distant falling cloud, and to thee, O earth ! declares the divine covenant.

On this sun Gabriel alighted. Around him assembled the guardians of monarchies, the angels of war and death, who in the labyrinth of destiny, convey to the divine hand the directing thread, by which the almighty secretly overrules the actions of kings, when they

inflated with pride, triumph in their own strength, and consider their subjects as made only to administer to their lusts and ambition. There were likewise the guardians of the virtuous, who conduct the pensive sage, when fond of privacy, he avoids all human schemes of earthly grandeur, in silence opening to his mind the books of endless futurity. These also unseen, add wings to the inspiring thoughts of the enraptured christian, and join their aid when a devout assembly pour forth their souls in hymns of praise to the great Redeemer. When the soul of the just departed christian, hovering over its late body sees the pale and ghastly visage, and all the dismal marks of the triumph of death over vanquished nature, then this blessed band, with cheerful countenance receives him, saying, beloved soul ! the time will come when we shall gather together all these ruins of mortality : when the tabernacles of clay, thus disfigured by the ruthless hand of death, shall at the morning of the resurrection, awake from a new creation. Come then, thou future citizen of heaven, what a delightful prospect lies before thee ! O divine soul ! the chief of victors, who has conquered death, and triumphed over the grave, waits to receive thee !

Round the seraph also flocked the souls of those tender infants who had just entered into life ; but fled weeping with the piteous cries of childhood. Their timid eyes had viewed with astonishment the objects around them, when not daring to stay on the great theatre, yet unopened to their view, their

guardian angels conduct them thence, and animating them with rapturous songs, joined to the harmony of the reviving harp, they in soft and melodious strains tell them, from whence they received their origin ; of the purity of the human soul, when proceeding out of the hands of the all perfect Spirit ; and with what juvenile lustre the new created suns with their attendant worlds, appeared before the great Creator. The progenitors of the human race, say they, expect you ; a glorious view of him who has crowned you with mercy, awaits you at the eternal throne. Thus do they instruct their worthy disciples in that sublime wisdom, the fleeting shadows of which erring mortals vainly pursue. The souls of the infants now quitting their lucid bowers, joined their faithful guardians, who, encompassing the divine messenger, he made known to the assembled spirits, the orders of the Most High concerning the Messiah. Transported they listened, and when he ceased to speak, stood wrapt in deep contemplation.

An amiable pair named Benjamin and Jedida, two infant souls in tender friendship joined, at length embracing, thus discoursed, is it not Jesus, O Jedida ! of whom the seraph spoke ? Ah ! well do I remember, when we were on earth, the ardour with which he folded us in his arms ! How tenderly he pressed us to his throbbing heart ! A tear of benignity and grace fell on his cheek—I kissed it away—I see it still—ever shall I see it. I too remember, answered Jedida, that holding me in his arms, he said to our mothers, who were

standing by, resemble these little children, or ye cannot enter into my kingdom. This—this, returned Benjamin, is the Redeemer! the Saviour; our Gracious Friend! the dispenser of happiness to the human race!

Thus they affectionately conversed, while Gabriel, now bent on a new embassy, ascended. A stream of light rolling down, flowed as he went, with magnificent splendor, from the feet of the immortal. Thus the inhabitants of the moon behold the day of this terraqueous globe illuminate their nights, when dew-dropping clouds descend on the top of their mountains. Gabriel thus ascended into the more exalted atmosphere, amidst the acclamations of rejoicing angels, and of the souls who had left their bodies. Like the arrow flying from the silver bow, and winged for victory, he shot along by the stars, and hasted to the sun. Then alighting at Uriel's residence, found on one of the pinacles of that noble structure, the souls of the fathers, whose fixed looks followed the beams that dispense the new-born day to the land of Canaan. Among these was Adam, the first of men, who appeared with distinguished dignity, standing sublimely pensive. Gabriel and Uriel joined him, and conversing with him on the salvation of man, stood waiting for the sight of the mount of Olive's.

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THE

MESSIAH.

BOOK II.

VOL. I.

E

## THE ARGUMENT.

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The souls of the patriarchs see the Messiah awake at break of day ; and the parents of the human race alternately salute him with a hymn. Raphael, John's guardian angel, tells Jesus that this disciple is viewing a demoniac among the sepulchres on the mount of Olives. He goes thither, heals the demoniac, and puts Satan to flight ; who returning to hell gives an account of what he knows of Jesus and determines his death : but is opposed by Abbadona. Adramelech speaking in support of Satan's determination, all hell approves it ; on which Satan and Adramelech return to the earth, to put their design in execution. Abbadona following them at a distance, sees at the gate of hell, Abdiel, a seraph, once his friend, whom he addresses : but Abdiel taking no notice of him, he proceeds forwards ; bewails the forfeiture of his glory ; despairs of finding grace, and after vainly endeavouring to destroy himself, descends on the earth. Satan and Adramelech also advance to the earth, and alight on the mount of Olives.

THE  
MESSIAH.

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BOOK II.

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**T**HE morn now descending over the woods of waving cedars, Jesus arose. The spirits of the patriarch saw him with joy from their solar mansion. Among these were the parents of the human race arrayed in heavenly beauty, who thus alternate sang.

Adam began. Fairest of days, said he, of all the stores of time, most sacred ! At thy return, the souls of men, the cherubim and seraphim shall hail thy rising and setting light. Whether descending to the earth, or whether the bright spirits of heaven diffuse thy radiance through the firmament, or thou advancest by the throne of God, thee in festive pomp will we celebrate with hallelujahs jubilant. Thee will we bless with joyful gratulations, O day, in which our ravished eyes first behold the great Messiah arrayed in humility. How beautiful is his form ! how lovely ! how divine !

Eve rejoined. Blessed and holy art thou who broughtest him forth—more blessed than

Eve, the mother of men. Though innumerable my offspring, I am also the mother of innumerable sinners : but thou, fair daughter of earth hast brought forth only one, the great Emanuel, the righteous, the spotless, the divine Messiah. With wandering eyes I view my beloved earth : but thee, O Paradise ! I no longer behold : thou wert swept away by the waters of the overwhelming deluge. Thy lofty umbrageous cedars which God himself had planted ; thy tranquil bowers, the mansion of the young virtues, no storm, no thunder, no angel of death has spared. Thou Bethlehem, where Mary brought him forth, where with maternal extasy, she first pressed him to her bosom, be now my Eden. Thou well of David, be the clear spring, where I, just coming from my divine Maker's hand, first saw myself ; and thou homely cottage, where he first wept, be thou to me the bower of primeval innocence. O that I, in Eden, had borne thee ! Oh that I, just after my fatal transgression had brought thee forth ! then would I have gone to my judge, where the earth opened before him, as if to form my grave ; where the rustling of the tree of knowledge produced a dreadful sound ; where his thunders announced the sentence of the curse : where trembling I stood, and fainted with terror. There would I have gone to him. Thee weeping, would I have embraced, and pressing thee to my fluttering heart, would have cried, Forgive me, O my God ! and no longer be incensed against me. I have borne the Saviour, the Redeemer, the Prince of Peace.

The first of men then resumed, Holy art thou adorable and eternal, O thou First Cause ! thou Prime Source of being, of mercy, of felicity ! thou Father of the divine, the holy Jesus, whom thou all-gracious, hast chosen to redeem mankind, my issue ! their alienation from thee I have ever deplored : thou, O God ! hast beheld my tears—By you, ye seraphim, have they been seen and numbered.—Ye spirits of the dead, the blessed souls of my sleeping descendants, have heard me sigh for the promised happiness of our offspring. But thy divine grace, thy condescending mercy and love to man, changes my paternal concern into rapturous joy.

And now, all-gracious Redeemer ! Son most dear ! returned Eve : while thou bearest our image, the image of mortal man, thee let us implore, to complete the offering made for us. For this thou hast descended from the celestial abodes—for this thou hast veiled thy glories, and art clothed in flesh. O thou Creator and Judge ! renew the earth, thine, and our native land, then quick return to heaven ; while we, O thou divine, thou spotless Redeemer ! hail thy mercy and thy love !

Through the domes of the angelic palace resounded the voice of those fervent souls. The Messiah heard them in his deep recess, as in a sacred solitude, the holy prophet, wrapt, in contemplation, hears, in soft whispers, the voice of the Eternal ; Jesus now began to descend from the top of Olivet. In the midst of the mount, a cluster of palm trees growing on an eminence, reared their waving heads into

the light flimsy clouds of hovering morning vapours. Under these palms the Messiah perceived Raphael, John's guardian angel, absorbed in meditations deep and awful, while gentle breezes flowing from him, brought to the Mediator, sounds which none but he could hear.

With gracious voice, the Messiah spake. Raphael draw near, said he, and invisibly walk by my side. How hast thou watched the pure soul of John? Did his thoughts, O Raphael! resemble thine? I watched him O holy Mediator! answered the seraph, with the utmost care. Holy dreams hovered round his transported soul. O that thou hadst seen him, when sleeping, he beheld thee! A smile of complacency and love overspread his face. Thy seraph also beheld Adam, when sleeping in the blooming fields of Eden, the lovely form of Eve just risen into existence, was presented by his divine Maker, to his mind; but the pleasure diffused over his countenance, was exceeded by the pleasing rapture visible in the face of thy holy disciple. He is now among the gloomy mansions of death, lamenting over a demoniac, who, pale as the ghastly corpse, lies stretched in the dust of the dead. O thou most Gracious! Wilt thou not see him? wilt thou not behold the gentle youth, overcome by sympathising distress, his heart swelled by the painful feelings of humanity, and his whole frame trembling with horror? I myself was so struck at the sight, that the tear of sorrow quivered in my eye, and I hastily withdrew.

Raphael ceased. Indignation sparkled in the eyes of the Mediator, and raising them up to heaven, he cried, O Father omnipotent ! hear me now I call upon thee.—May the enemy of mankind feel the effects of thy justice ; that heaven may rejoice at seeing hell involved in confusion, shame, and terror.

Jesus now drew near to the sepulchres hewn in the cliffs of the rock, where thick and gloomy woods guarded the entrance from the view of the hasty traveller. Here the morning dawn lowered in chilly coolness, and the sun faintly shot his beams among the tombs. Samma, thus was the demoniac called, now lay in a swoon by the sepulchre of his youngest and best beloved son, prostrate by the mouldering bones, and the once animated dust that sprung from his own flesh. Near him stood his other son weeping, with his swelled eyes lift up to heaven. The fond mother moved by the intreaties of this wretched parent, had once brought the deceased child they thus lamented, when agitated by the malice of Satan, Samma roved among the dead. Ah father ! then cried his little Benoni, the darling of his heart, breaking from his mother's hold, while she, filled with terror, hasted after him.—Ah, my poor father ! will you not kiss me ? then clinging about his knees, he pressed his hand to his breast. The father embraced him trembling. The little innocent returned his endearments, and looked up to him with an engaging smile, endeavouring to attract his notice by the little pleasing blandishments of infant fondness. When the father suddenly

starting, siezed the child, and, filled with all the fury of hell, dashed him against the rock : his brains, mixed with blood, discoloured the stone, and with a gentle sigh, his spotless soul left its shattered habitation. The madness of the wretched parent then subsided : he threw himself on the ground ; then rising, snatched up the stiffening corpse, which he folded in his fainting arms : he pressed it to his bosom ; and while the mother rent the air with her shrieks and lamentations, he mourned inconsolable ; crying, my son Benoni ! O Benoni, Benoni, my dear son ! while repentant tears gushed from his streaming eyes.

In this state was Samma, who now recovered from his swoon, when Joel, his other son, turning his face, wet with tears, from his father, beheld the Messiah advancing towards the sepulchres, and filled with surprise and joy, cried, O father, here is Jesus, the great prophet, coming towards the tombs ! Satan heard him, and struck with terror, cast a lowering glance through the entrance of the sepulchres. Thus from his dark dwelling looks the profane atheist, when the loud tempest rides along the flaming clouds, and the tremendous chariots of vengeance awfully roll on high. Satan had hitherto tormented Samma only at a distance, sending forth plagues from the remotest parts of the dusky tombs ; but now rising and arming himself with the terrors of hell, he launched them at the poor afflicted wretch, who instantly sprung on his feet, but void of strength he again sunk on the



earth. His troubled soul was scarce able to struggle against the assaults of death. But suddenly raised to madness, he was driven by the archfiend up the rocks. Here, O benevolent Saviour ! Satan would before thy face have dashed him in pieces by casting him down : but thou wast already there. Thy speedy preventing grace supported the helpless, and bore him upon thine immortal wings. The destroyer of mankind, seeing the Saviour approach, trembled with indignation and terror. Jesus now casting down on the demoniac a look of benignity and grace, a divine power issues from his eyes, and Samma, freed from pain, with fear acknowledges his deliverer : life dawns in that face, which just before had the awful stamp of death. With a loud cry, and streaming eyes, he looks towards heaven. Fain would he speak ; but only tremulous accents proceed from his faltering lips : he stretches out his suppliant arms to his gracious deliverer, and views him enraptured. Thus the melancholy sage, when bewildered in thought, shuddering, doubts the eternity of his future duration ; till a kindred mind, certain of its immortality, and relying on the promises of the Almighty, approaches with cheerful looks. The gloom then disperses, and the illumined soul, shaking off the painful depression, exults and triumphs, and seems to become a second time immortal.

The Messiah now addressed Satan with a voice of awful superiority ; Spirit of Destruction, who art thou, that in my presence hast the presumption to torture man, the race elect-

ed for redemption? A voice deep roaring answered in wrathful accents, I am Satan the sovereign of the world, and reign supreme over the independent spirits, for whom I find other employment, than that given to the celestial songsters. Thy fame, O mortal prophet! (for Mary could never bring forth an immortal) has reached the depths of hell; and I myself, an honour thou mayst well boast, came to see the Saviour, whose coming was proclaimed by the slaves of heaven. But thou becamest a man, an enthusiastic visionary, like these Death, my son, who is far mightier than thou, has already laid, in the grave. I deemed it beneath me to mind what those new immortals were doing; yet not to be quite inactive, I tormented mankind. This thou thyself hast seen; that face has been marked by the finger of death. I now hasten to hell. My irresistible foot shall lay waste the earth and the wide ocean, to open me a commodious passage. Hell, with joyful acclamations, shall celebrate my return. If thou darest to oppose me, do it now. I shall come back with the power of a king, to protect the world I have conquered. But first die, thou wretch, added he, impetuously rushing on Samma.

The Messiah, calm and silent, like the omnipotent Father, when with a nod he saves or destroys a world, with a look checked his fury, and rendered feeble all his boasted power. He fled precipitate, forgetting in his flight to make the earth and the ocean feel the force of his irresistible foot. Samma now descended from the rock, with no less joy than Nebu-

chadnezzar flew from the majestic stream of the Euphrates, when, by the decree of the Almighty, his reason was restored, and rising erect, he was able to view the heavens. The terrors of the Lord, and the roaring waves of the impetuous stream, no longer passed over him amidst the rolling thunder, and the forked lightning, like that seen on mount Sinai. The prince then went to Babylon's penfile gardens not to exalt himself as a God, but lying prostrate in the dust, with his arms stretched out towards heaven, he poured forth the warm effusions of his gratitude to the Eternal. Thus Samma, hasting to the Messiah, fell at his feet, and cried, O man of God! O heavenly prophet! suffer me to follow thee: and let the life thou hast restored be devoted to thee! He then rising on his knees, threw his trembling arms about the Redeemer. Jesus, casting on him a look of benevolence, mildly answered, Follow me not; but henceforth frequent the hill of Calvary, where thou shalt see the hope of Abraham, and of the prophets.

The Messiah had scarcely spoke, when the innocent Joel, with a timid air, addressed himself to John, dear Rabbi, said he, lead me to the great prophet of God; for I would speak to him. The beloved disciple then taking him by the hand, presented him to our Saviour, to whom, with innocent simplicity, he thus spake: O great prophet, why may not my father and I follow thee? Let me ask thee too, Why dost thou stay in this dismal place, where the sight of bones of the dead chills my very blood? Come then, Oh, thou man of God, to

our house, to which my father is returning. My poor mother, I am sure, will be glad to wait on thee. Indeed she will. She will treat thee with milk and honey. She will give thee the best fruit that grow on our trees. She will cover thee with the wool of the youngest of our lambs. When summer returns, I will shew thee those trees in our garden my father has given to me, and thou shalt sit under their shade.—But, O Benoni ! my dear brother Benoni is dead ! I must leave him in that tomb. No more, Benoni, wilt thou go with me to water the flowers : nor in the cool evening wilt thou fondly wake me ! see there, O divine Prophet ! he lies within that tomb. Jesus, with a tender smile, embraced him ; then wiping away his tears, sent him home, and turning to John, said, amiable child ! so tender and ingenuous a mind have I seldom found in those riper years. Thus he spake, and stayed with John among the sepulchres.

In the mean time, Satan, wrapped in clouds and vapours, passed through the valley of Jehosaphat, and unseen crossed the Red Sea. Then reaching cloud-capped Carmel, he, from thence shot up into the heavens, where with look malign, he wandered through the universe amidst suns and worlds innumerable ; enraged that, after a long succession of ages, they still shone with all the beauty and grandeur the Thunderer had imparted to them at their creation. Then, unwilling that the morning stars should know him by his gloomy aspect, which their mingled radiance rendered more conspicuous, he changed his form, and arrayed himself in ethe-

rial light : but soon the effulgent vesture became insupportable ; when being also disgusted at what he beheld, which ill suited a mind so foul ; he hasted back to hell. Now, with rapid descent, he reached the confines of the mundane system, where immense spaces opened before him ; and these he termed the frontiers of more extended realms ; where he proposed to fix a new empire. Here, as far as the sickening rays of the last stars of the creation cast a pallid light through the void, he beheld transient gleams : yet saw not hell. Far from himself and the blessed spirits, God had inclosed the abode of terror in perpetual darkness. For destruction horrible it was created ; and, to answer the end of punishment, it was dreadfully pompous, and awfully perfect. In three nights hell was formed. Then God for ever turned from it his face : that face wherewith he smiles with benignity and grace, on his creatures, transfusing through their souls the sweetest joy. Those dismal regions are guarded by two angels of approved valour. The Almighty himself girded them with arms invincible, that they might there restrain the powers of darkness, lest Satan, prompted by malice, should assail the fair creation of God. To the entrance of hell, where, with solemn state, the angels sit, descends a lucent path of streaming light, resembling a river of liquid crystal ; that thus remote, they might not lose the holy joy, and pleasing rapture, the mingled beauties of the wide creation yield.

Skirting this luminous way, Satan, involved in a cloud reached the gate of hell, unseen, and

rushing fiercely through, in haste mounted his burning throne. Among the eyes dimmed by darkness and despair, none saw him but Zophiel, one of the infernal heralds; who, observing a cloud invest the lofty steps, cried to a spirit standing near, Satan, the sovereign of these dark abodes, is at length returned. That cloud of vapours indicates, that he, so long expected by all the gods, is there. While he yet spake, the intervening cloud dispersed, and Satan, with terror and rage on his brow, appeared seated. The servile herald instantly flies to a volcano, which in streams of flaming sulphur used to proclaim Satan's arrival, through all the burning land; there mounting on the wings of a tempest, he ascended from the bottom of the mountain up to its summit; where, wrapped in clouds of smoke, is a yawning aperture; There kindling the fiery storm, eruptions terrible proclaim the archfiend's arrival, while gleaming light illuminating the dark abodes, to the far distant shew hell's monarch, seated high in pageant state. All the inhabitants of the abyss then appear, and their chiefs haste to seat themselves beneath him on the steps of his throne.

Thou muse of Sion, who undismayed, lookest, filled with sacred fervor and solemn awe, down into the abyss of hell, while, when the Most High punishes the sinner, thou readest in the divine countenance, self-approbation and calm tranquillity; O now inspire thy suppliant, and let the mighty voices of the infernals roar in my numbers, as the bellowing storm—as the tempest of God!

First appeared Adramelech, a spirit in guile and malice exceeding Satan, against whom his bosom still boiled with indignant rage, for being the first who attempted the apostacy, which he himself had long before projected. The actions he performed were not to advance Satan's kingdom but his own. From years immemorial he had been considering how to raise high the dominion of hell; how to engage the Prince of the fiery deep in a fresh war against the Eternal: how to cause him to be for ever banished to the infinite space: or, if all failed, how he might subdue him by force of arms. These thoughts had employed his mind ever since the apostate angels, flying before the conquering arm of the Messiah, had been driven down into the tremendous gulph. The superior spirits then assembling, Adramelech appeared; but instead of martial armour, bore a tablet of polished gold, and slowly advancing, called aloud, Why, O ye kings! do ye thus ignominiously fly? Know, ye celestial warriors, ye noble asserters of liberty, that ye shall soon enter new abodes the mansions of magnificence and immortality. When God had invented thunder, and with it armed the Messiah, who with a tremendous storm drove you to this place of woe, I passing by unseen, to the far distant sanctuary of God, entered the awful place, and brought away the golden table of Destiny, in which our future fortunes are enrolled. Draw near ye immortals, and read the archives of heaven. Here see the sovereign decree of Fate. He then read the following words:

Of the gods over whom Jehovah reigns, one becoming sensible of his divinity, and quitting the heaven of heavens, shall dwell with his divine associates in solitary and gloomy mansions : these will he at first inhabit with pain and reluctance, as he who shall drive them thither inhabited chaos, till, for him, I formed the universe. Such is my will. Dread not, ye celestial spirits, to enter the abodes of terror and dismay. For out of these new worlds shall arise more glorious than those ye have left. These Satan shall create : but from me he shall receive the divine plan. Thus says Destiny, the god of gods, I who alone circumscribe all space, and with my most glorious world encompass that, with all the orbs and their gods. Here Adramelech ceased ; but in vain did the spirits of darkness strive to alleviate their pain by giving credit to his words.

The Most High, who heard his blasphemies, said, I am Jehovah, and beside me there is no other God. The heavens shall declare my glory, and the trembling sinner bear witness to my power. Then proceeded from the mouth of God the momentous decree. Deep in the lowest hell rises a luminous mass, in the midst of the flaming sea, which runs into the lake of death. This mass enormous, the circling thunders, in whirling eddies, tore from its base, when rising high it struck the proud Adramelech, fraught with lies, and cast him with his impious tablet into the deadly lake. There seven nights he lay rolling in the abyss. Long after, he caused himself to be worshipped on earth as the supreme God, and had a temple erected to



his honour, in which he himself presided, placing over the high altar the tablet of Destiny, which none believed. Thither his partisans resorted, and like slavish hypocrites, worshipped the visionary deity, when present, with reverence, and while absent with mockery. From this temple now came Adramelech, and concealing his secret hatred of Satan, seated himself on the throne, close by his side.

Next came Moloch, a warlike spirit. Lest the Thundering Warrior, for so he calls the great Jehovah, should descend to seize the plains of hell, he vainly fortified them with a wall of mountains, raised with towering battlements. Oft when the gloomy dawn rises in sulphurous vapours from the banks of the flaming ocean, the inhabitants of hell see him tottering under the stormy peak of some lofty eminence, while slowly advancing down the declivity of the mountains, when having cast his load on his new raised mound, which rises towards the high vaulted roof of hell, he stands in the clouds, listening to the echo made by the fall of the ponderous rock, and fancies it to be the noise of the rattling thunder. The souls of the once proud conquerors of the earth then viewing him with astonishment from beneath, he rushes among them from the stupendous heights, while they, winged by fear, fly from the martial fiend. He now went in his sable armour, which resounded as he walked, resembling thunder involved in black clouds. Before him the mountain shook, and behind, the rock trembling, sunk. Thus he advanced to the throne of Satan.

After him appeared Belial, who in mournful silence came from the dreary forests and desert wastes, where the black streams of death, issuing from a source involved in clouds, flow dark and languid to the foot of Satan's throne. Vain, eternally vain are his endeavours to render the accursed land on its banks like the bright creation of God. Thou, O Eternal ! laughest at his attempts, when, howling like the tempest, he would imitate the cooling breeze of the zephyrs, and when with impotent arm he attempts to drive the sullen stream before him. At these labours he incessantly toils, while the terrors of God roar in his destructive wings, and desolation, arrayed in deformity, is spread over the trembling abyss. With rage Belial, remembers the eternal spring, which like a young seraph, smiles on the ever-blooming flowers of heaven. Fain would he imitate the beauties of that season in hell's nocturnal vales. Then frowns and vents indignant sighs, at seeing the doleful land lying before him in dreary darkness, forever incapable of improvement ; and notwithstanding all his pains, infinite tracts filled with a dreabful scene of woe. Belial, with a brow lowering with dire dejection, repaired to Satan. His mind still boiled with revenge against him who drove him from the celestial fields, into that land of terror and desolation, which every succeeding century seemed to render more intollerable.

Thou Magog, who dwellest in the lake—thou also amidst thy waters sawest the return of Satan. Thou camest forth rising in the midst of a roaring whirlpool, and when thy feet divided

the black stream, the sea, driven before thee, rose like extensive mountains. Magog cursed the Lord. The voice of his wild blasphemies continually flowed in loud bellowings from his distorted mouth. Since his being cast from heaven, he has been ever uttering execrations against the Eternal ; and filled with hatred and revenge has been weakly bent on destroying hell, though it should cost him the labour of millions of ages. Being now alighted on the burning land, he spread devastation around, throwing the whole shore with its mountains into the deep.

Thus did the princes of the infernal regions assemble about their king. Like the islands of the sea when torn from their foundations, they rushed on with boisterous uproar and irresistible tumult. After them crouds of inferior spirits flocked, as the waves of the ocean roll to the lofty shores. Myriads of spirits appeared, who, sentenced to contempt and endless infamy, chanted their own exploits to their harps, which had been cracked by the thunder of heaven, and sounded the discordant notes of death. Thus in the midnight hour, the lofty cedars, split by a tempest, groan, when Boreas in his brazen chariot sweeps over them, while Lebanon is agitated and Hermon trembles. Satan sees, and hears them coming. He starts up in a wild transport, and casting his eyes over them, behold the Atheist, a mean grovelling band, among whom was Gog, their horrid leader, in phrenzy, and in power pre-eminent. They endeavour to imagine, that what they saw in heaven was all a dream, the idle produce of phantastic visions :

and, lost in labyrinth of opinion, persuade themselves, that the great Jehovah, first their father, and then their judge, has no existence. Satan beheld them with contempt. For some time he stood lost in thought, then slowly moved his eyes around, and again sat down. As menacing storms hover slow and dilatory over dreary and inhospitable mountains, so Satan sat frowning and pensive. At length furious, he opened his lips, from which a tempest burst forth, and a thousand claps of impotent thunder issued from his impious mouth.

Ye formidable bands, if ye are indeed those who bravely maintained with me bold war in the plains of heaven, during three dreadful days, hear with triumph what I shall relate, concerning my stay on earth. Hear ye also, my friends, the noble resolution I, your supreme god and king, have taken to put Jehovah to shame. Sooner shall hell pass away, sooner shall he annihilate his creation, and again dwell in solitude, than he shall wrest from us our dominion over the race of man. Ye gods, ever unconquered, ever free shall ye remain, though he should send even hither his Reconciler, with thousands of his heavenly messengers: nor shall he rob us of our dominion, though he himself should descend to the earth to save mankind. But against whom do I vent my indignation? Who is this Saviour, this incarnate God who comes clothed in a mortal body? Would the Messiah, who, armed with the thunder of heaven, drove us from the celestial plains, enter into the womb of a mortal? or is he, who must soon moulder in the dust, to make war on us, and destroy our

empire ? Yet there are some here that have timorously fled before him : who, at his approach, escaped from the emaciated bodies of the mortals they tormented. Ye dastards, tremble before this assembly ! hide your faces, and blush in obscurity. Hear it, ye gods ! they fled ! Why, ye pusillanimous, did ye fly ? Why did ye stile this Jesus, who is beneath you and me, the Son of the Eternal God ? But that ye may know who he is, hear from me the history of this arrogant impostor. Here this, ye assembly of gods, with triumph.

From the remotest time a prophecy has prevailed among the Jews, a nation of all others, the most addicted to visions, that a Saviour is to arise, descended from David one of their kings, who will for ever deliver them from their enemies, and raise their monarchy to unparalleled glory. Ye are not ignorant that some of your companions once came with the tidings that they had seen on mount Tabor, a host of rejoicing angels, who, with seeming rapture, and awful reverence, incessantly called on the name of Jesus. That the cedars of the mountain trembled, and the sound of their hymns, uttered in jubilant strains, echoed through the neighbouring rocks, while all Tabor resounded Jesus the Saviour. Then Gabriel, proud and insolent, went in triumph to an Israelitish woman, and giving her the salutation, only due to the immortals, in a voice and gesture of reverence, said, From thee shall a king be born, who will protect the portion of David, and exalt the inheritance of Israel. His name shall be Jesus. He shall be called the Son of God, and of his kingdom there shall be no end. Why, O ye

gods of hell! when ye heard of this, were ye struck with terror? Much more have I heard, yet continued undismayed. But does it become us to be apprehensive of danger, because a mortal dreamer on our earth assumes the titles of the Son of God, the Redeemer and the Saviour!

During this speech, the arch-apostate saw arise the scars made by the Thunderer; but though these filled him with terror, he strove to rekindle his boastful rage, and thus continued:

I watched on earth for the extraordinary birth of this divine infant. He will soon, said I, proceed from the womb of Mary. Then, swift as the rapid flash from the lowering clouds, or the thoughts of the gods, when winged with wrath, will he grow up towards heaven. In his exaltation he, with one foot covers the sea, and with the other the earth. In his dreadful right hand he poises the sun and moon, and in his left the stars of the morning. He comes accompanied by destruction, in the midst of storms, and rushes irresistibly to victory. Fly, Satan, ah fly! lest with his omnipotent thunder, he strikes impetuous, and having hurled thee through a thousand worlds, leaves thee senseless, and even void of life, in the immense abyss. Behold these, ye gods, were my thoughts: but how far were they from the truth! He came into the earth a mere human being; a whimpering child; and, like the other sons of the earth, was no sooner born, than he mourned his mortality with infant tears. A choir of heavenly spirits, indeed, sung at his birth: for sometimes they descend to take a view of that earth

where we rule with absolute sway, and viewing the graves and sepulchres of the dead, where once was Paradise, they, weeping, turn away their eyes : but soon, to assuage their grief, sing hymns of joy, and return to heaven. This was now the case. They hasted back, and left the helpless infant ; who then fled from me, while I suffered him to fly ; for so cowardly an enemy was beneath my pursuit. Meanwhile my trusty vicegerent, Herod, caused the infants of Bethlehem to be massacred ; when the streaming blood : the dying shrieks of the helpless innocents ; the agonies of the disconsolate mothers, and the odorous steam of the fresh mangled bodies, mingling with the ascending souls, rendered them a delightful sacrifice. It was I, Herod, who prompted thee to perform this exploit. Let not any inferior spirit claim this honour : an honour which I maintain is due to me alone. Let therefore that vain boaster, who here, in hell, would deprive me of this glory, be silent. On the death of Herod, the child was brought back from Egypt. His early years he passed in the lap of his fond mother, and amidst her embraces remained unknown. Afterwards no blaze of juvenile fire, no impulse of noble valor prompted him to exert his courage. He retired to the lonely deserts, and the dreary wilds. Yet at length he seemed to assume a more distinguished character. One day, when bathing in the river Jordan, on him descended the glory of God in effulgent splendor. This I myself beheld with these immortal  
Bright it flowed, as when it issues from the throne of heaven through long ranks of ador-

ing seraphs. But why it thus descended, whether in honour of the earth-born child, or to observe the watch we kept, is difficult to tell. However, I instantly heard the rolling thunder bellow from the clouds, mixed with these words ; This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Thus, to perplex my thoughts, Eloa, or some other of the heavenly host, uttered these words : it was surely not the voice of God, at least far distant did it seem from that, in which he imposed on us the irksome task of paying homage to his favourite, the Messiah. Near Jesus was a sullen prophet, who, like a savage, roved among the rocks of the wilderness ; and calling out to this pretended Saviour, said, behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. Hail thou who wast before all worlds ! from thee we receive grace for grace. God gave the law by Moses ; but from the anointed of the Lord come grace and truth. How lofty ! how prophetic ! Thus when dreamers praise each other, they wrap themselves in a sacred obscurity ; and then we, O ye immortal gods ! are thought much too mean to be able to draw aside the fraudulent veil. 'Tis true, the earth-born, of whom the prophet speaks in such lofty strains, hath already awakened the dead ; his mighty power, remember it ye princes of hell, has called to life those, who, fainting under their pains, have been laid in their tombs—soon he is to raise the whole human race from sin and death : from sin, who charms every heart, and reigns with such despotic sway : from death, the offspring of the fair flattering charmer, will he also deliver



them : though at my nod he has so often laid in the dust the whole creation of God. Ye souls who, since the formation of the earth, I have gathered round me, as numerous as the waves of the ocean, or as the glittering stars : ye who lament in eternal night, who, in that night, are tortured by penal fire ;—in that fire by despair ;—and in that despair by me : will then be as free from death, as the band of the adoring worshippers ; while we are to degenerate, and crouching low, to lie prostrate before him. Thus what God's mighty thunderer was unable to accomplish, this dreamer is to produce. Presumptuous boaster ! first free thyself from the lot of humanity, and then awake the dead. Thee will I lay pale and disfigured in the dust. Then will I say to thine eyes, which shall be covered with the veil of eternal night, open, and see the dead awake ! Then to the ears which hear not, and from which an eternal insensibility shall exclude all sounds, will I say, hark ! the fields resound with a call, awake ye dead ! And to thy soul that has just taken its flight, and directs its course to hell, doubtless to subdue us, will I call with the voice of a tempest, make haste, thou who hast conquered death—haste to begin thy triumph ! For thee a pompous entry is prepared—the gates of hell open to invite thee in. The deep abyss resounds with shouts of joy—Thee, the gods, and the souls of thy fellow mortals, greet in triumphant songs. Thus in sportive strains he raved : then added, boasting ; my great resolutions shall be executed, unless God draws up to heaven the les-

sening earth, and with it the whole human race.—This Saviour shall die !—he shall die ! Thus shall I be both the father and protector of death, and live unconquered through the ages of eternity.—He shall die ! Soon will I, before the face of the eternal, scatter his mouldering clay in the way to hell !

Thus, in a voice hoarse and discordant, spoke the arch-apostate. The great Messiah was still among the lonely sepulchres, when the breath with which the blasphemer ended his impious speech, brought to the holy Jesus a fluttering leaf, on which hung a dying worm. The meek and humble Saviour gave it life ; but at the same instant, horrors unutterable entered the bosom of the proud boaster. Behind the step of the high raised throne from which he vent-ed his blasphemies hell sunk, and before it Satan, from the terrors that seized his mind, appeared wrapped in the darkest gloom of night, while all the inhabitants of the dreadful abyss beheld him with motionless amazement.

Below the throne sat Abbadona by himself in deep dejection, ruminating with keenest anguish on the past and the future. Before his face, which was deformed by melancholy, internal anguish and sad dismay, he beheld tortures accumulated on tortures, extended into eternity. He then looked back to those happy times when he himself was a bright seraph, and the friend of the exalted Abdiel ; who on the day of the revolt, bravely vindicated the cause of God, and having zealously contended for the truth before the apostate legions, re-

turned without him to his Creator, invincible and crowned with immortal glory. Abbadona was near escaping with that heroic seraph: but being surrounded with the rapid chariots of Satan, and the bright bands of those who fell from their allegiance, he drew back, and though Abdiel with looks of menacing love, chide his delay, and strove to hasten his escape from those reprobate bands, inebriated and dazzled with the delusive prospect of his future godhead, he no longer attended to the once powerful eye of his friend, but suffered himself to be carried in triumph to Satan. Now lamenting in pensive silence, he revolves the history of his once spotless innocence, and the fair morning of his days, when he came pure and happy out of the hand of his Creator. At once the Almighty Source of Goodness formed him and Abdiel, when filled with inborn rapture they thus addressed each other: Ah beautiful form, what are we? Where, my beloved didst thou first see me? How long hast thou—how long have I existed? Come, oh come, my divine friend, embrace me—admit me into thy bosom—let me learn thy thoughts. In the mean time came the glory of God, shining from afar with ineffable splendor, fraught with benediction. They looked around and beheld an innumerable host of new immortals. A silver cloud then gently raised them to the Eternal. They saw their Creator: they called him Father, and enraptured, adored him as the source of their happiness.

Abbadona, tortured by these thoughts, shed a torrent of tears, and now resolved to oppose

the blasphemous speech of Satan, which had filled him with horror. He thrice attempted to speak, but his sighs stopped his utterance. Thus, when in a bloody battle two brothers are mortally wounded by each other's hand, at last, each to the other being mutually known, they are unable to express the strong sensations of their hearts, and sighs only proceed from their dying lips. At length Abbadona thus broke silence :

Though I incur the everlasting displeasure of this assembly, I will not refrain from speaking—Yes Satan, I will boldly speak, and perhaps the heavy judgments of the Eternal may more lightly fall on me than on thee. O thou seducer, how I now hate thee ! This essence, this immortal essence, which thou hast snatched from its Creator, he will perpetually require of thee—he will require of thee this whole assembly of immortal spirits, by thee involved in ruin. Thou execrable deceiver, with thee I renounce all connexion. I will not participate in thine impotent project of putting to death the divine Messiah. Against whom, O spirit accursed ! dost thou rave ? It is against him whom thou art forced to confess is more mighty than thyself ! Has not his irresistible thunder sufficiently disfigured thine audacious front ? Or cannot the Almighty Father defend him against those by whose delusions man became subject to death ? Alas ! in that crime I was an accomplice ! but mad with rage, shall we put to death the great Messiah, and thus perpetually shut against us—us once so many pure and happy spirits, the entrance to future

deliverance ; or at least prevent some little alleviation of our torment. O Satan, as we all felt increasing pain, when thou gavest the name of thy kingdom to these mansions of night and horrid damnation, so instead of triumph shalt thou return with shame, from thine audacious attempt against God and his Messiah.

Satan heard him with impatient rage, and instantly from the top of his throne, attempted to hurl at his devoted head, an enormous rock ; but his destructive right hand dropped, shrivelled and void of strength. Then stamping with impotent fury, three times his disappointed malice shook his whole frame, three times he cast a look of malignant fury at Abbadona, while his struggling passions stopped his voice. Abbadona, with an afflicted countenance, still stood before him, firm and intrepid.

Now spoke Adramelech, the foe of God, of man, and even of Satan. Thou base and abject slave, cried he, I will speak to thee in storms, and will answer thee in a tempest. Darest thou to presume to revile the gods ? Dare one of the most grovelling spirits of hell to rise up against Satan and me ? If thou art tortured, thou slave, it is by thine own thoughts. Fly, thou pusillanimous spirit, from our dominions, the abode of kings—Fly, into the wide abyss of space, and there importune thy God to erect for thee a kingdom of new tortures, in which thou mayest live for ever. But thou hadst rather perish—perish then, humbly adoring the object of thy terror. Come, Satan, thou who in the midst of heaven, knewest thy divine essence, and boldly at-

tempted to dethrone Jehovah. Come, we will soon shew these contemptible spirits the terrors of our arm, by enterprizes that like a storm, shall at once depress and blind them. Come, ye mazes of impenetrable guile, big with ruin, destruction and death. It is determined that this Saviour shall die: he shall not even save himself. There is no way for his escape; nor shall any guide deliver him from the labyrinth into which he shall enter. But should he even elude our stratagems; shouldst Thou, who dwellest on high, enable him to escape, by enduing him with the sagacity of a god, yet fiery tempests, the agents of our wrath, shall soon take him from our sight—tempests like that with which we formerly attacked the happy Job, the favourite of heaven. Fly—fly from us thou earth, we come against thee armed with all the powers of death and hell. Woe to him who, in our world, shall dare to oppose us.

Thus spake Adramelech; and now the whole assembly with unanimous tumult sided with Satan. The stamping of their mighty feet surpassed the noise of falling rocks, and shook the deep profound. Inflated with their future triumphs, the hoarse roar of applauding voices, reached the utmost confines of the dreary regions, all approving the infernal resolution of slaying the blessed Jesus: though an act like this, Time, since he first began his course, had never seen. Its cursed inventors, Satan and Adramelech, with resolutions fell and malignant, descended from their throne; the steps like brazen mountains, resounded

under their feet, and the bellowing cry of war and victory accompanied them to the gate of hell.

Abbadona, who alone had remained unmoved, followed at a distance, either still to persuade them from engaging in the dire attempt, or to behold the consequences of the dreadful deed. Now, with steps dilatory and slow he advanced, and before he was aware, found himself before the angels who guarded the gate. But how was he confounded, when he saw there the invincible Abdiel! sighing, he held down his head and thought of retiring; then resolved to advance; then trembling and filled with perturbation, determined to fly into the immense abyss of space: but instantly collecting himself he moved towards the seraph. His beating heart spoke the terror of his mind: distressful tears, such as fallen angels weep, fell from his eyes: deep sighs burst from his agonizing breast, and a continual tremor, never felt by mortals, shook his whole frame. Abdiel with an open tranquil eye, stood in fixed attention, gazing up the bright stream of light, and with sweet serenity was viewing the distant worlds, formed by the great Creator, to whom he had ever remained faithful. He saw not Abbadona. As the sun on its natal day poured his resplendant beams on the new-created earth, so shone the bright seraph; but the afflicted Abadona felt no genial influences from his refulgent rays. Sighing, he cried to himself in plaintive voice, Abdiel, my brother! wilt thou for ever shun me?—Wilt thou for ever leave me?—for ever leave me in



solitude, far from thee !—Oh grant me thy pity, thou child of light !—Wilt thou not, Abdiel, mourn for me ?—Ah, he no longer loves me !—he will for ever cease to love me ! Wither, ye ever verdant bowers, under which, in high raised rapture and sweet delight we talked of the tender charms of friendship. Cease to flow, ye celestial streams, where we mingled the sweet embrace, and with unpoluted lips sung the praises of the Eternal—Abdiel, my brother, is for ever dead to me ! Thou hell, my dark abode, eternal night, thou mother of torments, join my lamentations, and when the terrors of God nightly oppress me, may my sighs and bewailing groans resound in thy caverns. Abdiel, my brother, is for ever dead to me.

Thus unregarded, he, to himself, uttered his complaints. He now stood fronting the chrystalline stream of flowing light that leads to the mundane system. At first he was afraid of the brightness, and of the winged lightning, that seemed advancing towards him. Immersed in misery, and confined to solitude, ages had passed since he had seen the worlds. Now standing pensive, he cried, blessed entrance ! oh that I might pass through thee to those innumerable places, where the Creator displays his power and grace, and never more tread the dark kingdom of damnation ! Ye suns innumerable, how much more resplendant was I than you, ye inanimate children of the Creator, when first at his almighty voice, your glorious orbs began to roll ! Now, this gloomy mansion is my place of residence. I am an



outcast, an object of abhorrence to the meanest spirits who maintained their allegiance to the omnipotent ! O thou heaven, seat of purest bliss, the sight of thee fills me with remorse ! In thy blissful regions I became a sinner—there I rose up against the Almighty. Thou immortal repose, once my sweet associate in the blessed vale of peace, whither art thou fled ? Alas ! thee I have for ever lost, and my judge scarce permits me to enjoy, in the midst of my gloomy horrors, the admiration of his worlds, those glorious structures that display his omnipotence and grace. Oh that I might without shuddering, presume to call him my creator ! how willingly would I resign the tender, the endearing name of father ! how cheerfully forego the noble privilege of the seraphim of being called his children ! O thou, who art my judge, dare I, abandoned, implore thee to cast on me one gracious look, while thus involved in guilt—involvement in woe !—Ye dark thoughts, full of anguish, and thou wild despair, tyrannic rage !—for ever rage !—Miserable that I am ! O that I were but blotted from the creation !—Cursed be the day when the Creator went forth in his glory, and called me into being—Yes, cursed be thou, O day ! when the new immortal said, he is also our brother ; O eternity ! thou mother of endless torments ; why didst thou bring it forth ? And if it must still remain, wherefore is it not dark and horrid, like the eternal night when the mighty thunderer, borne on a tempest, drove us through the void creation, laden with the anger and curse of the Omnipotent—but against

whom, while doomed to this horrid abyss, darest thou, blasphemers, complain !—Fall on me ye suns, hide me ye stars, from the fierce wrath of him, who from the throne of his eternal justice, both as my enemy and my judge, fills me with terror and sad dismay. O thou whose judgments are irrevocable, has eternity no hopes in store for me ? O divine Judge, Creator, most gracious Father !—Alas ! again I offend—I blaspheme the Most High—I call him by names not to be uttered by such an ingrate.—Yet all this he once was to me—he was once my most gracious Father—he would have been so still, had I like Abdiel, my dearest friend, stood firm.—But I, alas ! impious, ungrateful—fled—but whither did I fly ? Thus he spoke, and looked, dejected, into the deep abyss. Then lifting up his eyes, glaring with wild despair, he resumed :

O God, armed with destruction ! create a fire—a devouring fire that will destroy the spirits which thou, without their consent, hast created immortal. In vain he called, no devouring flame appeared : he then turned and fixing his looks on the worlds, flew up, till spent with fatigue, he alighted on one of the suns, and stopping, suffered his eyes to range over the wide creation, where stars innumerable seemed to press on stars. He perceived a comet in the immensity of space, and approached it from the sun on which he stood. Its sentence was pronounced. Its final period drew nigh, and it was on all sides covered with smoke. Upon it Abbadona threw himself, that he too might perish, but still surviving,

he sunk through the inflamed globe, and descended slowly to our earth.

In the mean time Satan and Adramelech approached the earth. They proceeded together, yet alone, each solely taken up with his own infernal thoughts. And now Adramelech descries the earth involved in distant darkness.

There, there it is, cried he to himself. Yes, there it is. There I, when I have obtained the glory of conquering Satan, shall sole reign as the author of all evil. But why, O earth! over thee alone? why not over those stars whose inhabitants have been already too long happy? your orbs shall for me perform their courses. Yes, death shall advance from star to star, and in sight of the Eternal, extend his dominion to the utmost confines of the wide creation! Then shall I, not like Satan, successively destroy only single individuals of rational beings, but sweep away entire generations. Before me shall they lie groveling on the earth, and, writhing themselves in torment, expire. Then will I sit on this, on that, or the other star triumphant, and, sole monarch, cast my glad eyes over my infinite domain. Thou, nature, whom I shall then have rendered the tomb of thy creatures, shall I delighted behold, while I, laughing, gaze on their corruption, in the deep and endless grave. Even should the Eternal resolve to form other rational beings of the dust of the tombs, them also will I bring to destruction. Thus shall my never-failing skill and intrepidity carry seduction and death from world to world. Then

shall I act like myself: and should I be  
cessful in destroying spiritual beings, I  
himself shall perish, and his immortal essence  
evaporate like smoke. Under him no  
and worthy actions shall I perform. It is  
determined. Spiritual substances shall be  
duced to nothing. I will destroy them or  
ish: for that is better than to live and re  
reign. I will summon all my thoughts  
form schemes of destruction. This is  
time for performing what has eternally  
the subject of my ambition. Now God aw  
and if Satan does not err, has sent a Saviour  
mankind, who is to dispossess us of a  
dom we have so boldly conquered. He  
mistaken; he who is called the Messiah  
the greatest of all the prophets. Yet I  
signalize myself by his overthrow, and all  
assembled gods shall esteem me most worthy  
of the infernal throne. Or, what is still  
suitable to my dignity, and more worthy  
such an immortal being, I will first de  
Satan: a glorious exploit that will p  
end to my servitude! he shall be sub  
and then shall I reign supreme among  
gods.

Thus the proud, boastful fiend malig  
raved bewildered by his wishes in a mad  
thought. The Most High, who sees through  
the darkness of futurity, heard him in silence.  
Adramelech, lost in meditations deep, insi  
sibly wrapped himself in the gathering clouds.  
his wrinkled front glowed with rage and  
ice, and fury lowered on his brow. At le

at the approach of night, he again joined Satan. when both descending on the Mount of Olives, they with impatient rage went in quest of the Messiah, and his faithful followers. As two murderous chariots armed for slaughter rush into a valley, against the tranquil general of an enemy's army, so Adramelech and Satan descended the mountain.



THE

MESSIAH.

BOOK III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

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The Messiah still continues among the sepulchres. Eloa descends from heaven, and counts his tears. The souls of the patriarchs send the seraph Zemias, from the sun, to observe the words and actions of Jesus, while the darkness of the night prevents their seeing him. The Messiah sleeps for the last time, and while his disciples seek him about the Mount of Olives, their guardian angels give Zemias their several characters. Satan appears in a dream to Judas Iscariot in the form of his deceased father. The Messiah awaking comes to his disciples, and mentions their approaching flight. Judas, who had concealed himself, overhears the Messiah, and feels his mind distracted by contending passions.



THE

# M E S S I A H.

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## BOOK III.

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**H**AIL earth my native land, thee I revisit ;  
thou shalt lay me in thy cool bosom among  
those who sleep in God : thou shalt softly cover  
these my bones. Yet let me hope first to  
conclude the sacred song of heavenly love.  
Then these lips which sung the gracious friend  
of man ; then these eyes which he has oft filled  
with tears of joy, shall be closed : then my  
gentle friends, with frequent gushing grief,  
shall encircle my grave with ever-verdant  
laurel, and the spreading palm : there shall I  
sleep till my new-raised form, awaked from  
death, rises in heavenly splendor from the silent  
grave.

And thou harmonious muse of Sion's hill,  
who hast carried me to the gloomy regions of  
hell, and safe hast brought me back, still trembling :  
thou, who in the divine countenance  
hast seen awful justice mixed with radiant  
grace and love, pour on my enraptured soul  
celestial light, and teach her in lofty strains to  
sing the great Redeemer.

Jesus still remained with John, at the receptacles of the dead, among the scattered bones of human bodies, and surrounded by nocturnal darkness. He sat meditating on himself, the Son of the eternal Father, sacrificed for man. Before him passed in horrid form a numerous train of sins, which since the creation had received their birth from the children of Adam; followed in awful pomp by those posterity will still produce; an innumerable host, flying from the face of God, in the midst of whom was Satan their chief and father, driving sinners from the sacred throne, and gathering them round himself. Thus the northern whirlpool, ever open to destruction, in circling eddies ingulphs the liquid plain, drawing into its deep abyss unwary mariners. Jesus beheld the black assembly in their native forms most hideous, not as when painted by the passions, they appear to man in the garb of lavish luxury and proud ambition; or as when to the lascivious eye they seem dressed in smiles and wanton blandishments. The holy Saviour then looked up to his Father, who, with awful countenance, regarded him; but though the tremendous sentence was slowly breaking forth, grace inexpressible beamed from his face. The seraphs say, the Father then silent dropped the second tear: the first fell with Adam's curse. While thus each the other viewed, all nature bowed before them; full of awe and expectation, the world stood still, the stars stopped their courses, and night gazed with all her eyes. The contemplating cherub in a calm cloud passed by.

The seraph Eloa also riding in celestial vapours came down to earth, and having counted the tears of love, by the Redeemer shed for man, reascended towards the heavenly plains. John beheld him rise; for Jesus had opened his eyes, and enabled him to perceive the seraph. He saw him, and stood amazed. Then with ardour embraced the Mediator, and sighing, called him, his Saviour, and his Lord! enraptured he thus called him, and filled with joys inexpressible, continued the sweet embrace.

Meanwhile the eleven, who had long been deprived of the sight of Jesus, wandered sorrowful at the foot of the Mount of Olives, seeking him amidst the darkness of the night: one alone excepted who no longer paid the same honour, or felt the same tender regard for the Messiah, as the others. Though filled with innocence and unspotted truth, they knew not the purity and sublime nature of their own souls; but they were better known to God. He had given them minds fit for receiving divine illuminations. Even he, who proved himself unworthy of the celestial call, might also have received heavenly revelations, had he not afterwards impiously betrayed the blessed Saviour. For before the souls of the apostles dwelt in tabernacles of clay, golden thrones were prepared for them in heaven, by those of the four and twenty elders. Yet one of these had been covered with clouds, they, however, soon dispersed, and the bright throne again diffused effulgent splendor. Eloa then came forth, and with a loud voice said, this is

taken from him, and given to one more worthy.

Their guardian spirits, twelve angels of the earth under the inspection of Gabriel, now ascended to the summit of the mountain, and with tender complacency, stood unseen, viewing those committed to their charge, while they with eyes filled with anxious tears, carefully sought the divine Mediator. Mean while Zemias, an angel spirit, one of the four who next in authority to Uriel presided over the globe which enlightens the earth, descended to them, and thus spoke :

Tell me, ye celestial friends, where is the great Messiah ? sent by the souls of the fathers, I shall with awful silence accompany his steps, and with admiration observe all his words and actions. No holy expression, no sigh of compassion, will I suffer to escape unobserved : no look beaming comfort, no tear of soft commiseration, shall appear in his eye, unnoticed. O earth ! too soon dost thou withdraw from the view of thine ancient inhabitants, thy fields most lovely, where walks the glorious Prince of Peace veiled in humanity. Too soon dost thou fly the day and Uriel's face, while the sun reluctant lights the other hemisphere. There no rising hill, no lowly vale, gives delight ; for there the Saviour is not seen.

Orion, the seraph, Simon's guardian angel, then replied, below, among the melancholy sepulchres hewn deep in the rocks, near the foot of this mountain, stands the great Messiah wrapt in meditation. Zemias beheld him, and remained in silent extasy. He still stood

enraptured, while on their swift wings too fleeting, calm and silent hours of the night passed over his head. Then the last balmy sleep descended on the eye of the Mediator; for sacred repose, issuing from the divine sanctuary, was sent by the almighty Father in a gentle breeze. Jesus slept. Zemina then turning, entered into the midst of the spiritual assembly, and in the voice of friendship, thus spake :

Tell me, ye celestial friends, who are those I see roaming on the mountain dejected and forlorn? Over their faces hovers sympathizing grief, ever graceful when, as here, there appears a noble mind. They, perhaps, lament some dear departed friend, virtuous like themselves. These, O Zemina! Orion replied, are the holy twelve, whom the Messiah has chosen for his disciples. Happy are we in being selected their guardians and friends. Thus we continually behold their divine Master, and hear, how he, with sweetest lips of sacred love, opens to them his heart: how he dispenses his instructions: how in sublimest converse he introduces them to the knowledge of celestial mysteries, or in parables shews thee, immortal virtue, in all thy native lustre. Thus impressing his image on their hearts, he forms them for the glorious employment of leading man to the high regions of immortality. Oh how much do we learn from his instructions! how vigilant are we rendered by his bright example!—and how are we allured to accompany him in fervent adoration of the Source of all good, the supreme Father of angels and of

men ! O Zemias ! wert thou but daily to behold him—wert thou but witness to his divine friendship. his humility, his exalted piety, thine heart would overflow with silent rapture. Delightful is it also to the immortals to hear his disciples converse of him, like us, in affectionate effusions of love. Often, O my friend ! have I said to these my companions, and I again repeat it, that I have frequently wished to be of Adam's race, and to live with man in a state of mortality, if mortality can be without sin. Perhaps I might then more truly honour the Messiah ; perhaps I should feel a more ardent affection for my brother, born of the same flesh and blood. With what rapture might I then deliver up my life for him who had died for me ? While stained with my warm innocent blood I would praise him ; and then my faint sighs, my dying accents, would sound in the ears of the Most High, with no less harmony than the lofty strains of Eloah, when he stands before the throne. Then, Zemias, thou, or one of these my friends, would, with invisible hand, gently close my eyes, and conduct my departed soul to the Eternal King.

Greatly, O gentle seraph ! replied Zemias, am I moved by thy words. How hast thou incited me to join in thy wish to be a brother of man ! Those I there behold are then the holy twelve, the Messiah's chosen friends. An honour which a seraph might well wish to obtain by becoming mortal. I salute you his disciples ; ye are worthy of immortality. You the Redeemer loves as brethren. Ye shall sit with your Lord on golden thrones to judge the

world, O ye seraphim ! I would hear the names already recorded in the book of life. Say first who is he that with quick eye looks around, and now penetrates the thick grove, perhaps with impatient eagerness looking for Jesus ? In his countenance methinks I see the traces of a bold and determined mind. Tell me the thoughts and emotions of a heart that seems susceptible of the strongest impressions.

This, replied the seraph Orion, is Simon Peter, one of the greatest of the disciples. He has the Redeemer chosen his guardian angel. Thou, O Zemias, hast judged aright : he is all that thou sayest. Shouldst thou see him when full of fervor, he listens to the voice of his gracious Master ; or when absent from him, and no longer under his eye ; or when sleeping, he, in his dreams, beholds his Saviour ; thou, O seraph ! wouldst admire the sensibility of his heart, and think it still more divine. Lately Jesus asking his disciples, whom they thought him, Peter answered, with tears of joy, thou art Christ, the son of the living God. But, oh that I had not heard the Messiah say to Peter, thou wilt deny me thrice ! how dreadful the prediction ! Ah Simon, my brother ! what—oh what were the thoughts of thine heart ? boldly didst thou reply, I will never deny thee my Redeemer and my Lord. Yet Jesus again repeated the dreadful words. Didst thou, Peter, but know how this fills me with soft compassion, surely thou wouldst, as thou hast said, rather die than deny thy kind and gracious Lord. Thou knowest how Jesus

loves thee. For then didst thou observe, that while he thus spake, he beheld thee with eyes filled with divine sympathy and grace. Fain O Peter ! would I hope, that thou wilt not basely deny thy Lord.

The seraph Zemias heard him with deep concern, and replied, is it possible that he should be so void of gratitude and love, as to disown his Saviour, his faithful, his divine friend ! what honesty and truth shine in his face ! But who is he, on whose open countenance is painted a glow of virtue and detestation of vice, inexorable to the slavish sinner who knows not God ? is he not Peter's friend ? how closely he attends him ! with him he converses with all the familiarity of fraternal affection.

Sipha, his guardian angel, answered, right O seraph ! is thy conjecture. That is Andrew, Peter's brother. They grew up together from tender infancy, under my care and that of Orion. Often have I, when his fond mother was affectionately embracing my infant charge, moulded his heart, to render it capable of receiving the perfect love he was afterwards to feel for the Messiah. When Jesus saw him as he stood by Jordan's silver stream, he was one of the disciples of John, and still in his retentive ear resounded the words of that holy prophet concerning the Mediator, whose coming was at hand. Jesus, with a look of benignity, called him. I was present. I beheld a divine fire pervade his breast ; he felt the heavenly impulse flash upon his soul, and instantly flew to his Saviour.



Now spake Libaniel, Philip's tutelar angel, and said, he, O Zemias, whom thou seest filled with social friendship for those two brothers, is Philip. A smile of benevolence adorns his placid countenance, and the invariable desire of loving as brethren, all whom the Most High created in his own image, is the ruling passion of his godlike mind. The great Creator has also tipped his tongue with mild persuasive eloquence. As at the wakening morn the dew distils from Hermon, and odours breathe from the spreading olive, so sweet discourse proceeds from the lips of Philip.

But who, said Zemias, smiling, is he that with slow step walks among the cedars; on his face glows a noble desire of fame. Behold, he appears like one of those immortal sons of Sion, who consecrate their sacred works to posterity, and live in fame from generation to generation. Their glory unconfined, becomes boundless and eternal? it sometimes passes from star to star; and when they, enraptured, compose hymns of God and his Messiah, we aid the aspiring strains, and sing them in the heavens.

That, said the seraph Adona, is James the son of Zebedee. His noble ambition is solely directed to divine objects: his grand pursuit, to rise to glory at the great and solemn day, when the Lord of Life shall awake the dead, and pass sentence on the sons of man. To his exalted soul, less honour would be ignominy. On his seeing the Saviour, in a rapture of joy he ran to meet him. I saw him when on Tabor's hallowed mount, Moses and Elias, sent

of God, appeared to the Messiah. Lo, bright and glowing clouds encompassed and overshadowed them. Jesus was transfigured ; his face shone more bright than the sun in its meridian lustre : he was arrayed in silver light. As in the holy of holies Aaron the high priest saw the glory of God, so enraptured by this pomp of celestial splendor, James admired and contemplated the glorious appearance. He of the holy twelve, is to be the first martyr. Thus say the tables of prescience. He is therefore soon to enter triumphant on the ample theatre of the eternal state, and to quench the desires of his longing soul, in the unutterable delights of never ceasing felicity.

Simon the Canaanite, whom thou beholdest sitting, said Megidon, his tutelar angel, was once a devout shepherd, whom Jesus called from the field. His innocent and peacetul life, with his meekness and simplicity of manners, has gained the heart of his Lord. Jesus coming to him on a journey, he, with hospitable speed, killed a young lamb, and with assiduous care attended his welcome guest, transported with the honour of entertaining in his low cottage the Prophet of God. Not less grateful was his repast to the Messiah, than that he and the two angels received from Abraham in the plains of Mamre. Come, O Simon !—come, and follow me, said he, with benignity in his look—follow me, and leave thy flocks to thy companions. I am he, of whom thou, when a youth heardst the song of the heavenly host by Bethlehem's limpid stream.

There is my beloved charge, said Adoram, the seraph, behold James the son of Alpheus. That grave and placid countenance is expressive of the modest virtue which consists not in words, but in action. While conscious that he is known to God though he should be disregarded by man : forgotten by posterity, and overlooked by us, his celestial friends, he would still persevere in his exalted piety and steady virtue.

Umbriel then stood forth, and stretching out his hand to Zemias, said, he whom thou seest musing in the depths of that tall grove, is Thomas, a zealous disciple. His mind is continually wrapt in meditation, thoughts frequently produce thoughts without end, and extend before him, like a boundless sea. He was once almost lost in the dark system of Sadducean dreams : but was saved by the mighty miracles of the Messiah. Then leaving the mazy labyrinths of entangling error, he came to Jesus. Yet still, hard of conviction, he would fill me with solitude, did I not know that with his active mind, he has sincerity of heart, and an ardent love of sacred truth.

Yonder, said the seraph Beldai, is Matthew, who was educated in the soft, luxurious lap of pleasure. His wealthy parents accustomed him to the sordid employments of those who, unmindful of their immortal souls, are as insatiably bent on accumulating shining ore, as if they were to live eternally on this heavy globe : but on his seeing the blessed Jesus, the hidden powers of his mind expanded : at a nod from Christ, he followed him, leaving his employ-

ment, which had passed him down to the earth, to the groveling souls who have no taste for the more substantial treasures of heavenly wisdom. Thus a brave hero, when called to hazard his life for his country, breaks from the charms of some fair princess. He enters the field. There the Most High arrayed in justice, guides the battle, and directs the hand of death. The innocent he saves from the fury of the blood thirsty enemy, shall with transports of gratitude proclaim his glory, and if in the midst of slaughter, he remembers that he himself is a man, we will chant his name before the Eternal.

Siona, the seraph, then said, that amiable old man with silver locks, is Bartholomew. He is under my care. Observe his devout and engaging countenance.—There sacred virtue delights to dwell. By his practice its severities will be rendered more amiable and acceptable to mortals. Thou, O Bartholomew! shalt gather many to Jesus. They shall see thy glorious end, and be struck with thy fortitude, when thou, in the sweat of death, shalt smile on thy murderers, and on thy brethren, with the tranquillity of a seraph. Then, ye celestial friends, ye will join with me, in wiping the blood from his face, that all may behold his triumph over death, and, filled with admiration, turn to the Lord.

That meek and humble disciple, said Elim, is my Lebbaeus. Few have such tenderness and sensibility. When I called his immortal spirit from those regions, where souls reside before their union of the body, I found it by a

stream which, murmuring like the distant sound of sighs and plaintive moans, creeps along the vale. There, as angels relate, Abbadona lamented, as he returned from Eden, after seeing the mother of mankind, who had lost her spotless innocence. You also well know, that there the seraphs oft bewail the souls entrusted to their care, when after adorning their juvenile years with fair religion, and sanctity of manners, they unhappily blast their blooming virtues, and quitting the nobler pleasures which heaven approves, become infatuated with the false, the shadowy allurements of vice. Alas ! how dreadful will be their fate ! the angels lament their fall with sighs of pity, and shed such tears, as cannot fall from the eyes of mortals. There I found the soul of my dear Lebbeus, shrouded in tranquil clouds, and listening with faint perception, to the sound of pensive murmurs. These, where the stronger feelings of the senses prevail, are disregarded. Yet when his soul, clothed with light, entered the body, a light perception of the melancholy murmurs still remained, sufficient to impress the mind in its first formation. Soft in the bosom of a fleecy cloud, I gently conveyed the unembodied spirit to the dwellings of mortals. At length his mother brought him forth in a grove of palms. I descended invisibly from the top of the rustling branches, and cooled the infant with refreshing breezes : but even then, at the gloomy sensation that he was born to die, the number of his tears exceeded that of other mortals. He passed his youth in tender

sorrow, weeping at the tear shed by a friend, and sympathising in every woe of his fellow-creatures. Thus, soft and compassionate, has he passed his time with Jesus. How am I grieved for thee, O Lebbeus! at the death of thy Lord, thou, his devout disciple, wilt sink under the burthen of thy grief. Ah! support him, thou gracious Redeemer! strengthen him in that hour, thou who pitiest mankind! Behold with faltering step, he is wandering towards us in deep affliction.—Here, seraph, of him thou wilt have a nearer view, and face to face see the softest and most tender soul.

While Elim was yet speaking, Lebbeus silently joined them. Quick the circle of assembled seraphs widened to admit a mortal. So the vernal breezes move before Philomela's plaintive strains. They now encompass him, and full of affection, stand as man with man. Lebbeus thinking himself alone, and unobserved, lift up his joined hands, and with gestures of distress, indulged the transports of his grief: crying, no where can I find him. Already one dismal day—already two tedious nights have fled, and we have not seen him! Ah! his cruel persecutors have at length found and siezed him! I forsaken live, though Jesus is dead! Thee have sinners barbarously slain, and yet I did not see thee die! Thine eyes with gentle hand I have not closed! Say, ye cruel men! where did you murder him? To what dreary desert, to what barren wild, to what gloomy sepulchre, did ye, inhuman, drag him, to take away his life! Ah where, my divine friend, dost thou lie? It is among

the dead, pale and disfigured ! The tender grace, the heavenly smile of thy compassion-ate looks, these murderers have stolen !—Thy servants have not seen thee die ! Oh that this heart—this oppressed heart, might cease to beat !—that my soul, formed for anguish, might, like that dusky cloud, fly into the night of death, that I might there meet my Lord ! Spent with watching, I will lie down and indulge this heaviness that comes upon me.

Thus lamenting, he sunk into the arms of sleep. Elim covered him with the slender branches of the olive ; fanned his languid face with his gentle breath ; poured on his head balmy slumbers, and, while he slept, presented to his mind a dream, in which he walked conversing with his Lord.

Zemia hung over him full of benevolent sympathy, when a disciple appeared coming from the gloomy grove before the sepulchres. Tell me, said he, who is he that ascends the mountain ? His raven locks fall in curls on his ample shoulders ; and a manly beauty appears amidst the austerity of his countenance ; while his head rising supereminent above those of the other disciples, completes the dignity of his appearance. But may I, my celestial friends, presume to say, that if I am not deceived, I perceive in his countenance, traces of the strongest agitations of mind, and something that to me appears mean and sordid. He is, however, a disciple, and will one day come with Jesus in the clouds of heaven to judge the world.—But whence, O ye immortals ! is this silence ! Will none of you, my celestial friends, condescend to

answer me? Ah, why do you still continue silent? Have I formed a mistaken judgment of this disciple, and does that give you pain? Speak—oh speak—I own my fault. And thou holy disciple, be not offended. When thou shalt enjoy the honour of suffering martyrdom for the truth, and shalt enter in triumph among the immortals, before these seraphs will I atone for my offence, by the most cordial friendship.

Ah Zemias! must I then answer thee? said Ethuriel sighing and advancing towards the seraph. Better would it be for us both, were I to observe, on this subject, an eternal silence: yet I will answer thee. He whom thou seest is Judas Iscariot. I would not O seraph, lament over him.—Unmoved, and without one compassionate tear, would I behold him. With pious indignation would I avoid the guilty wretch, had he not been blessed with a heart formed for every virtue, and passed his youth unpolluted by crimes—had not the Messiah himself thought him worthy of my care when his life was pious, holy, and irreproachable. But alas! now he—to add more, would be heaping sorrow on sorrow! Ah! Now I know why, when in the presence of the Most High, we were discoursing of the souls of the disciples, Eloa the seraph, on receiving a sign from the Supreme, descended mournful, and instantly enveloped in clouds one of the lofty golden seats, set apart for the twelve disciples, near the Eternal. O that thou, Judas, hadst never been born! Oh that no seraph had ever mentioned thine immortal soul! Better—ininitely better would it have been for thee never to have seen



the light, than for thee, ungrateful traitor ! to betray thy Lord, and profane the glorious, the sacred office to which thou wert called.

Thus spake the seraph Ethuriel, and with downcast look stood before Zemias, who replied. I shuddering sympathise with thee, and darkness, like that which precedes the dawn, overclouds my eyes. Judas, one of the twelve, and thy charge, O Ethuriel, profane the office of a disciple, and dishonour the gracious Mediator ! this none of the immortals could have believed. Yet, what is his dreadful crime ? What has the abandoned done, before Jesus, and thee, and the celestial spirits ? freely tell me, though my heart, O Ethuriel ! tremble at the recital.

O seraph ! Ethuriel returned, he hates John, because Christ loves him with greater tenderness than any of his other disciples. And (fain would he conceal it from himself) he hates the Redeemer ! In an unhappy hour, dishonest avarice took root in his once noble soul : for this is not the vice of youth. Blinded by this base, un-social passion, he imagines that John will be preferred by the Messiah before the other disciples, and more especially before him, to collect the treasure ; the heavenly treasure, the first fruits of the unbounded wealth of his new kingdom. Thus does he speak ; and this, oft have I heard him murmur with rancorous heart, when in his lonely walks he thought himself unobserved. Once—(long will the horrid image hover in my sight, and fill my heart with silent gloom) once in the vale Benhinon, full of inquietude, he gave vent to the agitations of his mind, uttering the most malignant and impious wishes.

Deeply affected, I cast down my eyes, when instantly I beheld Satan leave him, with an air of bitter mockery and triumphant smiles ! and then passing by me, gave me a look of arrogant contempt. At present the heart of Judas is so torn by the storms of guilty passions, that I dread lest each black thought, each fell emotion of his wicked mind, should hurry him to swift perdition. Oh that thine omnipotent hand, O God, had held Satan bound in adamant chains in the abyss of deepest darkness ! that the immortal soul thou hast formed for eternal glory, might recover from her errors, and seize the precious remaining hours ; that, worthy of her high birth, and the creative voice by which the Almighty called her to immortality, and consecrated her to the discipleship, she, invincible and fearless, might resist the furious destroyer, with the courage and intrepidity of a seraph. But, O thou supreme Wisdom ! thou source of Goodness ! be not offended at my wishes : whatever thou doest, is wisest, most just, and best.

Dearest seraph, cried Zemias, what says the Mediator ?—Ah what does the gracious Mediator say to his lost disciple ? Can he still see near him the criminal ? Does he yet love him ? and if he does, Oh ! how does he shew his compassion ?

Zemias, constrained by thee, said Ethuriel, I must reveal all that I would gladly conceal from myself, from thee, and from the angels. Unworthy as he is, Jesus still loves him. Full of assiduous affection, not in words, but by looks of the most divine benevolence, he lately, when all the disciples were present, said, thou art he

that will betray me ! But Zemias see he approaches ; I will retire. I can no longer bear to look upon the ingrate. Follow me. Thus saying, Ethuriel hasted away. Zemias went with him, and Salem, a young seraph, who was John's second guardian, followed them at a distance : for God had given to John two tutelary angels, the chief of whom was Raphael, one of the most exalted seraphs.

Zemias and Ethuriel now went to Jesus at the sepulchres. There Salem, with radiant countenance, joined them, and, with a look of cordial affection, gave them the tender embrace. A mild joy shone in Salem's face, and a youthful smile played in his features. As the opening gates of a delightful vernal morn, his mouth poured forth the sweet harmony, and from his lips flowed eloquence in soft mellifluous accents.

Ye seraphs, compose your minds, said he ; there with Jesus in the tombs, is John, the most amiable of all the disciples. Cast your eyes on him, and you will no longer think of Judas. Devout as a seraph, he lives with the Messiah as one of the immortals. To him the Redeemer opens his heart ; and him has he chosen his chief confidant. As the friendship of Gabriel and the exalted Eloa, or as the affection Abdiel once felt for Abaddon, while living with him in native innocence, is the friendship that subsists between John and his divine Master. Of this he is worthy : for of all the souls of men, the Creator never formed one more pure and heavenly than that of John. I was present when the immortal essence came forth, and beheld a re-

splendent rank of young celestial spirits, thus, in flowing numbers hail their companion.

We salute thee, holy offspring of the breath divine! Beauteous and loving art thou as Salem, as Raphael heavenly and sublime. From thee pure sentiments will flow as dew from the purple clouds of the morning, and thy humane heart—thy heart, filled with tender sensations, shall melt, as the eyes of the seraphim, enraptured at the sight of virtue, overflow with sweetest transports. Fair daughter of the breath divine, faithful sister of the soul which once, in its unspotted youth, animated the first of men, we will now conduct thee to the body, thy companion, which smiling nature moulds for thee in proportions just and lovely. It will be beautiful, like the body of the Messiah, which soon the Divine Spirit will form, and which, in manly grace, shall exceed all the sons of Adam. In this thy tender and amiable frame, thy virtues will be proved, till the fair habitation of clay shall be destroyed. It shall then moulder in the dust; but at last thy Salem will seek and awake thee; and if thou hast faithfully performed thy task on earth, will conduct thee, arrayed in celestial beauty, to the embraces of the Messiah, coming in the clouds to judge the world. Thus, enraptured, sang the juvenile spirits of heaven.

Salem ceased. He and the other seraphs, filled with softest affection, remained near John. Thus three brothers encompass a beloved sister, who, in blooming beauty resembles the fair immortals, while she, with mind untroubled, sleeps on the new blown flowers.

Alas ! she knows not that her worthy father draws near the end of his virtuous course ! With this distressful news her brothers came ; but forbear to molest her placid slumbers.

Meanwhile the other disciples, spent with inquietude and fatigue, had fallen asleep : one lay sheltered by the low bending arms of a spreading olive ; another in a valley, encompassed by eminences on all sides gently rising ; another at the foot of a lofty cedar, which with soft rustling sounds sheds soft repose from its waving top. Some slept in the sepulchres built by the children of the sanguinary city, in honour of the prophets murdered by their fathers : while Judas Iscariot, wearied by the perturbations of his guilty mind, lay near the gentle Lebbeus, his relation and friend.

Satan, who in a secret cave had listened to the characters the angels had given of the disciples, now burst forth, and with fell purpose of dire destruction approached Judas. So in the midnight hour the pestilence silent invades some sleeping city. Death on expanded wings hovers round the walls, breathing poisonous vapours. While the city rest, the sage, still wakeful, sits with his friends, refined in sentiment, under the shade of a leafy bower, regaled with cheerful wine. Sober temperance fills the glass, and adds an innocent alacrity to their sublime converse on the charms of friendship, the nature of the soul, and its endless duration. But soon approaches the day of lamentation. Soon death, with hollow eyes and countenance terrible, spreads

far and wide his baneful influence. Then comes the night of torments and groans, of heart rending sighs, and gushing sorrow. Wringing her hands, the tender bride bewails her dearer half, the partner of her soul. Then the distracted mother, whose agonizing heart is deprived of all her little fondlings, curses the day of her birth and theirs. Then even the unfeeling gravedigger stands aghast ; trembling, he joins the crowding dead, and drops into the pit himself had dug. Then the angel of death descends, involved in clouds, and stopping on the tombs, takes a melancholy view of the desert waste, where now solitude and dreary silence reign.

Thus the destroying enemy descended on Judas, and presented to his waking fancy a seducing dream. Quick he enflamed his corrupted heart which was too much inclined to guilt, with fell sensations ; and thoughts big with rage. So the red bolt of the heavens, falling on mountains of sulphur, kindles the ready materials ; then new subterranean thunders roar, and through the caverns the spreading tempest rolls. For high mysteries, and thoughts apt to inflame the souls of men, were, for his greater condemnation, not unknown to Satan. Soon careful solicitude brought back the seraph Ethuriel to stay by his wretched charge : but perceiving Satan hovering over him, he trembling stopped ; then looking up to the Almighty, resolved to awake him from his sleep. Thrice, with the wings of a storm roaring among the cedars, he swept over his face : thrice he passed by him with sounding

steps, that made the summit of the mountain shake. Yet Judas continued as in the sleep of death. To the dreaming disciple Satan, in the form of his father, appeared with disconsolate looks of grief and perturbation; and with trembling accents, fraught with guile, thus spake :

Dost thou here sleep, Judas, careless and at thine ease? still dost thou continue absent from Jesus, as if thou knewest not that thou art the object of his hatred, and that all his other disciples he prefers to thee? why art thou not continually near him? why dost thou not attempt to regain the favour of thy Lord? Good God! what fault have I, what crime hast thou committed, that I should be obliged to leave the region of death to lament the melancholy fate of thee my son? Dost thou suppose thou shalt enjoy greater happiness in the new empire Christ is to erect? how miserably art thou deceived! Peter and the favourite sons of Zebedee, will be greter and more mighty than thee! treasures in a full stream shall flow to them from the spacious land. All the others too shall receive from the Messiah a much more splendid inheritance than my unhappy son. Come Judas, I will shew thee his kingdom in all its glory. Rise with me: be not dismayed, but arm thyself with courage. Now thou seest before thee that endless chain of mountains, which cast their lengthening shades into that fertile valley. There gold shall be incessantly dug; gold, bright and glittering as that of Ophir: while the valley shall through the prosperous year pour forth a rich exuber-



ance of blessings. This is the delightful inheritance of the favourite John. Those hills covered with vineyards, and those wide-spreading fields, clothed with waving corn, the Messiah has given to Peter. Seest thou all the opulence of that smiling country, where cities rising in lofty splendor, each like Jerusalem, the king's daughter, glitter in the sun, and with their innumerable inhabitants extend along the vale. Behold how those cities are watered by the limpid streams of a new Jordan, which passes through noble arches in the lofty walls. Gardens, resembling fertile Eden, wave their blushing fruit, over the golden sands, on its happy shores. These are the kingdoms of the other disciples. But now, Judas, my son, observe that far distant mountainous country, wild, stony, and covered with withered shrubs. How barren, how desolate ! Above it rests night in cold and drisly clouds, and beneath, on the tops of the eminences, a sterile depth of ice and northern snow. That, O Judas ! is thine inheritance. In those gloomy regions, thou and the birds of night, thy companions, are condemned to wander solitary among the aged oaks. With what haughty—with what contemptuous airs will the happy disciples look down on thee ! they will pass by without condescending to observe thee ! Ah, Judas, thou weepest with indignation !—but in vain thou weepest !—in vain are all thy tears, while, surrounded with despair, thou neglectest to help thyself ! yet listen to me, thy father, and I will disclose to thee my heart. Thou knowest the Messiah delays the



promised redemption: the Jews are still in subjection, and he does not appear in haste to erect his new and glorious empire. Thou art also sensible, that the great are most averse to submit to the authority of the Nazarine King, and daily contrive his death. Do thou, therefore, deliver him into the hands of the priests, not to revenge his hatred to thee; but that he may the sooner overwhelm them with irremediless infamy and confusion, and thus be obliged to found his long expected empire, and to appear before every eye as powerful and as formidable as he really is. By this means thou wilt at once enter into the possession of thine inheritance, and the sooner improve it by labour and industry, by tillage and trade, so as to give it some little resemblance to the more fertile inheritances of thy companions. Meanwhile, of this thou mayst be certain, that the grateful priests will not fail to reward thee for delivering up Jesus. This is the advice of a father ever attentive to thy interest. Fix thine eye upon me, and know me in spite of the paleness of death. Awake. Despise not the admonitions of a parent who is come to revive thy courage; and let me not return melancholy and dejected to the mansions of the dead.

Satan having thus infected the mind of Iscariot with this deceitful vision, swelled, inflated with pride, like a mountain raised by a vulcano, while convulsive earthquakes rock the neighbouring eminences, and sink the surrounding hills. Judas awoke. Furious he started up. Yes, it was he—it was the voice of my deceas-

ed father!—Thus he spake—Thus he looked, when before me he expired. Ah! it is then but too true that Jesus hates me! the very dead know that he hates me! Well, I will haste and put in execution my father's advice.—But, with what treachery shall I then act towards the Messiah! May not this vision be owing to disgust that rankles in my heart? or may it not be suggested by Satan? Hence, ye groveling, ye timorous surmises! I already feel that I am inflamed with the desire of riches—with the impatience of revenge! O my soul! why art thou so tender, so scrupulous? visions present themselves before thee—visions enjoin thee revenge.—The command of a vision sanctifies the deed.

Satan heard him thus speak—him who had previously offended the Almighty, by staining his soul with base and ignoble passions. He heard him with pleasure, and glorying in his success, raised his head still higher, and unseen looked down on Judas with triumphant arrogance. Thus on the top of high Olympus, a dreadful rock impends over the swelling sea, proudly threatening destruction to the approaching mariners; but soon will the red lightning, with hideous roar and terrible confusion, strike it down, and lay it in the lowly deep. The islands will see its fall, and exult in the avenging thunder.

Satan, now leaving Olivet, with lofty strides, stalked unseen over Jerusalem, and repaired to Caiaphas, who slept in his still silent palace, by delusive visions, to infuse into the wicked heart of the enemy and high-priest of God, emotions

still more vile. Meanwhile Judas continued on the mount filled with thoughts malignant as his soul.

The day was rising on the slumbering world when Jesus awoke, and with him John. Together they walked up the mount whence they saw the disciples still asleep. Jesus then taking the devout Lebbeus by the hand, said, I, my dear friend, am here, and still alive. Up sprang the transported disciple, and embraced him with tears of joy. Then running to the other disciples, awakened them, and brought them to their divine Master, when, affectionately gathering round him, he with a gracious smile thus addressed them :

Come, my pious friends, this day will we rejoice before we exchange the last embrace. Still the heavens, from the early clouds, shed the refreshing dews on this favoured land. Behold the towering cedar planted by my Father's hand, affords her cooling shade ; and still I behold man, formed after the divine image, walking with the immortals. But this will be no longer seen. Soon will the darkening sky be wrapped in gloom. Soon will the earth with dire convulsions tremble. Soon will man look on me with murderous eye, and soon will ye all fly from me, your Lord. Weep not, O Peter ! and thou, my tender, my affectionate disciple, be not afflicted : for while the bridegroom is present, no grief is felt by the bride. Comfort yourselves, ye shall see me again ; yes, ye shall see me again at my resurrection—ye shall see me with all the raptures with which a mother recovers her only son.

Thus he spake, but while his face was illumined with grace and love, his heart was filled with keenest anguish. He then descended the mount, accompanied by all his disciples except Judas, who, standing in the thick shade of tufted trees, he had heard the Saviour's speech, and looking after Jesus, who walked away with quick step, said, he himself already knows that a day of darkness hangs over his head. He is therefore not ignorant of the manner in which he will treat his persecutors, and accomplish the great work he has begun. But does he know the plot I am meditating against him? does he know that I intend to betray him? —But, alas! should I be deceived—should my dream prove an illusion, and hated as I am, did it come to increase my torment? Ah cursed be the hour in which I closed my eyes, and the apparition of my father appeared to my view! May shrieks resound through the mountain!—May dying groans deepen the horror of the mouldering sepulchres! Cursed be the place where I lay!—But why do I thus rave? why give way to such gloomy ideas? Why am I thus at variance with myself? It is not my fault if I am deceived. But dost thou, hoary, visionary sage, enjoin me to commit a crime, by betraying the Messiah? —him whose precepts—whose example I have professed to follow—him whom I ought to love and reverence? May the day—that fatal day, be cursed, when Jesus chose me—when full of love, and with a look of benevolence, he invited me to follow him! May it be covered with clouds and the gloom of night! May the pes-

silence walk in darkness, and destructive diseases slay in the heat of noon ! Let no man name it ! May it be forgotten of God !—But whence this agony—this secret horror ? Why, my bones do ye tremble ? Why am I so pusillanimous ? Why do I thus torment myself ? I will rouse my courage, and shake off these weak foreboding fears. My sight did not deceive me, and if it did, can I by any other means accomplish my desires ? Thus he raved : Meanwhile, since his vision, he had advanced two dreadful hours nearer to eternity.



THE  
MESSIAH.

BOOK IV.

## THE ARGUMENT.

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Caiaphas assembles the Sanhedrim, relates his dream, and proposes the death of Jesus. Philo, a Pharisee, supposes the dream a fiction, but joins, with great vehemence, in recommending the death of Christ. They are warmly opposed by Gamaliel and Nicodemus. Judas has a private conference with Caiaphas. The Messiah sends Peter and John to prepare the passover. Peter sees Mary the mother of Jesus, Lazarus, Mary his sister, Semida, and Cidli, coming in quest of Jesus. The pious love of Semida and Cidli. Mary proceeds in search of Jesus, who stops at the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, near Golgotha. He proceeds to Jerusalem, and is met by Judas. Ethuriel, no longer able to continue that traitor's guardian angel, is made Peter's second angel. Jesus institutes the memorial of his death. Judas goes out. Jesus prays with his disciples, and returns to the Mount of Olives.



THE  
MESSIAH.

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BOOK IV.

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**TERRIFIED** by a vision, and tortured by anxiety, Caiaphas lay restless on his bed. Sleep fled from his eyes, or if for a few moments they were closed by slumber, he suddenly started, and agitated by his tumultuous thoughts, furiously turned. Thus in a field of slaughter a dying reprobate, hardened in guilt, rolls in agony: the approaching victor, the prancing steed, the harsh din of arms, the shouts of the enemy, the groans of the dying, and all the thundering roar of war, distract his mind. Covered with ghastly wounds he lies, and seems to sink in wild stupidity among the dead. Then again reviving, he curses himself, curses the Most High, and would fain disbelieve his being. Thus lay Caiaphas, and thus he arose; ordering the priests and elders of the people to be suddenly assembled. In the midst of his stately palace was the hall of the Sanhedrim, built of the spoils of Lebanon's lofty forest, with all the magnificence that was seen in the works of Solomon. Thither came the priests and el-

ders. Among the latter was Joseph of Arimathea, who, supereminent in wisdom, did honour to the posterity of Abraham. Serene as the placid moon, riding in lucid midnight clouds, he repaired to the assembly. Thither also came Nicodemus, a friend to the Messiah and to Joseph. Then entered Caiaphas with proud step, and with a countenance inflamed by rage, thus spake :

Now ye fathers of Jerusalem, we must take our final resolution, and with powerful arm destroy our adversary, lest he destroying us, this be the last time in which we assemble in this holy Sanhedrim. This divine priesthood, instituted by the great Jehovah himself on mount Sinai, and revealed to us by the greatest of all the prophets.—This divine priesthood, which continued through all the succeeding ages, and which the towers of Babylon, nor formidable Rome, seated on her seven hills, could ever destroy, a wretched visionary, O Israel! is ready to abolish. To your shame, he has been suffered to declare with impunity, that he will destroy the temple of the Lord. Is not all Jerusalem his? Are not the cities of Judea servilely devoted to their idolized Prophet? The people grown blind and superstitious, shun the temple of their wise forefathers : they flock to remote desarts, to gaze at his seducing miracles : miracles in which he is only the agent of Satan. What can more effectually blind—what fill with greater amazement the stupid vulgar, than his raising the dead?—or rather awakening the sick from sleep? Yet we still continue in supine indolence, waiting, perhaps,

till his adherents rise in arms, and in some dreadful tumult, murder us before his face, that he may shew his power in restoring us to life ! Is it possible, fathers, that you can thus sit in silent astonishment ? that ye can yet entertain a doubt ? Yes ye incredulous, ye doubt—but doubt now and sleep for ever. Ye know with what rebellious shouts Judea has hailed him king. Never before were the ways so spread with the branches of the palm. Never did the air resound with such loud hosannas. It were indeed to be wished, that instead of those triumphant acclamations, he had heard the curse of the Eternal : that instead of those repeated hosannas, his ears had been deafened by the voice of thunder. Ye degenerate and unworthy fathers of the people (pardon these expressions, which proceed from a mind inflamed with holy indignation)—not prudence alone, but God himself orders us to cut him off from the face of the earth. In ancient times Jehovah spake to our fathers in dreams ; and ye yourselves shall judge, whether, upon this extraordinary occasion, your high priest has not had a dream from God.

Behold, at midnight when anxious I lay on my bed, revolving in my mind, what might be the issue of the late tumults, I dropped asleep. When lo ! I found myself in the temple, preparing the sacrifice of atonement. Already the blood streamed before me : already, with solemn awe, was I entering the Holy of Holies, when drawing the vail aside—My bones still tremble ! still the terrors of God overpower me ! O ye, fathers ! I beheld Aaron in his sacred

vestments, with a menacing brow, advancing towards me. Holy anger flashed with insupportable blaze from his eyes; the piercing rays which beamed on me from his breast plate, shone refulgent, like Horeb; the winged cherubs over the ark of the covenant, fluttered dreadful; and my ephod, reduced to ashes, instantly fell to the ground. Fly thou disgrace to the priesthood, cried Aaron in the voice of terror—fly, miserable that thou art, and no more presume to degrade thy sacred office, by appearing here as priest of the Lord. Art thou the high priest of the great Jehovah? (Here he gave me a furious and vengeful look, like that of a man who suddenly sees his mortal enemy, whom he is resolved to slay)—Art thou the high priest of the great Jehovah? Art thou vested with that sacred office?—thou who, criminally supine, canst see that impious seducer with impunity profane the holy sanctuary: make a mock of my brother Moses, of me, and of Abraham, and violate the sabbath of God? Go, most miserable! lest on thy longer stay, the mercy seat of the Eternal should consume thee with sacred fire.

At these words I fled, My hair was dishevelled. Ashes were on my head. Terrified, frantic, and without my vesture, I ran forth to the people, who enraged at the sight, attempted my life. Here I awoke. Three hours full of unutterable anguish—three hours most horrible, I lay, after this dreadful vision, as in the agonies of death. Still I tremble—still my heart beats with terror—still is my faltering tongue unable distinctly to perform its ob-

fice. He must die. From you, fathers, I expect a speedy determination on the manner of his death.

Here Caiaphas was silent : but after a short pause, he resumed. Better it is that one should die, than that all should perish. But in this let us act with prudent caution. Let it not be at the feast, lest the infatuated populace should attempt to save him. Caiaphas ceased.

No sound, nor the least murmur was heard throughout the full assembly. As if struck dead by the flash of heaven, all sat silent and motionless. Joseph observing the solemn stillness, resolved to speak in the defence of Jesus, but was restrained by the fury with which Philo a dreaded priest, stepped forth. Too proud to deliver his sentiments, before affairs were ripe for their being put in execution, he had never yet publicly mentioned Jesus. Great was his character for wisdom, even with Caiaphas, whom he hated : for he himself was a Pharisee. His heavy hollow eyes were filled with malignant fury, and with rapid and resentful voice, he thus began :

Caiaphas, in vain dost thou pretend to have received a vision from God, as if thou didst not know that the Eternal never appears to the voluptuous sensualist, and that no spirits convey revelations to the hypocritical Sadducees, who disbelieve their existence. Either thou amusest us by a fiction, or thou sawest the vision. If the first be the case, thou here shewest thy self worthy of thy Roman policy, and thy purchased priesthood : if the latter, thou, the high priest of God, oughtest

est to know, that the Almighty, to punish those who violate his laws, permits their being deceived by lying spirits. Thus, that Ahab the slave of Baal and of Jezabeel, might perish, and the blood of the murdered Naboth no longer cry for vengeance, an angel of death steps forth from the throne, and dictates false prophecies to the prophets. When behold, the rolling chariots bring back the king mortally wounded. He dies. His blood defiles the field where Naboth was slain. Thy dream indeed enjoins the punishment of our adversary. Yet no dream hast thou had, but what has been furnished by thy fertile invention. Dost thou not tremble at naming the angel of death? perhaps one of that order already waits before the eternal throne, for thy blood, O Caiaphas! destined soon to be spilt. I plead not for the seditious Jesus, neither do I hold him innocent. Compared with the Nazarene, thou art a less offender. Thou art only a disgrace to the priesthood of God; but he would abolish it. This Jesus has been weighed in the balance in which criminals, however powerful, even the proud conquerors of nations, are found wanting. He has been weighed, and is doomed to certain death. He shall therefore die. With these eyes I will see him expire: they shall behold his pale and bloody corpse. The earth of the hill on which he suffers, I will carry into the Holy of Holies: or at the great altar, lay stones stained with his smoking blood, as an everlasting memorial. But how base is thy fear, O Caiaphas! that would warp us into cowardise, and make us stand in awe of the

giddy rabble. This mean pusillanimity was never learnt from our forefathers. Let us then hasten to prevent the thunder—God's avenging thunder: lest it should not destroy him alone—lest our eye-balls roll in death, while they behold his last agonies; and we expire, defiled by being near him. Did the Tishbite fear the people, when he slew the priests of the sleeping Baal, whom all their tempestuous clamour could not awake? His confidence was in him who made the sacred flame descend from heaven. But without the assistance of the descending fire, I will go forth to the people, and woe to him that shall dare to oppose me, and once presume to say, that the blood of the dreaming visionary is not an acceptable oblation to the great Jehovah! At a sign from me the multitude shall join in stoning him. Before the eyes of all Judea—before the face of the Romans, shall the rebel die: then shall we secure and triumphant sit in judgment, and enter the sanctuary of God rejoicing.

Philo then, with uplifted hands, advanced into the midst of the assembly, where stopping, he, with loud voice, made this malignant and profane exclamation: Blessed spirit! wherever thou art, whether clothed in heavenly splendor, thou sittest with Abraham, and assemblest about thee the prophets; or whether thou condescendest to visit the congregations of thy children, and to walk among mortals—O Spirit of Moses! to thee I swear by that eternal covenant, which thou, by the divine command, broughtest from the fiery tempest, that I will take no rest, till he who hates thee



is numbered with the dead!—till with my hands, full of the Nazarene's blood, I come to the high altar, hold it over my hoary head, and wave it as a thank-offering before the Lord.

Thus he spake, and strove to believe, that the heart-searching God does not detest such whited sepulchres. Yet his conscience called him hypocrite. He felt the just reproach; but full of inflexible rage, stood with undaunted eye before the council.

Meanwhile Caiaphas leaned on his golden seat, trembling with indignation. His face glowed with a fury too great for utterance, and he continued silent, with his eyes fixed on the floor. When the Sadducees observing his discomposure, with tumultuous violence rose up against Philo. So in the field of hostile slaughter, the foaming steeds of an iron chariot obtain the reins, when the whizzing lance, with quivering flight, strikes the rider, who with his mouth disgorging blood, falls under the wheels. Then neighing fierce, they threaten with their flaming eyes: they snuff the wind, and striking the earth, it trembles under their feet. The enraged assembly would have instantly broke up, had not Gamaliel arisen. Serene wisdom sat on his venerable countenance, and stretching out his hand, he, in graceful accents, thus spake:

O fathers! if in this tumultuous heat of fiery rage, calm and sober reason may be suffered to appear, and you are not enemies to prudence, I entreat you to hear me. Should the eternal quarrel be again revived—should the discordant names of Sadducees and Pharisees



produce a perpetual animosity between you, how will you be able to destroy the Prophet? but God has probably sent envy and variance among you, in order to reserve to his supreme justice, the office of pronouncing sentence on the Nazarene. Let us, then, O ye fathers! leave to the Eternal the vindication of his own cause. You may be too weak to wield his thunders, and those mighty arms at which the heavens themselves tremble, may sink you in the dust. Be ye silent therefore before the Most High, and, with calm submission, listen to the approaching Judge. Soon will he speak, and the earth from the rising to the setting sun shall astonished hear his voice. If God speaks to the storm, and says, do thou tear him in pieces! and to the tempest, do thou scatter his bones like the dust, and disperse them among the four winds! or to the glittering sword, arm the avenging hand, and drink the blood of the sinner! If he says to the abyss, open, and receive him into thy bowels, then is he a guilty visionary. But if, with unexampled power and grace, he continues, by his heavenly miracles, to diffuse happiness over the earth: if by his means the blind, exulting, lifts up his face to the great luminary of day; or with enlightened eyes, and overflowing joy, he gazes enraptured on the hand that kindly led him along his darksome way—(Forgive me, if struck by actions great like these, I, in your opinion, speak more highly of him than I ought)—if the deaf ear again hears the benediction of the priest, the song of the bride, and the sacred hallelujah: if by him the dead

walk, witness against us, and first lifting their new awakened eyes towards heaven, turn them with pious indignation on us, shew us their tombs, and threaten us with the judgment seat, at which they have already appeared : or if (in which he seems still more divine) he continues to live among us without reproach, and by his astonishing virtue, such godlike miracles are wrought, I conjure you, O ye fathers ! —by the living God I conjure you, to say, whether we ought to condemn him—whether we ought to fight against God. Here Gamaliel ceased, and with an air of dignity, returned to his seat.

The sun now from his meridian height spread his rays over Jerusalem. At the same time Judas was drawing near, in order to lay his proposal before the Sanhedrim. But first Ethuriel and Satan went thither, and both invisible stood among the priests, where, without being seen, they surveyed the crowded assembly.

Nicodemus, sat, and silently surveyed every face. Each member of the court appeared like the self condemned sinner, when pale and trembling, he hears the thunder roll awful over his head. Even Philo and Caiaphas seemed struck, confounded and disturbed by Gamaliel's words. Nicodemus beholding them with a mixture of contempt and fear, arose. Sweetness and benevolence were visible in his look, while an air of solemnity and grief were mixed with that noble dignity that arises from an approving conscience. His eye, which faithfully expressed the situation of his mind, mourned and concealed not his

tears. He believed in Christ, and resolved to acknowledge him before his most inveterate enemies. After a moment's pause, lifting up his hands, he thus spake :

Blessed be thou, O Gamaliel ! blessed be the words of thy lips ! the Lord hath appointed thee his champion, and a two-edged sword hath he put into thy mouth ! thy speech hath divided asunder our bones, which still shake ! still do our feeble knees fail ! darkness still covereth our eyes, and still God is seen wielding his wrath, to strike those who oppose his will, into the dust from whence they sprang ! O Gamaliel ! may the Most High, who taught thee this wisdom, who hath endued thee with such magnanimity, be thy protection ! May the Messiah, the sent of God, be thy Saviour : and the Saviour of thine offspring ! But ye, the persecutors of the great Prophet of God, I cannot bless—not thee, Caiaphas—not thee, Philo—For you I mourn—and if the voice of sorrow can find an entrance into your hearts—if tears of compassion, streaming in behalf of innocence, can move ye—these tears also implore your pity for spotless virtue ! Know, ye fathers, that the sacred blood being once shed, it will lift up its prevailing voice like a tempest ! it will call—it will rise to heaven—to the ear of the Eternal ! He will hear it : he will descend, and give judgment without mercy to those who have shewn no mercy, by inhumanly slaying his holy Prophet. O Judea ! Judea ! he will call where is thy Messiah ? if he be no where to be found, the arm of God, will, throughout all thy land destroy the men

of blood, who have put to death the Holy one of Israel.

Nicodemus here hung down his head, and weeping, returned to his seat. Still Philo sat with menacing looks, trembling with impotent rage, which his pride struggled in vain to conceal. Disordered by the conflict of contending passions, his eyes became dim, night hovered round him, and darkness hid from his sight the whole assembly. He was ready to sink : no other relief could he obtain, but by his giving fresh motion to his congealing blood, by venting his thoughts. He made the effort. The spirits pent up in his swoln heart, flushed in his face, and starting up furious, he rushed forward. So when on inaccessible mountains an approaching tempest terrific hangs, one of the black clouds, surcharged with lightning, kindled for destruction, bursts single, and while others strike only the tops of the aspiring cedars, that, armed with a thousand thunders, rolls with repercussive roar through the whole etherial expanse : then the mountainous forests blaze, and splendid palaces are reduced to extensive heaps of ruins. As Philo advanced forward, Satan beheld him, and within himself thus said :

Let thy speech be devoted to me : rapid and impetuous let it flow as the floods of hell : terrible as the flaming sea : impassioned as the lofty sounds with which I dispense my orders to the damned : rancorous, and with fury, as the gods of the deep utter their complaints to the immense mountains of the fiery abyss, when the streams of flowing sulphur stop to listen,

and glow with a more livid blaze at their execrations. Thus Philo speak, and lead in triumph thy captive hearers. Let thine heart give vent to ideas, such as Adramelech himself would not blush to own.—Speak death to the Nazarene. Thy recompence expect from me. At the sight of his blood thy whole soul shall overflow with such joys as hell affords. And when thou comest to us, I myself will be thy conductor, and introduce thee to those heroic spirits, who delighted in carnage, and in spreading desolation all around. Thus spake Satan, unheard of all but Ethuriel.

Philo, standing with eyes lift up towards heaven, cried, thou altar of blood, where the lamb of atonement was offered, and ye other sacred altars, once loaded with undefiled sacrifices, which sent up to God a sweet smelling savour ! even thou Holy of Holies ! ye cherubs ! thou mercy seat, where the Eternal once sat, and from the sacred darkness pronounced sentence on the sinner ! thou temple of the Lord, filled with the divine glory ! and thou, O Moriah, where the voice of Jehovah was heard ! when the Nazarene shall lay ye waste, and the sons of Belial, by him protected, shall bring you to destruction, let me—let me be esteemed guiltless of your ruin. When our children with anxious looks, and trembling knees, wringing their hands, seek the God of their fathers, and do not find him—when they seek in vain the Lord, because the Nazarene has erected his throne, where Jehovah himself resided above the cherubim ! let it be known, that of this I am innocent. If idolators bring polluted

incense to the sacred place, where hung the veil, where once the high-priest alone went with humble reverence to the mercy seat! may my afflicted eyes never behold the impious deed! may God rather close them in death, than permit them to see this abomination of desolation, fall on his people! All in my power will I do to avert the impending evil. And, hear me, O God of Israel! If ever from thy lofty throne thou hearest the petition of a mortal, prostrate in the dust of this lowly earth—if at the command of Moses the earth swallowed up Corah, Dathan and Abiram—if at Elijah's prayer, the fire descended on the messengers sent by the king, and consumed them from the top of Carmel—hear me, O God of Israel! while I curse them who revile thee, and defend the foe of thy prophet Moses. May thy end, O Nicodemus! be like the end of the impostor, and thy grave like the grave of the sower of sedition!—May it be among the graves of the murderers, who were stoned at a distance from the temple and the altar. When thou diest may thy heart be hardened! may it be obdurate and inflexible! may not God suffer thee to weep, lest weeping thou shouldst turn to him! for thou hast wept for the impious, and thy servile eye, in opposition to the Eternal, has shed profane tears. Thou too, O Gamaliel! hast espoused the cause of the seducer. May a horrid gloom—may black darkness cover thine eyes, then mayst thou wait in vain for relief from the Nazarene, and pine away with fruitless grief! may deafness close thine ears, and horror thy life: then lie till the Nazarene

awake thee—till thou rot. And if thou hast declared to the stupid herd who, like thyself, idolize this pretended Saviour, that he will raise thee up, may that many headed beast trample on thy grave, and mock both thee and thy prophet. When thy soul, divested of its covering of flesh, stands trembling before the judgment seat to hear her sentence, then, O God ! stretch out thy dreaded arm, and strike the appalled sinner—strike also Nicodemus, and fulfil on both the curse I, for thine honour pronounce. But reserve thy fiercest anger, before which the mountains tremble, and all hell is dismayed, for a still more guilty sinner—wrap thyself in ten thousand thunders, then go forth and strike the Nazarene. I have been young, and now am old, yet have I continually worshipped and adored thee after the manner of our fathers ; permit, not then, O God, my dying eyes to behold the Nazarene triumphant. Should he conquer, thine eternal covenant, thine holiness, thine oath, and the blessing thou gavest to Abraham and his posterity, are all vain—are all annulled. Then will I, before all Judea, renounce thy laws and ordinances—then will I live without thee—without thee will I lay my drooping dead in the silent grave. If thine arm doth not cut off the Impostor, never didst thou appear to Moses ! The burning bush at the foot of mount Horeb was all an illusion ! Thou didst not in tremendous state descend on the top of Sinai, nor did the trumpet sound, or the thunder roar, or the mountain shake ! Then both we and our forefathers from time immemorial, have, of all the nations upon earth, been the most worthy of pity !



For no law came down from heaven, and thou art not the God of Israel.

Here Philo, with wrathful countenance, returned to his place. Nicodemus stood with down-cast eyes, like one who, patient under oppression, experiences in his own breast all that dignity and elevation of sentiment, which arises from conscious virtue and purity of heart. Gravity sat in his face, and in his soul was heaven. The godlike man was filled with awful thoughts, and revolved in his mind the solemn night when he discoursed with the Messiah on mysteries sublime. While the Saviour spake, enraptured, he beheld his heavenly smile, his look of grace, the more than human lustre of his eyes: he saw the display of paradisaical innocence, the lofty, the resplendent traces of the Son of God. This now filled him with silent ecstasy; he was too highly blessed to be afraid of man. Elevated by a flaming ardor, an heavenly awe, to himself he seemed as if standing in the presence of God, before the assembled race of man, at the general judgment. On him were fixed the looks of the whole assembly. His eye was serene, filled with the irresistible fire of awful virtue; his air commanded attention, and he thus began.

Happy am I, who with these eyes have seen the Messiah! Happy am I, in having beheld the Hope of Israel! the Deliverer, whom Abraham, while solitary walking in the grove of Mamre, oft longed to see! whom David would, with joyful transport, by his prayers, have brought down from the arms of the Father!



whom the prophets, with holy tears, longed to behold ! but whom God gave to us the unworthy ! Thou, the First-born of the Father, full of grace and truth, didst divide the heavens, and come down to bless thy people. Yet these term thee a visionary and a sinner. O thou guiltless :—thou most innocent !—who are they that thus defame thee ? When didst thou invent lying visions ? When was thy soul polluted by sin ? did not the divine Jesus stand before the assembled Israelites, when thou, O Philo ! wast present ? didst thou not then hear him cry aloud, who among you is able to convict me of sin ? Where Philo, was then this furious wrath—those lips, slanderous and profane ? why didst thou and thy surrounding companions stand speechless ? why at first did an universal silence reign, and every ear remain fixed in expectation ? There were seen faces full of rapturous joy, while others were filled with anxious fear, dreading lest some should step forth and witness against him. How awful was this silence !—this suspense ! but when among the innumerable multitude none stepped forth—when none could find cause of accusation against the great Prophet of God, suddenly the voices of the applauding people on all sides ascended to the skies while with the loud acclaim Moriah shook, and the woody summit of Olivet trembled ! Then, flocked to him the once blind and dumb, and with an effusion of joy, returned him their most grateful thanks. Then the numberless crowds, he had before miraculously fed in the deserts, hastened to bless this friend of man. Then was

heard among the people the loud voice of the youth whom at the gate of Nain, he had restored to life. Oh more than man ! cried he, thou son of the living God ; the hand which I stretch out to thee was once stiff ! These eyes that weep—that weep at seeing thee, O thou Divine—were closed ! This soul which exulting, is filled with fervent love, had quitted its fleshly abode ! They were carrying me to the tombs of the dead !—But thou to these stiffened limbs—to these closed eyes, didst life and animating heat impart ! Again I saw the earth and sky, and by me stood my trembling mother !—Thou calledst back the departed soul—they carried me not to my tomb !—Thou art more than man ! thou art not a sinner ! Save me thou son of the eternal God ! thou the promised seed ! the joy of thy mother ! the joy of the earth by thee redeemed.

Thus he spake, while Philo, with down cast eyes, sat poring on the ground. Then, after a moments pause, he resumed, why, O Philo ! didst thou silent stand before all Judea ?—Yet why need I here relate these events ! Ye already know them. Hadst thou, Philo, eyes to see—hadst thou ears to hear—wert not thine understanding wrapt in darkness, and thine heart plunged in the gall of bitterness, long wouldst thou have known him to have been the Son of the Eternal Father ! or wert thou too stupid for this, thou shouldst have stood in awe of God, and have reverently waited in the dust, till the Judge of the whole earth had justified him from heaven, or sent destruction on his head.

O religion, thou offspring of God ! thou sacred friend of man ! fair daughter of truth ! sublimest teacher of celestial virtue ! best blessing sent from heaven ! immortal like thy divine parent ! lovely as the angels of God ! and sweet as the eternal life ! Thou art the creatress of elevated sentiments ; the mother of pure devotion ; or, as a seraph has named thee, thou art Excellence inexpressible, when thy lucent beams descend into the noble soul ! But in the minds of the proud hypocrite, and of the wicked bigot, how art thou transformed : thou art then the daughter of the first incendiary : a priestess that delights in massacres and blood ! No longer bearest thou thy native lovely form ; fair as light, most meek and humble : thou then art black as everlasting night, and smeared by the blood slain by thy murderous hand ! Thou art an hideous fiend that hoverest over altars smoking with human victims ! Thou, presumptuous, stealest the thunder reserved by the Sovereign Judge for his own use ! Thy foot stands on hell ! thy head, menacing, towers to heaven !—Thou teachest the wicked to murder thy best friend. But—O religion !—dost thou breathe murder ? dost thou delight in slaughter ? dost thou animate the breast of the assassin ?—No, some spirit of hell assumes thy name ?—some spirit of darkness wears thy garb, to fulfil the counsels of the damned—O religion, ever fair and lovely !—O religion, most injured ! actions like these are far from thee, thou offspring of the God of grace and mercy ! thou

fountain of peace and salvation ! thou sweetest charm of life—of death—of heaven !——

My soul is enflamed with pious ardor, yet while wrapt in the contemplation of this amazing subject, I am filled with pity for you. An abhorrence, mixed with compassion seizes my soul, while I reflect on your insensibility to every humane, every generous sentiment : that you have rendered yourselves unable to distinguish between religion and the thirst of blood : that your dark minds can scarce discern the bright beams that irradiate the fair form of amiable innocence ! But little doth innocence regard her not being seen by you, while she is seen by the pure Source of all good, and by the enraptured spirits of heaven ! Innocence will not fear, though condemned by the abject sinner, while seraphs stand and admire, and the Eternal, seated on his lofty throne, smiles benignant, Oh when the sons of earth rise and witness against her, how little, how contemptible do they appear ! But what appearance will they make, when standing before the whole assembly of the awakened dead ?—when all the host of heaven shall witness against them !—when the loud voice of a cherub shall call the saints they have persecuted !—when the Lord himself shall speak, and lead them triumphant into glory ! How will they then, seized with horror, call to the hills to hide them ; to the mountains to fall upon their heads ; to the sea to overwhelm them with its waves ; and to desolation to reduce them to nothing, that they may be hid from those they have unjustly condemned,

and not meet the eye of the dreadful righteous, that they may be hid from the tremendous wrath of the mighty Judge, who will espouse the cause of the innocent !

Strengthen me, ye lofty ideas of the solemn, the universal judgment ! May ye be to me as the mount of God, to which I may fly, when—O my dying Lord ! thy last look strikes through my soul !—Too plainly do I already feel the strong emotions that will then swell my heart. When I think of thy approaching death, a two-edged sword seems to glitter over my head. In vain, ye lofty ideas of the coming judgment, do ye elevate my soul—a full heart, swelled with grief like mine, attends not the awful trump. Shalt thou die ?—thou Divine—thou who, when young, I have carried in these arms, and clasped to my heart, with silent joyful admiration ? Men, distinguished by their wisdom and learning, with amazement gathered round thee, and improved by thy discourse ! Even legions of celestial spirits issued from the everlasting gates, and descended to hear the words of thy mouth : then enraptured, returned singing thy praise. Behold thou commandest the tempest, and the tempest rejoices to obey. The storm is hushed. Thou risest and walkest on the sea ; thou treadest on the fluid waters. The heavens see thee walking on the liquid deep ! shalt thou die ? Yes, if such be the sacred decree of the Eternal, thou shalt die—if the Most High has resolved not to interpose, but to suffer these most impious to dip their guilty hands in thy sacred blood—thou shalt die !

but I will weep over thy grave. I will go to the holy brook of Bethlehem where Mary bore thee.—There will I bewail thy death!—there will I die. I will lament over thee, thou best of all the human race! thou Son of God! thou Angel of the Covenant! thou Prince of Peace. May my tomb be near to that of the righteous Jesus—near the bones that rest in peace and safety, to awake to life eternal! Yet why do I delay to leave this assembly: Guiltless and undefiled I leave it—God has heard me; me who am pure from shedding innocent blood: now thou judge of the earth, call me to thyself; for I have no part in the council of sinners.

Having thus spoke, he for a few moments stood silent, and then with a countenance of angelic serenity, cried, Philo, thou cursest me, but thee I bless. This I have learned from my Lord and Saviour, whom thou wouldst slay—for thou wouldst slay gentle mercy and forgiving grace. Listen, oh listen to my advice, and know him. When thou standest on the brink of death—when the innocent blood thou hast spilt terrifies thee and overflows thy soul like a deluge—when thy revengeful voice echoes back and pierces thine ear like a tempest—when thou shalt hear, amidst the darkening gloom of encreasing horrors, the judge of the earth, preceded by the trumpet's terrific sound: the stroke of the glittering sword whetted for destruction; the fiery arrows drunk with the blood of the cruel: then will thoughts, far different from those that now employ thy mind, rush on thy soul. Thou wilt then in the bitterest agonies, and with

the most doleful cries, bowing and writhing thy limbs, supplicate and implore his mercy; and then—then in that awful and tremendous moment of expiring nature, may God hear thy supplications, pity thy tears and thy groans, and regard thee with compassion.

He then passed through the crowd, accompanied by Joseph. The seraph Ethuriel, seeing the devout Nicodemus leave the assembly, rose with extended wings, and enraptured hovered in the air. His eyes beamed with resplendant joy, and a heavenly smile adorned his face. So one of the celestial host, filled with divine love, and ecstatic rapture, stands on one of the blooming hills that encompass the eternal throne, while Eloa, in the divine presence, joining his melodious lyre, sings the rewards of virtue, and the ecstasies of friends meeting in the blissful regions: meanwhile the listening angel is lost in admiration: the speaking strings, in sounds mellifluous, swell with higher, and still higher strains, while each thought rises on thought, till he spreads his golden wings, and rising, flutters enraptured, dissolved in joys unutterable. Thus hovered Ethuriel, while to himself he said, O human race! with what blessings shall ye be crowned, if after the great Redeemer's death, ye rise to such sublime perfection, and each christian resembles this righteous man. Regardless of Satan, he suffered him to hear his words. The arch-apostate perceived his ecstasy, and felt with pain the triumph of the towering seraph, who ascended towards heaven. Nicodemus, addressing himself to Joseph,



as they left the assembly, cried, my dear friend, thou seemest covered with shame ! this pierced the soul of Joseph ; who already secretly lamented his timid silence : trembling, and unable to speak, he left Nicodemus, and filled with inward anguish, lift up his humbled eyes with grief towards heaven.

When Nicodemus retired, the whole assembly were struck with profound consternation ; for he had transfixed their souls, and filled them with the deepest wounds. They then strove to benumb the internal sense of pain ; but on the great, the decisive day of judgment, these wounds shall open and bleed afresh ; eternally bleed ; for no longer shall they be able to stifle the secret monitor within.

All were now silent ; and the council was suddenly risen, when Judas—the detestable Judas, entered. Wondering, they saw him pass through the crowded hall, and, with a composed air, approach the high priest, who, with wicked joy, inclined his head to hear him, and then admitted him to a private audience. This being ended, Caiaphas returned to the council, and said, some there are in Israel who do not bow to the idol. This man is one of his disciples, and yet he has the courage to adhere to the ordinances of our fathers. He deserves a reward. Judas took the silver, and, transported at the honour done him by the pontiff, walked with an arrogant air of dignity out of the council. The reward indeed appeared to him too small ; but he flattered himself with the hope that it would be greatly en-



larged, when, by his zeal and activity, he should carry his treachery into successful execution. Philo, however, with a look of hatred, had viewed the disciple pass along; for he was secretly vexed, that one of the lowest of the people should have a share in that honour which he had proposed to arrogate entirely to himself. Yet on his return, the dissembling hypocrite gave him a smile of approbation, and continued looking at Judas till he had left the assembly. Thus the first of murderers, with a look of mockery and triumph, follows with his eye the ambitious conqueror rushing into the battle. It is he that inspires him with habitual cruelty, and bids the idle dream of everlasting fame flutter at his heart, and sparkle in his eye, while the verdant laurel seems to sprout around his brow. The din and tumult of the armed field sounds delightful in his ear, and without emotion he hears the groans of the dying. He has forgotten that both he and they are christians. He has forgotten that the thunder of the last judgment, shall awake both him and them: so Judas, accompanied by the eyes and wishes of the Pharisees, absorbed in golden dreams, went in quest of Jesus.

Forth from the banks of the brook of Kedron came the adorable Messiah, walking through the grove of palms that shades the valley. There beholding the city, and his assembled enemies, he cried, no more, O Jerusalem; will I lament thy children. See here are the sepulchres of the saints whom thou hast slain! yet many of thy sons will one day be mine, and join with you, my disciples, in

bearing witness of me : I will now accomplish my Almighty Father's will. Go Peter, and thou John, my faithful, my beloved disciples, to the city, where you will see within the walls a man bearing a pitcher of water. With affectionate amazement will he cast his eyes on you. Follow his steps, and where he enters, ask the good man of the house, saying, where is the guest-chamber, that the master may eat with his disciples ? He will courteously conduct you to a large upper room : and there make ready.

The two disciples found every thing as Jesus had said. While the lamb was preparing, Peter, who eagerly expected his Lord, ascended to the flat roof of the house, to see if he could perceive him coming. But while his eye was wandering in search of his Lord, he beheld Mary, the mother of Jesus, accompanied by a few friends. She appeared fatigued, and in pain ; for several days had she sought her son, and passed each tedious night in tears. Yet serene she walked though unconscious of the dignity she derived from her native purity and unsullied virtue. She had an humble heart, which pride had never entered, and a noble soul worthy of the first daughter of Eve, if Eve had never sinned. Thus she advanced amidst her friends. Close by her side was Lazarus, from his short death awaked, filled with heavenly sensations, and secure of immortal life. His downcast eye appeared filled with mysterious thoughts, blended with dignity inexpressible by mortal speech, and only felt by the happy dying christian, who smiles

at the hour of death. He was then wrapt in meditation, on the separation of his soul, and its return to the body, when at the Messiah's call he arose from the dust. He was followed by his sister Mary, who devoutly listening to Christ, had been melted by his discourse, when choosing the better part, she sat weeping at his feet. Paleness and langour now overspread her countenance. In her eyes stood the quivering tear, which he strove to restrain. Nathaniel, whom Jesus had pronounced to be without guile, had gained her heart, and both he and her heavenly brother, who had been restored to life, divided the tender virgin's thoughts. Unmoved she felt the approach of death: yet already sympathised in the grief that would be felt by Nathaniel, and her half immortal brother. Near her waiked the modest Cidli, the daughter of Jarius. Scarce had twelve guiltless years past over her head, when in the cheerful gaiety of blooming life, she laid down in a peaceful field, and died in the presence of her mother. Then came the gracious Messiah, and calling her back to life restored her to her afflicted, now transported parent. In heavenly sanctity, she bore the traces of her resurrection, and already appeared half divine: but she was still a stranger to the glory that was to crown her future life, and had not yet obtained the full blown beauty of ripened age: yet was her pious soul impressed with a noble love. Such was the Shulamite, the fairest of the daughters of Israel, when awaked by her mother under the apple tree, she followed her guiding steps into the myrtle grove, under the re-

freshing coolness of the inviting shades, where in clouds of spicy fragrance, the heavenly loves hovered invisible : inspired by them, she there first inhaled sublime sensations, and trembling wished to find the youth who, created for her, was inflamed with the same sacred emotions. Thus walked Cidli, leaning on the arm of the devout Mary, the sister of Lazarus. She was accompanied by Semida, whom the Saviour had raised from the dead by the walls Nain. He was in the bloom of life ; his hair hung in curls on his shoulders, and he appeared as beautiful as David, when sitting by Bethlehem's limpid stream, he was ravished at hearing the Almighty's voice. But the smile of David sat not on the face of Semida.

Now Mary, the mother of Jesus, lifting up her eyes, discovered Peter. Speedily she hastened towards him hoping to find her son. Peter and John had descended into the hall, and went to meet her. They beheld her and stood amazed, so strongly was the elevation of her mind expressed in her face, and with such dignity was her form invested by him, who before his being man, was Creator, and such again will he appear, when at his call the dust of the dead shall form new and immortal bodies, and again clothe the souls they before invested. Her attendants, two of the most amiable daughters of Judea, and who most deserved her affection, walked on each side with sweet and humble modesty. As above all the mountains of Judea, Tabor, the resplendent witness of the bright transfiguration rises supereminent, so amidst these holy women Ma-

ry arose graceful. When among these favoured disciples she saw not Jesus, she stood oppressed with grief : but at length recovering her speech, she turned to John, and smiling, while the big tear, with trembling lustre, glittered in her eye, thus addressed him :

He whom I have often borne in my arms—he who oft with looks of filial love has lain nearest my heart—I tremble at calling my son : for too exalted is he for a mortal mother—too great is his power—too great his miracles for one born and beloved of me :—Where, O dearest John ! ah, where is the Son of the Eternal ? Long have I, with solicitous inquietude, every where sought him—sought to prevent his coming to Jerusalem, the profane, the murderous city that seeks his life. They would put him to death, whom mine arms have borne ; whom my breast has nourished ; whom my tearful eyes have viewed with maternal tenderness.

The pious John, with gentle voice, replied : By the command of the Lord, we here prepare the feast of the passover. Soon will he return from Bethany. O Mary, wait his coming, and then reveal all that thine heart, with such maternal fondness, longs to express ; and its great emotions so worthy of the holy Prophet.

All were now silent. The sister of Lazarus, who had oft enraptured, listened to Jesus, gently leaned on her beloved Cidli, and to Cidli, Semida drew near, with down-cast looks. She, no stranger to the pain that long had swelled the heart of Semida, looked aside at him ; in his melancholy eyes she read the sensations

of his soul, and beholding the dignity with which suffering virtue adorns the countenance, her heart melted, and she indulged these tender thoughts.

Generous youth ; for me he passes his life in grief, his days in sorrow ! Oh that I were worthy of thee, and that thy Cidli deserved thy pure and heavenly love ! Long have I wished to be thine, to learn from thee, why virtue is so lovely and so blessed. Thee I love as in ancient times, the daughters of Jerusalem loved ! I love thee as a young lamb, that at thy nod delights to play before thee ; as the lilly of the valley is brought forth and nourished by the early day, so in thy pure embrace would I be formed for thy eternal love ! Ah my mother, why hast thou renewed to me the severe command of heaven ?—but I am silent—I obey the wisdom of an affectionate parent, and the voice of God speaking in her ? to him am I devoted ; I am raised from the dead ! too little do I belong to the earth to be given to a mortal ! cease then, thou amiable youth, thine affectionate, thy tender sighs ! Oh that I might again delighted behold that face dressed in cheerful smiles, and wet with no tears but those of joy ! pleased may I again behold thee, as when a youth, thou smiledst at seeing me escape from my mother's fondling arms to run to thine.

Affected by these tender sentiments, her tears forced their way, which Semida perceived, though Cidli abashed, covered her face with her veil. He then softly stole dejected

from the company, and when alone, looking on the ground, in plaintive accents, cried :

Why does she weep ? No longer could I behold her tears. Ye precious drops, which silent stand trembling in her glittering eye, were but one of you shed for me, that one would be to me rest and consolation ! I still incessantly grieve—grieve for her ! My mind so full of soft solicitude is filled with thoughts of her ! O thou immortal part of me ! thou soul that inhabits this tabernacle of clay !—or thou reason, inform me of my fate, and disperse the clouds that hang over me. Tired am I of weeping—tired am I of being thus overclouded with perpetual gloom. Why, when I see her, who, perhaps, is no longer mortal—why, when she is absent, is she still the subject of my thoughts ? Why does my full heart then feel sensations before unknown ? How tender are my ideas, all centering in love ! Why flows from Cidli's lips such soft, such silver sounds ? Why does her speaking eye, from which her soul looks out, fill my throbbing heart with such strong, such dear emotions ? each pure as innocence, and noble as the actions of the wise. Why does grief with sable wing, hover over my head, when I imagine she loves me not ?—Torturing thought be gone ! Ah, then am I hasting to the grave, to which I was once so near !—Often do I then attempt, with powerful arms, to combat my sorrow. My soul assembles every sentiment that can evince its high birth and native dignity : I endeavour to inspire it with firmness, by the idea of its immortality : but, alas ! it is all in vain, I still weep. Why am



I obliged to feel this everlasting flame? Oh, why does my heart become so miserable, by aspiring to an union with an heart so pure? Why do I still incessantly repeat her name? But can I ever cease to remember her?—Ah what voice divine is this, that in sacred whispers, and in harmonious strains, which none but tender souls can hear, tells me that my love shall be eternal? I will then ever love thee!—be thou silent or reserved, thou shalt ever be the object of my love! Ah, Cidli, could I with humble awe, presume to think that thou wert formed for me, how tranquil would be my heart! Thy love, O Cidli! would fill my soul with joy! Oh, that I might be allowed to indulge the pleasing thought, that thou, heavenly fair, wilt be for ever mine!—mine through the endless duration of eternity! My love of thee has taught me to know the exalted charms of virtue, once to me invisible! My heart, with glad solicitude obeys her precepts. Thy voice, O duty! I hear from afar—thy secret whispers silent lead me: their divine sound, has struck mine ear, and not in vain! With child-like innocence, my obedient heart fulfils thine easy injunctions; nor shall the possession of her who is dearer to me than the whole creation, be polluted by guilt. What a gift, O Cidli! wouldst thou be to me! how would I thank the Giver, and borne on thy purity, as on wings, approach nearer to the Supremely Amiable, who has formed thee thus lovely!—who has rendered my heart so tender and thine so divine! As at thy birth, thy mother dissolved in transport,



gazed on thee ; and as she hung over thy dying face, when thou expiredst in her embrace, deaf to the sound of the approaching foot, and to the soothing voice of the helpers in Judah : so has my soul been agitated by the sensations, the transports, raised by each momentous thought. At the idea that thou, O Cidli, art created for me ! my contemplative faculties hung over thee, view thy purity, the sublimity of thine ideas, the dignity of thy conceptions, till I become inebriated by raptures that seldom flow from heaven into the heart of man. But when invaded by other thoughts, and lying in silent nocturnal gloom, my soul becomes dissolved in tender sorrow ; I then appear abandoned by all, and confined to a painful solitude ; thou art no longer with me, and the whole creation is to me a spacious void ! Oh for the sake of that virtue and love, and inward beauty, which raise thy spotless soul above the dust of the earth ; or by what is still more precious and exalted—by thy awaking from death, and by thine immortality, when clothed in light, thou shalt dwell among the blest inhabitants of heaven, and by the crowns, the rewards of virtue, I conjure thee, my dear Cidli, tell me if thine heart feels the same sensations for me ; if it knows the love I feel ?

Oh the elevated, the sweet, the rapturous idea ! she has been raised from the dead !—I too have been awaked from death—perhaps to die no more ! and both to a higher life—Vanish, ye deceitful dreams ; ye rash desires.—How may I be involved in your dangerous seductions ; to what an excess may I be carried

by my love for Cidli :—Yet can I with too much ardor love her—her with whom in that exalted life, I more desire to live, than here in the dust below ! With her, whether on high, or upon earth, I long to join in love to the Eternal ! and in pouring out our souls in grateful affection to our Lord and our Redeemer !—But is he not now in danger of being put to death ?—No, I cannot believe that he can die who has raised me from the dead ? How often has he already eluded the persecutor's rage ! but when dangers threaten his sacred life, ought I to indulge these thoughts of love ?—O pardon me, thou divine Jesus ; let all my private griefs be lost in my concern for thee ! and thou, my soul, fix thine whole attention on the designs of these most hardened, most ungrateful men, against thy Lord, thy Saviour. Semida now leaving Jerusalem, hastened to the silent, the lonely rock, in which had lately been hewn his sepulchre.

Meanwhile the mother of Jesus, with anxious look, addressed herself to John. He does not come, I will go, said she, and meet him—I will go and meet my son, the Messiah.—I will find him, if his cruel enemies have not dipped their hands in his blood, and numbered him among the holy prophets who sleep in death, if he yet lives—if I be worthy to behold the lovely form, the attractive graces of my prophetic son, and his countenance beaming love divine, will once more condescend to smile on his enraptured mother, I will lose my anguish at his feet, where he graciously suffered Mary Magdalene, who

is not his mother, to weep. With awful reverence will I also prostrate myself before him—I will grasp his knees: I too will wet his feet with my tears! Then looking up to his face benign, I will say, by that ecstatic, that transporting rapture that was diffused through my whole soul when the immortals struck my ears with heavenly harmony, and in divine hymns sung thy nativity! If ever I was dear to thee—if thou still rememberest the filial affection with which thou returnedst thy mother's joy, when after solicitous search I found thee in sacred dignity among the priests, who, by thy words, were filled with mute amazement: then, O my Son, I flew to thee with open arms. I pressed thee to my heart, and lifting up my eyes, adored the great Jehovah. Oh, by that ecstatic joy, the foretaste of eternal felicity, by thy humanity and gentle condescension to all, have compassion on me, disappoint the designs of thine enemies, and do not die. Thus she spake, and then hastened to meet her Son, with the rapidity with which an ardent and devout ejaculation ascends to him by whom it is inspired.

The great Messiah beheld his mother advancing towards him, not with the eye of sense, but with that intuitive perception by which he penetrates the thoughts of the enraptured seraph. Ah! I will, after my resurrection, said he, have pity on thee, with a pity beyond that of a mother to her only son! and then turned aside.

Now advanced the grey evening. Silence reigned all around, and he slowly walked to

the hill of Golgotha, near which was a solitary sepulchre hewn in the rock, wherein no mouldering corpse had yet returned to its original dust. This had been formed by the devout Joseph of Arimathea, that on the last day, when death shall end his reign, he might there rise from the earth. He knew not for whom he had ordered it to be hewn : or that there was to be laid the body of the great Messiah ? Jesus stood by the sepulchre, and casting up to the hill of Golgotha a look of sacred grief, thus gave utterance to his divine thoughts :

Now declines the day. Now comes the prayerful night resting on Gethsemane. Soon will the day again enlighten that hill, and the dawning morn arise on Golgotha. Then thou, who containest the bones of the meanest sinners, shalt become an altar, on which the willing victim shall be slain ! soon will it bleed ! Welcome death for the human race ! Then will my gracious Father look down on me from his exalted throne, where I once sat in his embrace ! Me will the angels of God behold, and those for whom I die ! Welcome death for the heirs of eternal life ! There in the bosom of the Father have I sat the Creator of man, and the friend of the created ! I am now, O man, become thy Brother ! and though once arrayed in celestial splendor, yet wounded will I die, bleeding on thy hill, O Golgotha !—Then—(Here he turned, and looked into the sepulchre)—then will this body pass two nights and one day within the silent mansion of that cool tomb, in a softer sleep than that of Adam, when the great mystery of death was first un-

folded, and he, one melancholy evening, heard the decree, thou must lie down and die. Many centuries has he slept, and over him has the feet of his descendants walked, while he hears not the sound. They too are dead, and on their bones, the feet of their offspring have, careless, trod ! But amidst the joys of a blissful eternity, can any felicity be compared to mine ? the righteous shall all transported awake—in peace, in rejoicing and triumph awake ! When my body has slept in this narrow mansion, and I have raised to endless life the bones of the dead, then every care, every doubt will cease—every tear be for ever wiped away ! Death will be the introduction to triumphant joy and sweet sensations. Nor the grim tyrant, nor the threatening tomb, shall appear on the new earth. This reflection benumbs all human sensation. The blessed in lucid white shall walk serene. Many shall bear wounds like those of the son of man—resplendant wounds ! They shall hymn the victor, and call him by the tender names of son and brother. What earthly mortal, what inhabitant of heaven can count their number ? Old things shall then be done away, and behold all things shall become new. But first Golgotha must see me die, and that sepulchre inclose this mortal frame.

The Messiah then quickened his pace. Judas lurking in the dim twilight found him near the wall of Jerusalem, and silent mingled among the saints, forming on his deceitful countenance the look of innocence, while his heart felt the sting of guilt. Ethuriel, who

had gone before him, had heard from the top of an olive the approaching step of the Messiah, and descending as Jesus passed by, walked with him invisible, and in accents soft as the last thoughts of the dying christian, thus spake :

Thou, O Saviour ! knowest that thou art betrayed by Judas—by him who has been instructed by thine example—by him who has seen thy miracles—by him to whom thy lips have unfolded the mysteries of eternal life, and whom thou hast condescended to call thy disciple. Still the harmonious voice of the sublime Eloa fills my ear : still are open his lips, calling me to haste down to earth, to be the tutelar spirit of Judas ! but, ah, I leave the sinner ! no longer can I be his guardian !—against him shall I witness on the great day of retribution !—against him shall I speak with the voice of thunder. Between the resplendant seats of those that are worthy to sit with thee, judging the world, will I come forth, clothed in darkness, and extending my hand towards the cloud that will envelop thy throne, will I say, O thou whose blood trickled down from the cross ! O thou who hast bled and died by the hands of those thou lovedst ! Judas Iscariot has drank iniquity, and against this dreadful day has steeped his soul in blackest guilt. He has called down destruction on his head, and deserved the fate of the reprobate. Let him be driven from the presence of the Lord. His guilt be upon himself : I am innocent of the blood of the sinner. Here the immortal paused, but looking at the Me-

diator, and reading in his eye, that he might farther disclose his concern, he thus continued :

Alas ! what different thoughts did I once entertain of the disciples of the gracious friend of man. Thou Judas, said I, shalt, by thy glorious wounds, bear witness of thy Lord, and when thou diest a martyr for the truth, thou shalt hear the sublime songs we shall sing before the victors. Oh, didst thou but thus die, thy soul would be arrayed in light, and thy friend would then, rejoicing, conduct thee in triumph to the Messiah, the first of conquerors. Among the golden seats, placed for the twelve elected by the Messiah, I should have pointed out that raised for thee. At the sight of the radiant seat, and of him who sits on the throne, thy soul would overflow with transport ! I should have stiled thee my friend, my brother ! with softest voice I should have called thee my fellow seraph ! Then would my Judas explain to me the mysteries of christianity : his sensations when the spirit which inspired the holy prophets, descended upon him from heaven—when thou, O Judas ! receivedst the fortitude to despise death—when taught by the Holy Spirit, thy heart prayed in words unutterable, and tasted of the innocence of Paradise.—But these thoughts are fled. As the smiling spring drops her flowers, as the bloom of life fades, ere it is ripened by time, so all is passed away. Forsaken am I by the disciple ! Lately was I the guardian angel of a saint : but now solitary I walk among the angels, who look upon me with silent sympa-



thy. Speak the word, O divine Messiah ! shall I return to the celestial regions ? or am I worthy to behold thy death ?

Jesus, with a composed look, answered the seraph, Simon Peter will also be tempted by the malicious destroyer, I therefore appoint thee his angel. Two have been given to John ; Peter must have the same number. He shall hereafter hear the celestial hymns sung by those who shall join the triumphant host above, and in his death will he resemble me.

On hearing this the seraph, with fervent joy, flew to embrace Orion, his fellow guardian. Jesus now hastened to celebrate the last convivial feast with his disciples, and passing by the splendid palaces of luxurious sinners, entered the more peaceful dwelling of an obscure upright man. The disciples silently reclined around the table on which was placed the lamb of the covenant. Next to the Messiah was John, on whose face sat an affectionate smile. With sweet serenity Jesus then looked round on his disciples : his eye dispensed peace, soft repose, and a pleasing melancholy, full of deep contemplation and a calm heart-felt felicity. So Joseph appeared among his brethren, after feeling the first raptures, when his tears, his speaking tears ceased to flow : when he no longer hung on his brother Benjamin, and he knew that his aged father was still alive.

Jesus now, with a mournful look, cried, greatly have I desired to eat this repast with you, my disciples, before I suffer—soon will



be accomplished the predictions of those who spake of me. Ye know the prophet that was worthy to see the divine appearance, who heard the voice of the seraphs over a throne in the temple, while the heavens resounded with their festal hallelujahs, and their crying to each other, holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts ! the whole earth is full of his glory ! then the posts of the doors moved at the voice of him that cried : the temple was filled with smoke ; the sanctuary with clouds of votive incense. Then was I present with my Father ; with him was I in the temple : for before Abraham was, I am—before this sacred land with the mountain of God arose from the waters—before the world itself was formed, I was.—But these thoughts, in all their amplitude, ye cannot yet comprehend. This divine prophet, who saw the glory of the Most High, at length cried, lo, I behold in futurity, a branch springing out of the stem of Jesse, that shall grow up before the Lord, as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground. His form is changed ; his beauty withered. Every solace of life is fled, and all the smiles of the blooming year. He is despised and rejected of men : a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Men are silent at the affliction of his soul. They turn away their faces from him. Yet hath he borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. For our transgressions is he wounded, and with his stripes are we healed. Like the wandering sheep have we gone astray : we have turned every one to our own way ; the Lord hath therefore laid on him the

iniquity of us all. Oppressed and afflicted, he opens not his mouth : meek, like the lamb, is he led to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers, is dumb. From prison and from judgment is he taken, and who shall declare the generation of the redeemed, who are numerous as the host of heaven. He hath given his life an offering for sin, he shall therefore see his seed, a race of new immortals, who having died to sin, have awaked to righteousness, and with him shall enjoy eternal life.

Thus spake the Redeemer, and then continued long silent, with his eyes lift up to heaven. At length he resumed. This, O my disciples ! is the last time in which I shall keep this feast with you. For never more shall I taste the fruit of the cheerful wine, till I drink it new in my Father's kingdom. In the realms of joy are many mansions—these I go to prepare for you. There I shall see you again, and with the assembled fathers, commence new festivals, spiritual repasts, of perpetual duration.

Jesus ceased, and still all were silent. Thus silent were the holy people on Mount Moria, when Solomon, the wisest of the sons of Abraham, at the prayer of consecration, laid his crown at the foot of the altar, before the Eternal. Then was the temple filled with a cloud. The priests, beholding the glory of the Lord, were unable to continue their sacrifices, and the jubilant hallelujahs ceased. Not a word was then heard, till one of the supplicants, transported with sacred awe, lift up his face to the cloud, and with tremulous voice, and

arms stretched forth towards heaven, cried, holy, holy, holy ! Thus silent were the disciples, till Lebbeus, turning to Judas, with soft voice, said :

Alas ! 'tis now too certain, that whatever the other disciples may say or think of his frequent discourses on death, that the Son of Man is about to die. Come death, relief from misery, the repose of the weary traveller, take pity on me ; for when Jesus, my Lord, is led to death, like a lamb to the slaughter, thou wilt be my sole consolation !—His sighs now stopped his voice. The Messiah observed him and Judas, and giving him a look of mingled benevolence and grief, said to his disciples, how shall I tell you, my friends, that one of you will betray me !

Seized with sudden grief and astonishment, all cried, Lord is it I ? The Messiah answered, it is one of you who now keep the paschal feast with me. Here his countenance assumed the severity of the judge, and he added, the Son of Man goeth, as the prophets have written of him : but woe to him by whom he is betrayed : good were it for that man that he had never been born. Judas then, with a low voice repeating, is it I ? Jesus whispering, answered, thou knowest that it is thyself.

Now thoughts of grace and eternal salvation again brighten the Mediator's countenance. He rises to institute the sacred Eucharist, uttering the solemn words which so many boldly profane, by absurd superstition, by ignorance, and by more hateful vice. But

in vain do they wear the fair garb of christianity, or the well painted mask ; for while, with polluted hearts, they chant the praises of the spotless Redeemer, they call down on themselves the sentence of eternal death. He who godlike lived, and filled with benevolence, died on the cross, is not the Saviour of the cruel, the impious, the lewd, the dissolute : while steeped in impenitence, and wallowing in vice, meek-eyed mercy, ever gracious, ever pure, stretches not out her hand to them. All now received from him the bread, the emblem of his broken body, and the sacred cup, typical of his streaming blood—with humility and awful silence they received them from his hand. When John, seized with a sudden transport, sunk down at his feet, kissed them, and wetted them with his tears.

Jesus then looking up towards heaven, with a gracious smile, cried, O Father ! permit him to see my glory. John then arising beheld at the end of the chamber a bright assembly of angels, who knew that he saw them. Wrapt in an ecstatic transport, he beheld the sublime Gabriel, with motionless astonishment : enraptured he saw the brightness of the celestial Raphael, and him he honoured : with delight unutterable, he also perceived Salem in an human form, who, with a smile of friendship, opened his arms, and him he loved. Now, turning his ravished eyes, he discovered in the Messiah's placid countenance, traces of his celestial glory, and sunk speechless on his bosom. Gabriel then rose on his extended wings, and transported with love, said to Je-

sus, O thou great Messiah, embrace me, as thou embracest thy disciple. To him the Messiah answered, thou, O Gabriel, shall attend on me, when I sit on my throne, and shall be seated with Eloa, in the presence of the Most High. Gabriel bowed adoring.

At last came Judas, and with the familiarity and dissembled love of John, threw himself at the feet of Jesus. Judas arise, said the Messiah, and gave him the cup, the memorial of his death. Judas received it unmoved. Then the Saviour, viewing him, was troubled in spirit, and with a loud voice, cried, I know those whom I have chosen: yet one of you will betray me. This I now tell you, that ye may believe when it is accomplished, and that ye may know the rewards prepared for him that continues faithful unto the end. He that receiveth my word shall be saved. Whosoever receiveth you, receiveth me: and whosoever receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me. But the traitor will not obtain the crown of life. I repeat it again, one of you will betray the Son of Man.

Sorrow was again spread over each countenance. Peter then made a sign to John, who still lay reclined on the breast of the Redeemer, and, whispering, asked, who is it? He it is, said the Saviour with low voice, to whom I, with tender affection, and brotherly love, give this sop. He then gave it to Judas. John trembled; but his humanity kept him silent.

Judas now abruptly left the room. Night was come, and he was surrounded with all its terrors. Wildly he cast his eyes into the dark

obscure, and thus spake to himself. He then certainly knows it :—now will the smooth, the fawning John, reveal it to them all—all will know what the heart of Jesus has intrusted to him—they will all know what I have done—be it so—these new kings must fly before they have obtained their kingdoms. John may perhaps soon learn to lay aside his insidious smiles, and Peter, when in bonds, will be less bold.—With what imperious accents did Jesus speak ! With what a stern air and commanding voice did he cry, Judas arise ! how different the language he uses to his favourite John.—Kings indeed are not to be commanded ; I will however see them again, before they obtain their kingdoms—in bonds will I see them—but their friend will die.—Is it possible ? who will believe that he can die, who has raised others from the dead ?—He die !—What wilt thou relent ? O my suffering heart ! banish all humanity !—If he dies he must surely be a visionary, and not the Sent of God—our priests are men of wisdom—they are the ministers of Jehovah, the king of kings—yet they always hated him—they respect, and would maintain the laws of Moses. They have engaged me in their interest : but they will not go so far as to put him to death—I would only see him in bonds, and then hear him. Perhaps he will for a moment forget the exalted merit of his favourite disciples, and condescend to look upon the slighted Judas—but I must hasten—the lords of Jerusalem expect me.

He then proceeded to the high-priest's palace. The assembly of the disciples was now

holy, and unpolluted by guilt. Thus when the christian youth returned from the interment of Ananias and Saphira, with fairer beauty shone the congregation in the eye of the Lord : for their sacred unanimity was disturbed by no selfish, no sordid disposition. In the meanwhile Jesus, with divine majesty and composure, thus addressed his disciples :

Now is the Son of Man glorified : now is the infinite, the boundless mercy of the Most High glorified in him. Though at present his splendor is veiled by the body of flesh, soon, shall even this human frame be invested with celestial beauty. But your grief interrupts my speech. Why, my children do you weep?—'tis true, I shall soon leave you : ye shall seek me, but shall not find me : for ye know not whither I go ; and whither I go, ye cannot come—but cease your tears. Ye shall see me again. My dear children, I give you a new commandment—a commandment more noble, more exalted, than all the traditional observances of the scribes and elders : love each other as I have loved you : for by your tender, your mutual, your disinterested affection, shall all men know that ye are my disciples.

Simon Peter then arose, and said, whither, Lord, dost thou go ? Whither I go, said the Redeemer, thou canst not follow me ; but thou shalt at length follow my steps, and walk in the path I tread. Why, O my Lord, said Peter, with an eager and amiable warmth ; why cannot I follow thee now ? To preserve thy life will I lay down my own ! Thou, Simon, lay down thy life ! returned Jesus ; alas !



how little dost thou know thyself ! I repeat it again, that ere the early cock proclaims the opening dawn, thou wilt deny me thrice !

The Redeemer then asking if they were all present, the disciples, oppressed with melancholy, answered, we are here. Christ then returned, the voice of one I no longer distinguish. To this Lebbeus replied, trembling, Judas Iscariot is wanting. Jesus was standing ; but he now kneeled, and the apostles placed themselves on their knees around him. The blessed Saviour then lifting up his eyes, prayed with a loud voice ; O Father ! the hour is come, glorify thine only begotten Son, that thy Son may also glorify thee. To his power hast thou committed all mortals, that he may at length raise them from the dead, and bestow on them everlasting felicity. This, O my God ! is eternal life, to know thee, and Christ whom thou hast sent, as the Prince of Peace and the King of Glory. Already, O Father ! do I behold in spirit the accomplishment of the important work. Thee have I glorified here on earth, and the work thou gavest me to do, I have finished. Now crowns and regal honours await me at thy right hand ! give me the glory I enjoyed with thee, ere I, by thy power, created the earth and its inhabitants. Thy tremendous—thy gracious name have I declared to those thou gavest me out of this guilty world : thine they were : thou gavest them me ; and to the wisdom which I taught them, they have faithfully adhered. Now do they know that what thou teaches me, I have taught to them. This knowledge



they, with duty and with reverence have received ; deep in their hearts have they lodged the divine truth, that thou hast sent me. For them, O Father ! do I pray—for them I now pray, and not for the world. All who are mine are thine ; those that are thine are mine, and the subject of my joy and my glory. Now do I quit this earthly globe, to return to thy celestial throne—to thee, O Father ! but they remain on earth the scorn of sinners, and exposed to misery ! Keep then, O holy Father ! those whom thou hast given me, that they, as brethren, may live in unity, and like us unite in the great work of love and grace divine. While clothed in this terrestrial frame, I have taken care of them, and watched over their immortal souls. Here they are, O my Father ! none have I lost, but the son of Perdition ! he ungrateful, has deserted me, and is become a witness to the truth of the prophets. Now come I to thee. Thus I speak while I am still with them, that they may think on my glory and rejoice in my joy. The words of thy love have they heard, and sinners have hated them, as they hated me. Yet I pray not that thou wouldst take them from the earth ; but only that thou wouldst shield them from their persecutors ;—from the spirits of destruction ; for they like me walk in innocence. Sanctify them, O God ! through thy truth : thy word is truth. As thou hast sent me, I send them : for them I lay down my life, that they may be pure and holy, and ready to suffer for the cause of truth and virtue. Yet, O my Father ! I pray not

for my disciples alone ; but for those they shall convert—for those my children, who will one day, like the dew of the morning, be born to me through thy word. May they all be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, so may they be one in us : that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. The glory I receive from thee I give to them, that they may be one even as we are one, and all fulfil thy gracious intentions, that the sinners of the earth, filled with admiration, may perceive that I was sent from heaven. Love them, O my God ! whom thou hast given me, as the first fruits of thy Son's love to man ; may these be where I am, and behold that glory, which thou, gracious Father, gavest me, before the heavens were stretched around this earthly ball. The world knew thee not ; but I have known thee. To these my friends, have I disclosed the important purposes for which I was sent, and will farther disclose them, that thy love to me may penetrate their hearts, and their immortal souls be filled with love to thee, and their Redeemer.

Now Jesus arose, and went forth with his disciples. At length, drawing near to the brook of Kedron, and hearing the nightly breeze play in the branches of some olives that stood on an eminence, he said to Gabriel, in the depth of the garden, on the sloping side of the mountain, is a solitary spot, shaded by a grove of palms, there assembled the angels. Thus the Saviour spake, and was now drawing near to the accomplishment of such exalted deeds, as since the creation of the earth and

the heavens, or since the birth of the angels, had never been known ; such as were never seen in the boundless theatre of infinite space. But no outward acclamations, no vain testimonies of applause, the pleasing and fit attendants on the exploits of vulgar heroes, surrounded the great Messiah, while he went forth to conquer sin and death.



THE  
MESSIAH.

BOOK V.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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God descends towards the earth, and is met by the wise men of the east, newly released from their bodies, one of whom addresses the Most High. He is seen by the first inhabitant of a guiltless world, who relates to his happy offspring, what he has heard of the fall of man, and the coming of the Messiah. God rests on Tabor. Jesus prays, when Adramelech coming to insult him, is by a look put to flight. The Messiah comes to his disciples whom he finds asleep. He then returns to pray. Abbadona comes, and after mistaking John for the Messiah, finds him, and gives vent to his thoughts. The Messiah again returns to his sleeping disciples, and a third time prostrates himself in prayer, when God sends Eloa to comfort him by singing a triumphant song on his future glory. All the angels, except Eloa and Gabriel, withdraw, and God himself returns to his celestial throne.

THE  
MESSIAH.

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BOOK V.

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**A**RRAYED in awful dignity, Jehovah sat on his exalted throne, and near him was Eloa, who, with humble reverence, and low prostration, said, may I presume, O Eternal ! to ask, why sits terror on thy brow ? Why does anger flash from thine eyes ? What means this thunder which rolls tremendous ? Thou lookest on the stars, and they hide their heads. Silent are the cherubim and seraphim—Of all the numberless myriads of angelic spirits, none do I hear chanting grateful praise, none in lofty strains hymning the great Messiah : but all, with reverential awe, veil their faces with their wings. Wilt thou, O God ! arise and destroy the kingdom of Satan ? Wilt thou, O Most Righteous ! go forth to chastise the blasphemer ! and to reduce to nothing the deep abyss of hell his dominion ? Shall the name of him whom thou hast created no longer remain in the book of the living ? Then shall I see him lying prostrate, O thou adorable Source of Justice !—lying prostrate before thee, vanquished by thine anger, while the howling of his despair shall

pervade the regions of eternal night, and reach even the gates of heaven. Then shall the stars in their courses proclaim, there lies the arch apostate, reduced to destruction. If this be thy will, O thou Sovereign Judge ! arm me with thy power, and permit me to march out against the blasphemer. Let me be encompassed with impenetrable gloom ; give me a thousand thunders, and clothe me in thy divine strength, that before thy face, I may crush at the very gate of death, the menacing chief of thine accursed foes. O Jehovah, how dreadful art thou in judgment ! long have I existed when the earth was formed ; for my days are not the days of a mortal, who shoots up, spreads his leaves and flourishes, then withers, sinks, and dies : yet never have I seen thee thus arrayed in terror ! O thou Omnipotent ! forgive my having taken upon me to speak to thee. I am but a vapour. Be not offended against me, O my Maker ! view me not with that piercing look which thou now castest on the earth, lest thy finite seraph die, and no longer be remembered in the sanctuary of his God.

The Messiah, said the Eternal has placed himself between me and the human race. I descend to judge him. He is on the earth where he expects my decree. Come, follow me, arrayed in all thy celestial beauty. He, guiltless, suffers for sinners : he ever merciful, will bleed for his very murderers, and even lay down his life, not for his friends ; but for his cruel, his merciless enemies.



Thus spake the Almighty, and arose from his eternal throne. Loud thunder now resounded through the high arch of heaven. The holy mountains shook: the clouds of sacred darkness which encompassed the sanctuary, three times flew back, and at the fourth, the lofty seat of judgment was seen to tremble. The Most High proceeded through the solar way that leads down to earth. At the end of the bright path illumined by suns, he was met by a seraph, who was conducting six righteous souls, who had lately left their bodies: they were arrayed in glory, and their new ethereal forms shone with resplendent beams. These were the six wise men of the happy east, who, guided by a swift moving star, first brought their gifts, and paid their adorations to Jesus—to Jesus the heavenly babe, encompassed by ministering angels.

Hadad, for so the first was called, left his beloved consort, the fairest of the daughters of Bethurim. At his decease she burst into lamentations. This in a sacred hour of love she had vowed to Hadad: certain of his and her immortality, she suppressed her tears—she forgot to weep: yet their mutual love exceeded that of mortals.

Selima, during a life of piety, and fervent devotion, had borne his misfortunes with resignation. He died, and entered on everlasting happiness.

Zimri taught the people, but they treated him with contempt, and persisted in their vices. Yet when dying, he prevailed on one of them to lead a divine life and then expired.

Mirja brought up five sons, whom, by his example and instructions he inspired with the love of virtue.—They enjoyed her pure, her intellectual treasures: this was their riches: they neither had, nor needed other wealth: but looking forward to a more blissful state, they with resignation, beheld their pious father die.

Beled's eyes smiling in death, were closed by his once mortal enemy, who wept over him. Beled had revenged himself by his magnanimity; for he had generously given him half his kingdom. On which the hatred of enmity gave way to the soft sensations of friendship. He who had endeavoured to dethrone Beled, now became charmed with his virtues, and lived like him.

Sunith used to sing in Parphar's grove to the youth of Bethlehem, and with him were his three only daughters. Thee have the cedars—thee has Jedidoth's flowing stream bewailed to its lonely banks! Ah thee, have thy veiled daughters, O Sunith! lamented to their harps with virgin tears!

The piercing eye of these spirits penetrated the wide expanse, and they saw a distant approaching glance of the divine glory. Their senses now refined, and fitted for everlasting joys, became more strong, more exquisite. The glory of the Lord passed over them, and the seraph, with humble adoration, cried aloud, behold the great Jehovah!

Selima, now filled with rapture, essayed to speak, when his new voice, flowing in soft melody and silver sounds, filled him with pleasing surprise. O thou whom I behold, said he; by

what name, thou Source of being, of light and joy ! by what worthy name shall I, transported, call thee ?—thee whom my eyes now first behold ! God ! Jehovah ! Father ! Or wouldst thou rather be named the Inexpressible ? Or the Father of thy Holy Son Jesus, who, at Bethlehem, assumed the human form : whom we, with troops of rejoicing angels saw ? Hail eternal Father of the everlasting Son ! to thee be raised incessant hallelujahs ! In thee exults the immortal soul born of thine inspiring breath, and the heiress of eternal life. Thou most blessed ! most incomprehensible ! among men have I heard thee named love ; yet how dreadful, how terrible dost thou now appear ! Oh comest thou forth to slay thine enemies ? Shall the abode of sinners be utterly destroyed ? Wilt thou exterminate those that yet disown thy Son ? No, thou art merciful and gracious ! Thou wilt not be rigorous in judgment ? For them—even for them, the unthankful and the evil, hast thou sent the great Messiah ? Hail thou eternal Father of the everlasting Son ! Then Selima, with the other souls, worshipped in humble prostration.

At the other end of the luminous path, Eloa, with agil motion, leapt into his resplendent chariot, in which he had carried Elijah up to heaven, when, O Dothan on thy cloud-enveloped mountains, he was seen by Elisha. Eloa stood erect. He rushed forward like an impetuous storm. Then resounded the golden axis. Then backward flew his hair and vesture, like shining clouds. With firm foot the immortal stood immoveable. In his right hand he car-

ried on high a storm ; at each elevated thought thunders burst from the tempest. Thus he followed the mighty Jehovah through luminous paths enlightened by suns. The Almighty now passed through the vast assemblage of stars, called the Milky Way : named among the immortals the resting place of the Omnipotent : for when the first celestial sabbath saw the world completed, there the eternal stopped to view his works.

The Almighty now approached a star, the dwelling of rational beings, men formed like us, but free from vice, and exempt from death. Their first progenitor stood among his guiltless offspring in all the bloom, in all the vigour of manly youth, though a long series of ages had passed over his head. His eyes, which time had not dimmed, beheld with pleasure his happy descendants ; nor were they incapable of shedding the pleasing tear of joy. His quick ear was not closed to the voice of the Most High ; to the instructions of the seraph ; nor to the language of his numerous offspring, from whom he with pleasure heard the endearing appellation of Father. At his right side stood the mother of men, her children, beautiful as when the Creator first led her, immortal fair ! to the embraces of her spouse ; even age had added to her charms, and she now appeared more lovely than her blooming daughters. At his left hand was his first-born, his worthy son, the image of his father, arrayed in heavenly robes of peace. Around them stood their descendants of different generations ; and scattering flowers of life and truth, on the smiling turf, reclined

their youngest offspring, whose waving locks falling in curls, were crowned with flowers, beautiful as those that, on this earth, once enameled the plains of Paradise. With pleasure they gazed on their primeval parents, while their young hearts panted to imitate their virtues. The fathers and mothers had brought the lovely infants born the preceding year, to receive the first dear embrace, and pious benediction of their original ancestors. When the happy father of this blessed race of immortal beings, lifting up his eyes towards heaven, to invoke the divine benediction, beheld the face of God. The smile of benignity and paternal love now gave place to a look of solemn and reverential awe, mingled with gratitude; then bowing in humble worship, he cried :

Behold and adore, O my children, the great Eternal ! from whom both you and I received our life. 'Tis he who has clothed those vales with beauteous flowers ; those blooming groves with fragrant blossoms and blushing fruit, together hanging on each bending bough : and has crowned the summit of these mountains with golden clouds ; yet neither to the flowery vale, the blooming grove, or the aspiring mountain, has he given immortal souls. These were his gifts to you, my children ! Neither to hill, nor grove, nor vale, has he given your lovely features, nor the human form, so convenient, so august : nor the face significant, expressive of the soul's deepest thoughts : no look of rapturous joy sublime, with grateful eye raised up to heaven : no voice to transmit the great sensations of the glowing heart to fellow minds :

or to join the lofty strains of the adoring angels? to me he appeared in the waving groves of Paradise, then a small but delightful garden, though it has now spread over this spacious country. There with benignant grace, he first appeared to me, when from earth he had formed me man, and blessing me, led your mother to my embraces. Speak ye cedars, rustling speak—speak, for under your branches I saw him walk! stay, thou rapid stream—stay, for there I saw him pass thy waves! whisper, ye gentle gales, as when with smiling grace he descended from these towering hills! stand still before him, O earth, and suspend thy course, as once thou stoodst still, when he passed over thee; when round his face sublime the moving heavens flowed! when his right hand poised the glowing suns, and in his left he held the volving planets.

May I presume, O Eternal! again enraptured to look on thee? O father! disperse the tremendous gloom with which thou art encompassed. Remove from thine eyes that awful displeasure, which sure none but an immortal can behold and live! by whom, O my God! art thou offended?—can it be by those thou lovest?—Perhaps 'tis by a guilty people who fell and ventured (a thought I can scarce conceive) to provoke the All-gracious, the Omnipotent.—

Hear me, O my children, and attend to my words.—Long have I been silent, lest I should give inquietude to your tender, your happy minds, and melancholy should disturb your sacred rest. Far from us, on one of the worlds

enlightened by another sun, are men whose form resembles ours : but having forfeited their native innocence, are no longer immortal. You justly wonder, and well you may, that he who was created for an eternal duration, and was one of the most admirable of the works of the great Omnipotent, should basely forfeit his immortality. But it is not the everlasting spirit—the never dying soul that is become mortal : it is the body which returns to the earth, of which it was made. This they call dying. The immortal soul having lost its beauty, its innocence, is conducted to the righteous judgment-seat of God, there to receive a sentence according to the works done in the body.—Ye awful, ye dreadful thoughts fly far from me ! I stand aglast at the dread idea ! On that tremendous tribunal, God alone, the Creator and Judge, can think. With what overwhelming terror does the mere idea of death fill an immortal ! It is preceded by something dreadful, which those unhappy creatures call pain. The dying can scarce with trembling tongue, utter a mournful farewell !—With difficulty he respires !—a cold sweat rises on his altered face !—Faint and slow beats his heart !—His eye-strings break !—His eyes become fixed, and no longer see !—From them the face of the earth and heavens are vanished ! they are lost in the abyss of night !—He no longer hears the voice of man, nor the tender sighs of love and friendship !—He himself cannot speak ! his heart ceases to beat !—he dies !—The form once the most lovely becomes loathsome !—It is buried in the earth, and con-



cealed from human sight! Thus the daughter expires in the arms of her fond mother, who wishes to accompany her in death. The father presses to his heart his only son, who expires in blooming youth. Fathers, mothers, the comforters and supports of their unhappy children, die in the midst of the cries of their desolate family. The beloved spouse perishes in the embraces of her husband. Love, that celestial sensation, is the sole image that has remained on that earth of its primitive felicity; but it is only a faint image of it, that never exists but in the hearts of the few virtuous. Alas! it renders even them happy but for a moment!—A moment and they die—God shews them no pity: he relents not at the parting sigh of the pious spouse, at the fervor of her supplications, and her earnest entreaties for one hour more: nor at the despair of the trembling youth embracing her in speechless sorrow: nor at the afflicted virtue, to which love and its tender sensibilities, sometimes raise the mortal pair.

Here he ceased, interrupted by the lamentations of his affrighted children. The fathers pressed their sons, and the mothers their terrified daughters to their trembling breasts. The boys grasped the knees of the stooping fathers, and kissed from the parent's eye the manly tear. Hand and hand sat brothers and sisters with their timorous looks fixed on each other! and on the bosoms of the beloved fair sunk, trembling, the immortal youths; who felt life beat with a higher pulse, while reclining



ned on the breast of the celestial maids. But now the father of that spotless race, recalling his fortitude, thus resumed, while his fair consort fondly leaned on his shoulder.

Oh may it not be these whom God in his wrath, is now visiting : Alas ! they have, perhaps, too much offended their gracious Creator ; and having filled up the measure of their iniquities, he is going to exterminate them. Ah ! ye kindred race, originally designed like us, for immortality, had you but known our affectionate love ;—had you but foreseen our sorrow for you ; never, surely, would you, by your crimes, have drawn down the vengeance of your and our Almighty Friend ! O kindred race ! should the earth be your grave, and God at once destroy all its rational inhabitants, we will pity those whom God has slain—but we shall despise ye too—our pity will be mingled with contempt.—How could ye, ungrateful, offend such unbounded goodness ?—Yet to this race, O Almighty Father ! thou hast sent thy beloved son, the glorious Messiah ! All the seraphs, in their visits to us, with the applauding angels, have proclaimed that he shall be their Redcemer—that one day he shall raise the dead to life, and that we ourselves shall see them. Behold, the Most High turns his face from us, and now descends to the earth. How wonderful, O God, art thou in thy judgments ! How inscrutable are the wise designs of thy providence ! Thou art eternally the same, ever perfect, ever unchangeable ! Let us sing praises to thee, our Creator ! And let thy blessings be poured on these mine off-

spring ! With faces veiled the cherubim and seraphim worship before thine exalted throne ! Thee, immortal men, adore from this sacred earth !—Thee, mortal men, whom thou slayest, adore in the dust ! Thus he uttered the effusions of the soul, while his fixed eyes followed the divine effulgence.

The Almighty now drew near to the earth. From a towering assemblage of clouds, Eloa saw the great Messiah, and there, wrapt in obscurity, in gentle accents thus spake. O thou gracious Redeemer ! how greatly is thy labouring mind distressed, while thus imploring and procuring mercy for sinful man ! What finite intellect can comprehend this mystery !—can comprehend the depths of sovereign wisdom, and of grace divine.—But let me be silent, and, wrapt in wonder, adore ! Thus spake Eloa, and then, stretching out his arms towards the earth, in silence poured forth his benedictions.

God now descended on mount Tabor, and, shrouded in a solemn midnight cloud, viewed this whole terraqueous globe, with idolatrous altars and sinners covered. Over its extensive plains was spread the empire of death, witnessing against man. He saw all the sins, from the creation to the final day of retribution—the sins of the idolators ; those of Jehovah's servants ; and the sins of christians, still more horrid, rise in the clouds before the sovereign Judge : before him they arose, in hideous forms, unshrouded from night. They arose from the abyss in which they were buried by the guilty heart, that ungrateful, re-

belled against the all-gracious Creator. The hideous host was led by the crimes of those capacious souls, who beheld thee, O sacred Virtue ! in all thy celestial beauty, yet obeyed not thy pleasing dictates ; but self-convicted, with black impiety, and redoubled guilt, opposed the generous feelings of humanity and heavenly grace, struggling in their breasts, and witnessing between themselves and God. In gigantic form they appeared before him who directs the thunder, and guides the forked lightning : for inexorable conscience, with irresistible voice, summoned them to approach. An universal accusation now ascended to heaven. On the fluttering wings of the wind were borne the soft sighs of suffering virtue. Loud as the roar of waves rushing impetuous, resounded the groans and lamentations of the dying from the bloody field of slaughter, witnessing against the ambitious potentates of the earth ; and the voice of thunder was given to the blood of the martyrs, crying, O thou who in thine awful hand holdest the balance of judgment, behold the innocent blood that has been shed—shed for thy sake, O thou most holy, just and true : the Almighty then revolving in his infinite mind, the virtues of the various orders of intelligent beings who had continued faithful, and weighed the actions of the wicked. His anger was kindled. The earth then shook to its centre ; but he supported it with his hand, lest it should be scattered through the immensity of space. Then turning towards Eloa, the seraph at once knew the intimations of the divine countenance, and

ascended into the air. As from the ark of the covenant rose the luminous cloud, the guide of the people of Israel, when led by Moses, they from desert to desert moved their tents ; thus silent on a midnight cloud stood the seraph, with his eyes fixed on the Mount of Olives. Him the blessed Saviour then beheld, and instantly hasted to Gethsemane, to pour out his soul in fervent prayer for man. Filled with inward distress he went, followed by three of his disciples. These he at length left behind, and withdrew alone to a silent solitary spot, where, unobserved by man, he might give vent to the great, the painful sensations that swelled his heart.

Thou hast led me, O harmonious muse of Sion ! to the sanctuary ; but the holy of holies I have not seen. Oh had I the soft melodious voice with which the exalted seraph sings : did the terrific trump, which shook the solid base of Sion's mount, resound from my lips : did thunders speak from my right hand the thoughts which the celestial harps cannot resound ; yet, O adorable Messiah ! should I fail in singing thy passion, the mighty conflicts of thy great, thy generous, thy tender soul !

Thou, O Moses, once boldly prayed to see the great Jehovah face to face ; but was concealed in the sheltering rock, while the glory of God passed by ; yet from afar beheld the resplendent beauty of the eternal ; I am more frail than thee ; yet may the spirit of truth overshadow me with his downy wings, and help my feeble sight, that I may see the bless-

ed Jesus struggling in the agonies of his dreadful passion !

Prostrate in the dust of the earth, which trembled with silent terror, lay the gracious Messiah, with his guiltless eyes and hands lift up towards Tabor. Seen by no mortal eye, his looks were fixed on his father's face : distressful thoughts, filled with horror, pressed in swift succession on his soul, and his whole frame shook with unutterable agony. His terrors still encreased : the anguish of his heavenly mind became more intense ; and instead of sweat, the starting blood trickled from the face of the adorable, the gracious sufferer. Then raising his head from the ground, his streaming tears, mixed with the purple drops, while lifting up his hands and eyes, he thus addressed the sovereign Judge :

O my Father ! when this world was formed, soon died the first of men—soon was each hour marked with dying sinners ! Already have ages past blasted by thy curse. Now is arrived the awful time, when by my death I shall purchase immortality for man. When the earth was scarcely formed, ere the mouldering corpse returned to the dust, I chose this hour of suffering, and ardent cried, lo, I come to do thy will, O my God ! Now—now is arrived the awful time ! Hail ye who sleep in God, ye shall awake !—I who formed the earth was born to die !—to die on its surface !—to die that man might live ! But how heavily the lot of mortality hangs upon me ! O thou who holdest the sword of justice ! let the hours of anguish pass with rapid flight ! To thee, O Fa-

ther ! every thing is possible—let therefore this bitter cup pass from me !—Yet not my will ; but thine be done. My uplifted eyes watch at midnight, and can no longer weep : my trembling arms are stretched towards thee for help : but alas ! I do not find it—faint with weeping, I sink to the ground—to my grave ! —But I resign myself to thy will—thy will, O Father ! be done.

Having thus spoke, he lay prostrate on his face in solemn silence, then raising himself up on his trembling arms, looked forward into the gloom. Here passed before him terrifying images of eternal death. He beheld reprobate souls curse the day of their creation. He heard the dismal howls of the deep abyss : the winged voice of anguish, like the falling cataracts, bellowing loud. Then the voices of mankind sunk in one boundless sigh of deep-rooted despair. Jesus sympathized in their distress, and, filled with unutterable compassion, felt their misery.

Adramelech from a barren rock had long viewed the Messiah ; but now descending, in order to come to him, he, with triumph and exultation saw before him a suicide reeking in his own blood : the accents of whose despair, and the bitter sighs of returning humanity and remorse, echoed through all the neighbouring hills. At this spectacle the apostate spirit increasing in insolence, resolved to mock the great Messiah. With disdainful pride in his haughty eye, and lost in an ocean of impious thoughts he stood, resolving to give to his infernal ideas a voice like that of the black burst-

ing cloud : but Jesus turning, and casting on him that majestic look of awful dignity with which he will judge the world, the rancorous spirit felt the powerful glance, and trembling sunk abased. Bewildered amidst a whirl of impetuous crowding thoughts, he stood without thought. All around him was a void : no longer did he see the heavens and the earth ; no longer the Messiah : himself alone he beheld. At length with difficulty collecting his weakened strength, he fled.

The Mediator now leaving the gloomy solitude, walked towards his disciples, that after such suffering, such lonely anguish, he might enjoy the human solace of seeing the face of man. Silent he drew near, and found them asleep.

The surrounding heavens now rejoiced, and solemnized the second sabbath since the creation ; one still more sacred than the first. At length, the final, the decisive day of judgment being passed, the third will arise with unutterable glory, and extend throughout eternity. At its celebration the Messiah himself will preside. All knew that the great high-priest was accomplishing the redemption : for thus God had said :

When the thunders shall roll from pole to pole, and the harmony of the spheres be changed to the ocean's roar : when ranks of wandering stars, shall tremble through the vast extent of the heavens : when upon you come the terrors of the Lord, and from your heads suddenly fall your golden crowns ; then



has the Messiah begun his severest sufferings.

Now sang the heavenly host, past is the first hour of the exalted sufferings of the great Messiah, the Redeemer of man ! Past is the hour which to the good brings eternal rest.

Meanwhile the Messiah stood looking on his disciples, whom he saw fast in the arms of sleep. He considered with complacency the serious air spread over the face of the exalted James. Thus grave and serene sleeps the happy christian before his death. On the affectionate John reclined Peter ; but he was not like John, filled with smiling tranquillity. Over the beloved disciple, Salem, one of his guardian angels, still hovered. Jesus now said, Simon Peter thou sleepest ! what, couldst thou not watch with me one hour ? Ah soon will quiet slumbers cease to close those weeping eyes ! Watch and pray lest the tempter surprise thee. Thou, indeed art willing ; but thine heavenly spirit is pressed down by thine earthly frame. Jesus then returned, and again fell on his face and prayed.

On the other side of the mountain Abbaddona, veiled with a thick cloud, advanced, saying to himself ; Ah ! where shall I at length find the gracious Saviour, the Redeemer ? Alas ! I am unworthy to see this best of men. Yet Satan has seen him !—O thou divine prophet ! where—oh where shall I seek thee !—where shall I find thee ! Through every desert have I roved. Every river have I traced from its source. In the solitude of every sequestered grove, my trembling feet have wandered. To



the cedar have I said, oh tell me—in rustling whispers tell me, dost thou conceal him? To the hanging mountains I cried, bow down your solitary tops at my tears, that I may see the divine Jesus, who, perhaps, sleeps on your summits! I am unworthy to see thy face—Ah unworthy am I O Jesus! to behold thy benignant smiles! Thou only art the Saviour of men!—Me thou wilt not save!—Thou hearest not the plaintive voice of an immortal!—Alas! thou art only the Saviour of men.

He then saw before him the sleeping disciples. Near him lay John, smiling in his placid slumbers. He saw him and struck with fear, trembling, drew back. Long he paused: but at length cried, if thou art he whom I seek—if thou art the divine man who came to redeem mankind from sin and misery, with tears—with incessant tears—with everlasting sighs will I hail thee, thou amiable Redeemer! thy countenance has the lineaments of celestial purity, and the traces of a tender and generous soul. Yes, thou art he!—Thee have I sought—sweet tranquillity, the rich reward of virtue, hovers round thee! But I tremble at seeing thy soft repose. Turn—oh turn thy face from me, or I must look aside, and, weep.

While Abbadona thus spoke, Peter awaking, called out, ah John! I have seen the master in a dream, who looked at me with mingled displeasure and compassion.

This the fallen seraph heard, and stood amazed. Now favoured by the silence of the night, he distinguished a mournful voice, inclining his attentive ear to the place whence

it came, he more distinctly heard the soft and doleful accents. He was moved, and stood some time irresolute.

Shall I proceed, said he, and view the ~~man~~ who there, in sounds of anguish and distress, struggles with death, and the thoughts of judgment? Shall I see the blood of the murdered, who, perhaps, quietly returning home, through the shades of night, quickened his steps, to embrace his affectionate wife, and to caress with parental pleasure his lisping children, hanging about the neck of their mother, when some lurking foe, some barbarian in the dark, bent on murder, gave him a mortal wound! Perhaps his life was crowned with virtue, and his deportment adorned by wisdom! Ah shall I see him? Shall I see his dying pangs?—his florid cheeks change to deadly paleness? Shall I hear his last groans—his expiring sigh? Ah blood murderously shed! terrific blood of innocence—thou bearest witness against me at that inexorable judgment-seat where the soft voice of mercy is not heard! Unhappy that I am! I was concerned in seducing the human race—in rendering them subject to death!—The blood!—the innocent blood here shed; and that which through successive ages will flow, is spilt by me. Ah! I hear its frightful voice, rising against me to heaven, and demanding vengeance—vengeance everlasting on my guilty head! why did I come to the earth, which, on all sides, offers to my view the scattered bones of the children of Adam? In vain do I endeavour to turn from them my affrighted eyes. My conscience, fatal attendant! leads me, in spite of myself, to

the gloomy tombs, where are laid so many victims which I have contributed to murder ! Thou dreadful calm which reignest in the habitations of the dead freezest my heart with fear and horror ! Yet he whom I have irritated, comes in silence—thunders and clouds go before him ! The word of his mouth is death ; is judgment without mercy !

A prey to these dreadful ideas, he advanced with slow and dilatory step towards the mournful voice. Now he beheld the gracious Saviour who, with his face to the earth, still lay in humble prostration. Seized with fear, Abbadona stepped back, and was silently moving round him, when Gabriel advanced from the thick concealing shade. Abbadona saw him, and, trembling, retired. The inhabitant of heaven now drew near, and bowing his ears over the Saviour, withheld in his wondering eye the starting tear. Absorbed in thought he stood, listening with reverential awe to the Messiah, with an ear which, at a distance of a thousand times a thousand miles, hears the songs of the enraptured spirits that surround the throne. He now distinguished the soft trilling sound of the slow flowing blood of the trembling Mediator, as it ran from vein to vein. Much louder did he hear in his divine heart the inexpressible, the heavy sighs which swelling with mercy, and with love to man, were more delightful to the Father's ear, than the song of all the heavenly host.—The seraph thus discovered the Saviour's passion, and folding his hands, with his eyes lift up to heaven, rose into the clouds.

Abbadona now seeing Gabriel and a multitude of the heavenly host, with their eyes beaming compassion, in expressive silence, looking down on the Messiah, remained aghast, and trembling, cast on him a look of mingled fear and surprise. The Saviour now, from the ensanguined dust, slowly raised his face, at which redoubled terror encompassed the fallen seraph : yet he again recovered : again gave vent to the new ideas which filled his mind. Sometimes he suppressed his timorous thoughts, and sometimes disturbed the silence of the night by his sighs and lamentations.

O thou whom I here see struggling with death ! cried he ; by what name shall I call thee ? Art thou formed of the dust ? a son of earth, a sinner ripe for judgment, shudders at the last day, and at the opening tomb.—Yes, thou art—but a divine lustre adorns thy human form ! Thine eye, from which shines innocence, and truth, and love to God and man, bespeaks thee superior to the grave and to corruption ! Thy face is not that of a sinner !—not thus looks the wretch rejected of the Most High ! Surely thou art more than man ! Methinks I here perceive a mystery deeper than my thoughts can fathom ! A bright labyrinth all divine !—Ah ! I still discover more !—But who is he ?—O fallen spirit ! turn—turn thine eyes away from him.—A sudden thought has darted into my astonished mind—A great, a dreadful idea ! Alas ! an awful resemblance do I perceive—Fly, fly, ye dreadful surmises !—Stream not around me, ye terrors of

eternal death—Ah ! I perceive a concealed resemblance of the great Messiah, who descended in his flaming charriot, rushed upon us, armed with ten thousand thunders, and hurling destruction drove us before him, vanquished and dismayed. Then immortality became a curse ; life eternal, death. Alas ! we had before fled from innocence—from every celestial joy, the lot of the righteous ! Jehovah himself had ceased to be our father ! Once, while hurled headlong through the deep abyss, I turned my face, and saw him behind me—saw the dreadful Son of God ! lightening flashed from his eyes !—High he stood—his chariot, then the sable seat of judgment—under him was darkness and death—Him had the Father clothed with omnipotence !—Him, the radiant image of his mercy, had he armed with destruction ! At his thunders, and the force of his avenging arm, nature shuddered, and all the depths of creation trembled ! No more did I see him—My eye was lost in the palpable gloom ! Thus confounded, I was carried away through storms and thunder—through the howlings of affrighted nature, despairing, though immortal !—I see him still !—still I see him !—his face had something that resembled that of this man here bowed in the dust—this more than man !

Here he paused, and continued for some time as if lost in thought ; then in a low voice cried, Ah ! is he—is he the Son of the Eternal ?—the Messiah ?—the dreadful Victor ?—but he suffers !—he is struggling with death !—

boundless is the anguish that shakes his divine soul !—he laments in the dust !—his swelling veins, pressed by the anguish of his benevolent mind, bedew his face with blood. To me no misery is sure unknown, yet I know not how to name his anguish. Remote in distant gloom I see new thoughts big with wonders approach, in mazy labyrinths involved. The Son of the great Jehovah, the brightness of his Father's glory, descends from heaven : assumes the human form ; preaches repentance ; suffers for man, and, to give life and immortality to his mortal brethren, dies—With what awful reverence the angels approach ! Even nature seems to observe a reverential silence, as if her Creator was present. Oh, if thou art the dread Messiah, the only begotten of the Father, I ought to fly, lest seeing me trembling at thy feet, thy wrath be kindled, and thou instantly sit in judgment against me—but thou lookest not on me—Yet to thee my thoughts are not unknown.—May I venture to indulge the ideas which now first begin to arise in my mind ?—Of men art thou the Saviour ; and not of the more exalted angels ; O gracious Messiah ! hadst thou condescended to become a seraph : hadst thou deigned to enlighten us by thine instructions ; hadst thou for us lain extended in the celestial plains, as here on earth, and with supplicating heart, and hands and eyes lift up to the throne of the Majesty on high : how would I then, O thou divine—how would I then have embraced thee : with what joyful transports should I have hailed

my Saviour and my Lord ! What rapturous hossannas should I sing : with what ecstasy should I join the harmony of the harp to my exulting strains !—Ye children of Adam, the favourites of the Most High, may the curse of everlasting fire fall on the heads of those who, ungratefully spurn at his offered grace, and on each heart insensible to the boundless love of your Redeemër : Ye tribes of the redeemed, that shall hereafter resort to him, should you profane the sacred blood which drops from that face, may this blood rise up against you, and ye be esteemed his cruel murderers !—To you I call, ye apostates from grace—to you who, after having tasted of the heavenly gift, shall draw back to perdition ; when the dreadful gulph of eternity shall first lie before you, and ye are filled with the tremendous thought, that you, like us, are cast out from God, the first and the best of Beings !—then will I looking through gloomy tracts of misery and night, on the new distresses of your immortal souls, cry, hail torment everlasting ! Hail misery without end ! This ye have chosen for a shadow ; for this ye have resigned everlasting felicity : let this be your portion, and your reward ! Then will tear myself from the iron arms of hell, and ascending to the throne of the exalted Saviour, with a voice that shall pervade both heaven and earth, will I cry, Oh ! why dost thou, Most Gracious, redeem only the repentant sinners of the human race, and not the angels ! 'Tis true, hell hates thee—but I, forsaken—I who feel more noble sentiments, do not hate thee.—Too long—alas !



too long, have I, weary of my existence, and of dreadful immortality, poured forth lamentations, and tears of blood ! Abbadona having thus given a loose to his disturbed thoughts, hastily ascended into the air and disappeared.

The Messiah now, a second time, arose from the dust, again to behold the face of man ; and again the heavenly host rejoiced and sang. Past is the second hour of the exalted sufferings of the great Messiah, the Redeemer of man ! Past is the hour which to the good brings eternal rest !

But soon the blessed Saviour left his slumbering disciples and went a third time to prostrate himself before the Sovereign Judge. Around him the sable curtain of night was spread over the heavens, and he was encompassed by the deepest gloom. Thus the last night before the day of awful retribution, will be clothed in the blackest veil of darkness, hastily bringing on the coming morn. The loud thunder, and the sounding trump will then soon be heard : soon the joining bones and the buzzing field, teeming with resurrection. Then from his exalted throne, the same Jesus, shall call the world to judgment.

The Father, now looking down from Tabor, saw the agonies of the Messiah. Below, at the foot of the mountain, stood Eloa, silent ; his head was enveloped in clouds, and his pensive looks were directed to the earth. The Most High now called Eloa, who instantly arose in silence through the gloom and stood before him. Then to Eloa, the Eternal said, thou hast seen the sufferings of the



Messiah ; go sing to him a triumphant song, of the saints, that from his sufferings and death shall be sanctified, and raised to immortal life ; and of the glory with which he shall be crowned when he shall reign at my right hand.

Trembling, with lowest reverence, the seraph answered. But when face to face I behold the great Messiah disfigured by his bloody sweat : when I saw the benignant smile that adorned his countenance, lost in the melancholy traces of his inward anguish ; and in his pleasing features distorted by grief, can but obscurely discern his greatness, shall I not be struck speechless ? Will not the strong emotions I shall then feel, prevent the harmony of my celestial song ? Shall I not be encompassed by all the Saviour's terrors.

With mild grace, God replied, Who raised thy flaming courage high above the heavens ? From whom hadst thou thy triumphant song, when my thunders, cast from the hand of the Messiah, pursued the chief of the rebel host, and thou thyself rode on the wings of the tempest ? Who strengthened thine heart and enabled thee to see the death of the first man, and in him the death of all the children of Adam ? Haste, I myself will lead thee, and shouldst thou, at the near view of his sufferings, tremble, he will teach thee to mingle with thy tremulous accents, the pleasing sounds of triumph.

Thus spoke the Almighty. The seraph went forth, Jordan roared, and thunder issued from Tabor. Slowly he descended from the mount of Olives, when dreadful gusts of mid-

night winds wafted to him the suppliant sounds uttered by the great Messiah, and a silent tremor seized the astonished seraph. But when advancing nearer he observed his distressful countenance that shewed his bitter anguish, he stood deprived of all his native beauty and heavenly splendor; and seeming no longer an high immortal seraph, he resembled an inhabitant of the earth. Now the Saviour cast on him a look of dignity, mingled with a gracious smile, and with the glance the seraph's immortal beauty and celestial radiance returned, when rising in a cloud, skirted with gold, he thus triumphant sung :

Thou Son of the Most High, what grateful rapture does a look from thee inspire ! I am found worthy to contemplate thine awful, thy divine sensations, and from afar to view the mystery of thine agonies, and thy love to man. Ye devout, ye sacred emotions, continue to transport me beyond the limits of my finite ideas ; bear me from this gloom to the divine glory—Hail Almighty Father, and thou Son divine !—Thus shall the blessed children of the resurrection feel sensations new and sublime. As from deep amazement the Mediator has awakened me, so, ye offspring of Adam, shall he awaken you ! This joyful tremor, this rapturous exultation ye also shall feel, when ye, transported, rise to eternal life ! Then thou, O holy Saviour of men, who here liest prostrate in the dust, shall sit on thy resplendent throne, and summon the inhabitants to come to judgment ! With what effusions of joy will thy faithful servants behold thee on

thy judgment seat ! With eyes sparkling with rapture, they will view the radiant marks of thy wounds, the memorials of thy love imprinted by thy dying on the cross. Thee, O Jesus ! shall they celebrate with ceaseless hallelujahs. They shall transported feel that they are immortal, and shall triumph in the glorious thought, that because thou livest, they shall live also, they shall for ever possess thy love, and for ever share thy glory !

Thus sang Eloa, while the divine Redeemer blessed the adoring seraph, with a look of grace and benignity : then bowed towards heaven in tearful silence. Thus the expiring lamb, without blemish, and without spot, wept, while he lay bleeding on the sacred altar. The angels who with downcast look had viewed the Redeemer, unable longer to bear the sight of his anguish, withdrew. Gabriel kept his station, but veiled his face. Eloa also remained ; but wrapt his head in a midnight cloud.

The earth stood still. Thrice it shook, as if preparing for its dissolution, and thrice it was restrained by the Great Jehovah. The Saviour now rising from the ground, the host of heaven again sang in jubilant strains. Past is the third hour of his exalted sufferings : past is the hour which to the repentant sinner brings everlasting rest. Thus sang the heavenly host, while God ascended to his eternal throne.

the judgment seat! With eye - the living  
in which all things are made manifest  
to all eyes

and for ever  
I have a word to say to you  
I have a word to say to you  
I have a word to say to you

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THE  
MESSIAH.

BOOK VI.

VOL. I.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

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The Messiah is seized and bound. The assembled priests are filled with consternation at being informed that the guard were struck dead. Their fears are removed by the arrival of a second and a third messenger. Jesus being taken before Annas, Philo goes thither, and brings him to Caiaphas. John expresses the agitations of his mind. Portia, Pilate's wife, comes to see Jesus. The speeches of Philo and Caiaphas, with the evidence given by the suborned witnesses. Jesus, on declaring that he is the Son of God, is condemned. Eloi and Gabriel discourse on his sufferings. Portia, deeply affected, withdraws, and prays to the chief of the Gods. Peter, in deep distress, tells John, that he has denied his master, then leaves him, and deplores his guilt.

THE  
M E S S I A H.

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BOOK VI.

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AS the dying Christian, when approaching death shakes each relaxing nerve, prizes the solemn moments more than he esteemed whole days before; for then his Almighty Father claims his last obedience, the last struggles of his virtue, which flowing from a heart now freed from groveling passions, rises towards the Source of Perfections; the soul then plumes her wings, and soars on high, numbering the sacred minutes by fervent prayer; while the all-seeing God looks down propitious, and angels prepare the immortal crown; so the hours of the great, the mystic Sabbath became more solemn, as the gracious, the divine Redeemer hastened to bleed and die. Eloa, wrapt in the contemplation of the great Messiah's distress, and the importance of the sacred time, soon unveiled his face to Gabriel, and thus addressed his celestial friend: Didst thou see his sufferings?—Didst thou behold the anguish of his great and benovolent mind? My admiration and surprize, no words in our celestial language can express?—Alas! what has he still to suffer!—On every moment seems to hang an eternity!

Thousands of years, answered Gabriel, have elapsed since first I strove to learn the future wonders of his love—to obtain some knowledge, though obscure, of the Messiah's promised grace to man. Yet how have I erred? Oh let us admire in silence. We are encompassed by a holy labyrinth of wonders. We see nothing around us but tombs and from them shall proceed angels of light. Happy mortals, sweet be your slumbers! Then Jesus—But ah behold! Who is he that advances with wild gesture encompassed with lights? Who are those wretches who seem sent from the abyss of hell?—But he who equally created the grains of sand, and the flaming suns—who equally reigns over the worm and the seraph, knows their inmost thoughts, and is fully acquainted with all their vile designs! What do I see? Judas at their head! he is their conductor! the traitor will not thus elated walk when the last trump shall call forth the dust from those hills which cover them from the Judge!

While he thus spake, the multitude lift up their torches, and sought through the mazy groves. The great Emanuel perceived them, and sent against them a black cloud, which hung over them, spreading terror all around. Damp horror seized their minds: but the perfidious Judas defying the powerful admonition, and arming himself against the voice of conscience, softly cried where is he? His favorites say they saw him on Mount Tabor, arrayed in celestial splendor; but they shall soon see him in bonds; and all their schemes of grandeur shall vanish—but O my coward heart thou



tremblest ! Can the coolness and gloom of night shake the courage of a man ? Finish thy work, and dare to pursue the road to wealth and happiness. Thus he spake to himself, and hasted forward.

The Saviour seeing them approach, said to himself, far, very far, are the eternal mansions from this abode of sinners. The humble path I now tread leads to the grave, yet will I walk in it. But it will shine refulgent, when the dead shall arise, and the general judgment remove the veil.

Judas Iscariot led the band. The priests had commanded that he should take armed men and seek for Jesus among the sepulchres. These were ordered to bind him, and bring him before the council. Judas knew the place of solemn prayer, the solitary recess where, during the silence of the night, Jesus used to pour out his soul to the Most High, in fervent supplications for man. The ungrateful traitor had said to the band, whomsoever I kiss, is he : take him, and lead him away. But still the night had mercy on that perfidious disciple, and delayed his giving the insidious kiss. Yet soon the band, with impotent fury, advanced to the sleeping disciples ; when the Redeemer, moving towards them with awful dignity, said, whom seek ye ? With rage and tumult, waving their flaming lights, they cried, Jesus the Nazarene. Now were come the other disciples ; and now the angels who had retired, again came, and fixed their eyes on the Messiah, who, with that divine composure, with which he had commanded the agitated waves to be still, answered,

I am he. Struck by his voice, they all fell speechless at his feet, and with them Judas. Thus lie in the martial field the dead. Thus stretched among the slain lies the furious warrior, when the sedate chief, from the quiet centre of the battle, sends around him destruction. But at length they awoke from their trance, and the traitor also arose from the earth. Over him hovered the angel of death, and he seemed on the point of being called to judgment ; but concealing the horrors of his mind, and the rancour of his heart, with an affected air of serene friendship, he went up to the holy Jesus, and crying, hail master ! saluted him. Now had he filled up the measure of his guilt, and by the basest and most impious action, had, like an infernal spirit, opened a way to the deep abyss of terror and dismay. Yet the meek, the humble, the divine Jesus, filled with compassion, looked up to the traitor with an eye of pity, saying, ah Judas ! betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss ! Ah unhappy Judas ; wherefore art thou come ? Then gently resigned himself up to the multitude.

Peter no sooner beheld this, than his passions being inflamed, he, with eager impatience, broke through the disciples : drew his sword, and rushing, with an intrepid countenance, on the multitude, struck at the servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear. But the gracious friend of mankind, smiling benignant, instantly healed the wound, and then looking on Peter, checked his ardour, saying, O my disciple ! put up thy sword, and be at peace. Knowest thou not, that were I to pray for help to my Fa-

ther, he would send me from heaven, legions of mighty angels? but how then would the scripture be fulfilled? Then turning to the multitude, who rudely bound him, he cried, are you come out as against a thief with swords and staves to seize me; as against a vile malefactor, who had escaped from the hands of justice? Were not I daily with you teaching in the temple? To you have I taught the way of life: you have I instructed to shun the path of death and of destruction: ye then laid not your hands upon me. But this is your hour for accomplishing this work of darkness. Here he ceased, and now was come to the brook of Kedron.

In the mean time the council of the priests and elders had assembled in the stately palace of Caiaphas, and there remained agitated on the waves of fluctuating hope and fear. Their inquietude and anxious murmurs did not escape the greedy ears of the alarmed populace, who, filled with curiosity, crowded the marble staircase that led to the council chamber, and filled with astonishment, trembling blessed the holy prophet, or stamping vented their maledictions. The priests growing impatient, said to each other, none of our messengers are returned. What can detain them? What means this delay? He who has betrayed his master, has, perhaps, also betrayed us. Or the Nazarene, according to his frequent practice, has, by some illusion, escaped.

Thus were they discoursing, when one of their messengers hastily entered the hall, with his hair erect, and a cold sweat covering his pallid countenance, which was distorted by fear.

and terror. For some time he stood speechless, while all beheld him with looks of astonishment; but at length recovering, he cried in a trembling voice, ye priests and rabbies, we went according to your orders, and at last found Jesus of Nazareth beyond the brook, not far from the sepulchres. The sepulchres filled with horror did not affright us: but the sky was hung with blacker clouds than ever the eyes of men beheld. Yet the band marched forward, while I stood at a distance. Soon I saw the p. . . . Then was I seized—I know not how it was;—but then was I seized with a shivering, that shook my whole frame: yet though they stood so near, they did not know him; but rushed on those that were about him. He then cried with a firm voice, whom do ye seek? Our men, still undaunted, called out, Jesus the Nazarene.—Then—methinks I hear him still!—all my joints tremble!—he answered, as with the voice of death, I am he! No sooner had he spoke the words, than they all fell on their faces!—They now lie dead, and I only have escaped to bring the dreadful news.

The priests, at hearing these words, changed colour, and remained as motionless as the rocks. Philo, the hardened Philo, was alone able to speak, and his rage overcoming his fear, he cried, with a furious voice, thou, wretch, art either one of his disciples, or art affrighted by the phantoms of the night. The open sepulchres made thee giddy, and filled thee with the thoughts of death. Fancy represented to thee the dead. The men we

sent live; they would not fall down at his words.

While he yet spake, another messenger entered, and cried, ye priests and fathers, much have we suffered. Before him have we sunk to the earth: for his look was dreadful, and death was in the words of his mouth. But yet we have taken and bound him. He himself held out his hands and suffered us to bind them. We took him trembling, lest we should again hear the powerful, the fatal words. But now he comes along, with silent patience, and has already entered the walls of Jerusalem.

Scarce had he finished, when a third messenger entered, whose look of joy shewed that he brought welcome tidings to the enemies of heaven; grace and spotless virtue. Bowing he spoke, and, in glad accents cried, blessed be you, ye priests of the living God, and ye venerable fathers! may all who rise against you, and all the enemies of the Lord, be destroyed like this Galilean! We are bringing him bound with bonds, which neither his words nor smiling countenance will be able to unloose. All his followers have left him, and he is now near the palace. May God give you his blood!

He had no sooner concluded, than Satan entered the assembly, and with him an infernal joy that fascinated the priests, causing to hover before their eyes the appearance of the streaming blood of the Victim, and the paleness of his approaching death; while their ears were struck with the voice of his torments. they then imagined his lips closed in everlasting silence, while over his bones pas-

sed the feet of the saints. Long did they remain under this delirium : but Jesus not appearing, their fears and rage at length returned. They then sent other messengers, and with them went Philo.

The guard had stopped by the way, and taken Jesus to Annas, one of the chief priests ; for, while the heavy vapours of the night were falling, the hoary priest had left his bed to see the man who, he imagined, had spread confusion through Judea. John followed at a distance. Genial sleep had now fled from his eyes, and melancholy sat on his faded cheek. At length, recollecting that this priest was void of that rancour which corroded the heart of Caiaphas, he suppressed his timorous dejection, and entering the hall, saw his beloved Lord standing as a criminal before Annas, who thus spake :

Thou art to be tried by Caiaphas. If thou art innocent, as the great works thou hast done have spread abroad thy fame, not only the nations of the earth, but the God of Abraham, and his children, will protect thee ! Say then what hast thou taught ? Who were thy disciples ? Didst thou teach the laws of Moses ?—Didst thou—did thy disciples observe them ?

Annas now paused ; he wondered at the prophet-like mein with which Jesus stood before him ! and admired his composed dignity, undebased by pride. The great Emanuel condescended thus to answer. Freely I taught in the synagogues and in the temple ; whither the Jews always resort. Why then askest thou me ? ask them, who heard me.

While he thus spake, Philo rushed in. The assembly was instantly in a tumult. Then an officer, who had the soul of a slave, committed against the gracious Saviour, an action of such mean inhumanity, that it was thought worthy of being foretold by the prophets. Philo, with imperious voice, now cried, away with this seditious fellow, that he may receive sentence of death; on which the guard of the blessed Redeemer again seized him, and unresisted, took him thence.

John no sooner saw the Messiah in Philo's power, than his face became overspread with a mortal paleness; his eyes were dimmed; he trembled, and grief took possession of his heart. At last, with unsteady step, leaving the palace, he beheld, at a distance, the moving torches. I will follow—No—I dare not now follow thee, cried he; yet I intreat thee, O thou best of men; that if God has decreed that they shall be suffered to put thee to death, I who have loved thee, and still love thee, with an affection that exceeds that of a brother, may be permitted to die with thee; that I may not see thee struggling in the agonies of death, nor hear the last—last blessing proceed from thy faltering lips—Is there no delivery? no deliver upon earth?—none in heaven! Do ye too sleep, ye angels, who sang, when his exulting mother brought him forth? Alas! when your hosannas resounded in her ears, little did she think of his terrible death—There is no other deliverer, but thee alone, O God! the deliverer of the living and the dead! O thou Omnipotent father of mankind, have mercy on me, and let him



not die—Let not him die, who is the most holy of all the children of Adam—O thou source of mercy ; give these murderers—these cruel murderers, a heart : fill their souls with the gentle feelings of humanity !—Ah ! I no longer see him ! the moving lights disappear !—Now—now they sentence him to die—May their cruel souls melt, O Jesus, at beholding thy suffering virtue—But who is this roving in the dark—Is it not Peter ? He has, perhaps, heard our dear master condemned to suffer death.—How hastily he walks—Now he stands still—I no longer hear his footsteps.—How silent is this dreadful night—Ah ! this silence is fled.—What tumultuous noise is that ?—Perhaps they are hastily, under the cover of the night, dragging him to death, lest the compassion of the people should deliver him—lest the melting stones, or their weeping swords should see his death ! and that the angels alone may behold his blood—Ah ! have pity—have pity on him—have pity on me ! and, O thou father of mercies, who hast compassion on all thy works, let him not die !

Thus, in broken sentences, intermixed with sighs, he, weeping, gave vent to his thoughts, while he slowly moved to the high priest's palace, and there continued standing without in the dark.

Philo, the furious leader of the brutal troop that guarded Jesus, hasted before them to the council, where they perceived by his triumphant look, his lofty deportment, and flaming eyes, that he who had healed the sick, and raised the dead, was safe in custody, and near



the palace. Before they had time to applaud Philo's active zeal, the Messiah was brought in; and seeing him entering, they trembled with mingled rage and joy. With a serene countenance he ascended the steps, and stood before the judgment seat. All dignity, even the dignity of a mortal prophet, had he now laid aside, and appeared as tranquil as if only viewing the fall of some murmuring stream; or, as if his mind, after being long elevated with the sublimity of divine converse, was now relaxed, while he indulged a short interval of pleasing and familiar contemplations. He retained only some traces of his heaven-born excellence; but these were such as no angel could assume, and none but those celestial spirits fully discover.

Philo and Caiaphas, filled with rancour, had their eyes rivetted to the floor. The seat of judgment gave the latter the privilege of speaking first, and the former, from pride, envy and jealousy, was ready to assume the same privilege: yet both continued silent.

On the side of the palace, where a few lonely lamps presented a dim light, was a circular staircase that led to a gallery in the judgment-hall, where leaning on a marble balustrade, Portia, the wife of Pilate, stood among other women, in the bloom of beauty. Her person alone was young, for her mind was adorned with the wisdom of riper age. In her the fair blossoms blowed, and produced fruit, as in the mother of Gracchi, to enrich the degenerate Romans. Prompted by the desire of seeing the great prophet, Portia had hasted thither,

with a few attendants ; for the ostentation of grandeur, and every idea of superiority, she had laid aside. Eternal Providence had directed her steps ; and while the rancorous hatred of the priests filled her gentle mind with all the vehemence of indignation ; she, with admiration and earnest solicitude, saw him who had raised the dead stand with calm composure, before his persecutors. With different passions was he viewed by Philo, and thus spake the hypocrite :

Bring him nearer, and bind him faster. But before we begin his trial, let us lift up holy hands to God, and praise him, for having at length pronounced his sentence, and his no longer proving us, by keeping silence. Here he lift up his hands, and added ; O Jehovah ! hear the prayer of thy people. Thus may all perish who rise up against thee ! may their name, and the place of their abode be forgotten ! May they never be remembered, except where the bones of the dead lie scattered, and where the hills have drunk the blood of those who rebel against thee ! Yes, we will praise thee ! we will praise thee ! we will encompass thine altars, rejoicing, and Israel shall be a song of triumph ! The sinner shall bleed ! for hitherto Judah hath shut his eyes, and yet did see : hath stopped his ears, and yet did hear : but at length the wild illusion is vanished ; and we behold him bound who pretended to have been before Abraham. Often, indeed, have the people with manly resolution, plucked off the galling shackles of error, and taken up stones to slay the Blasphemer ! Yet again

they suffered themselves to be deceived.—But, O thou Impostor ! this day is the period of their blindness, and of thy deceit ! Tho' the people here present are but few in number, yet among these, many will, at our call, witness against thee. The high priest will summon them forth. Meanwhile I charge thee, and call all Judea to witness the truth of the accusation—I charge thee with blasphemy and sedition. Thou who hast cried in a manner, hast made thyself a God : hast pretended to forgive sins, and to raise the dead : but thy mother and thy kindred shall soon see thee expire. Then awake thyself ! Thou shalt not enjoy such soft slumbers as those thou hast raised. Thou shalt lie down with the slain, whom God has rejected. There sleep—there feel the iron sleep of death, where the revolving sun, and the wandering moon shall drink up corrupted fumes, till death is satiated, and Golgotha becomes white with human bones. Thus—thus mayest thou lie, and if there be a greater, a more horrid curse, streaming with seven-fold imprecations, which midnight hears, and the howling grave join in uttering, may it alight.—Here the bloated lips of the Blasphemer were instantly stiffened, and his distorted visage overspread with the paleness of death. In the moment when he began to denounce his dreadful curses. his conscience, in vain, smote him, for having no fear of the Almighty ; and now an angel of death, invisible to all besides, with a look of terror, stood before him, and thus addressed the hardened sinner :

The curses that proceed from thy mouth, O thou most execrable hypocrite ! shall fall on thyself. The dark, the bloody hour of thy dissolution approaches with rapid wing. Soon will it come, O thou most flagitious hypocrite ! Soon wilt thou suffer a death as dreadful as ever mortal died, without the least mercy, the least token of relenting favour from thy Creator and thy Judge. When midnight surrounds thee, when death walks in the blackest gloom, when the king of terrors has struck the important blow, and thy struggling spirit, filled with horror, takes its flight ; then, in the valley of Benhinon, shalt thou see my face.

Thus spake the angel of death, in whose lowering front were gathered clouds of wrath. From his lofty glaring eye flashed revenge. He stood like a towering rock, and, on his shoulders fell his hair, black as the shades of night. Yet did not the destroyer smite him : but he encompassed him with his terrors, and made the accents of death roar around him. Philo, as much as mortal can, experienced the horrors of the damned ; horrors rushing upon his soul with instantaneous and overwhelming rapidity. He was struck with sad dismay : his strength failed him : he was visibly seized with an universal trembling. Still the terrors of God ran through the very marrow in his bones : but as a worm crushed by the foot of the passenger, curls writhing upwards its convulsed frame, and rears aloft its head : thus, with distorted efforts, he at length, after a long pause, struggling strove to proceed ; but only added, What I, overpowered by the of-

fender's guilt, cover with silence, the issue will unfold. Thou high priest make haste to try him. He ceased, stiffened by fear, unable farther to vent his rage.

A profound silence now reigned throughout the assembly. Portia had examined Jesus, and was struck at the noble serenity of his countenance during the impious the inhuman speech of his inveterate foe ; her eye beamed with pity, her heart beat with redoubled strength, and sublime ideas filled her mind. Her eager looks now ranged over the whole assembly, to see if she could find no generous and noble soul, who, like her, admired the Prophet. But she sought in vain ; goodness of heart was not to be found among a people ripe for destruction, who were soon to see in flaming ruins their boasted temple, where Jehovah now no longer dwelt. One, however, she observed warming himself at a fire in the outer room with the crowd, who with fierce looks seems to reproach him ; when turning pale, he with confusion looked wildly around, and then fixed his eyes on Jesus. Ah ! said she to herself, that is surely the prophet's friend, he wishes his deliverance : he, perhaps seeks to deliver him, and fain would he teach the rude populace to walk in the fair path marked out by this wise man ; like him to live a life of sobriety and the purest virtue ; like him to be the tender friend of the human race, and, without ostentation, to delight in doing good. But they, void of understanding, threaten to drag him also before the priests and elders. This strikes him with terror ; he trembles, and wanting the firmness

of this good prophet, shrinks at the menaces of death. Perhaps the afflicted mother of the much injured Jesus, suffused in tears, besought him to go and save from death the dearest, the best of sons. Oh with what pain, with what agony of grief would this amiable, this blessed mother have been filled, had she been here, and heard the rancorous speech of that odious Pharisee!—But why—Oh why, do I feel this deep concern for this unknown mother? why is my heart filled with these strange emotions for a man whose person I never before have seen, though often have I heard of his virtues? Do I wish to have brought forth one who has so noble a mind, and to have given him as a blessing to the world? O thou mother;—thou happy mother! pride thyself in him, and may thy life flow serene—may thine eye not see him expire—Yet his death will afford an instructive lesson to the world.

Now the high-priest, rising from his seat, cried, though all Judea feels the burthen which the man before us has laid on every shoulder, and the whole world too well knows that he has impiously rebelled against the Great Jehovah, who has displayed his terrors on Mount Moria! that he has rebelled against the priests of the most high God; and against the great Cæsar: though not Caiaphas alone, but all Judea demand that sentence should be passed against him, and that death should strike the blow, yet will we examine witnesses, and hear his defence.—'Tis true, Israel is not now assembled, and most of the witnesses are involved in the shades of night—O ye devout

people who now sleep, soon will ye awake to purer festivals than those in which the traitor joined ; for among the few who are here, witnesses will not be wanting. Let him who works righteousness, and loves his country, stand forth, and declare the truth.

Thus spake Caiaphas. Then came forth witnesses false and corrupt. They had received the hire of iniquity, and Philo, with most industrious care, had busily employed himself in filling their narrow grovelling minds with calumny and the basest malice. One with an inflamed look, leering on the Messiah, cried :

How he profaned the temple we all know : but in no instance did he violate that sacred place with greater impiety, than when he drove away those worthy persons, the dealers in offerings. We were assembled to pray, when coming with fury he turned the sellers of the beasts for the sacrifices, out of the holy portico. What veneration can he have for the Eternal, who was guilty of such violence in his temple, as to drive away the offerings by which God is honoured ?

After him appeared another, who with equal folly and malice, misrepresented the divine zeal of the blessed Jesus : safely adding, that he would have taken possession of the temple, and from thence have fallen on Jerusalem ; but that his followers, who, with repeated shouts, had in the wilderness hailed him king, here proved false, and obliged him to fly.

Then arose ■ Levite, who with ■ contemptuous air, cried, has he not blasphemed the Most High by his enormous pride, in pretend-



ing that he had the power to forgive sins? On the holy sabbath, he connived at his disciples, when they, regardless of the sacred day, plucked ears of standing corn! On the holy sabbath too he restored the withered hand! and yet this profane offender, who thus breaks the commandments which the Most High delivered to Moses on mount Sinai, pretends to forgive sins.

Now spake the fourth. With a contemptuous smile he arose, and in the voice of ridicule, said, I too must give witness: but what need is there, O fathers, of witness against one who, giddy with his vain enterprizes, builds on the most romantic dreams? he has said, and people no wiser than himself stared and wondered. —He has said, I say, that he would destroy the temple, and within three days a new one should arise from the dust, built by himself. This before me, he presumed to utter.

A man whose hair was whitened by time, then disgraced his hoary locks by his puerile sentiments. This sinner, said he, keeps company with publicans. I myself was one of that number, and maintain, that from them he has learnt to despise Moses, and to heal diseases on the sabbath.

Thus they witnessed, while looks of expectation were darted on all sides on Jesus, each impatient to hear his defence. So around the dying Christian, whose mind is filled with rapturous hopes and dawning joys, stands a crowd of base mockers whispering. The animating dream of immortal life will, like himself, soon disappear. Yet still he enjoys the reviving pros-



pect of endless bliss, prays for himself and for them, and smiles at the grave. Thus the expecting crowd gazed on Jesus. But silent was the Prince of Peace. On which Caiaphas, prompted by impetuous rage, cried :

Thou sinner, hearest thou in silence what these witness against thee ? But the Messiah still continued to hold his peace : on which the haughty pontiff, still more exasperated, raising his voice, cried, speak ; I conjure thee by the living God, to answer, whether thou be Christ, the only begotten Son of the Father ? Jesus replied, thou hast said it. Caiaphas now stood up : his eyes flaming destruction. Satan joined in the same look, while Abaddon, the angel of death, who attended Philo, thus indulged his rapid thoughts :

Were he to esteem these murderers worthy of an answer, it would be that of mercy. But the anger of the Most High is kindled, and the wicked and impenitent will be reserved for judgment. The last day will at length arrive. Thou great and terrible day of the Lord, wilt arise in all thy dreadful lustre ; then will I salute thee, thou day of retribution, as the fairest of all the sons of Eternity ; for then the balance of justice shall be held forth, and every man be judged according to his works. I will hail thee, O festive day ! when the righteous shall triumph, and with palms in their hands shall encompass the now persecuted and insulted Messiah ; while these earth-born rebels against the Eternal will be involved in woe, and cast from the presence of the Lord, and the glory of his power. I will there-

fore veil myself, and be silent; but my silence is the forerunner of death and vengeance.

In an instant these thoughts passed through the angel's mind. He then fixed his eyes on Caiaphas, who had condemned the Messiah before he spake. Meanwhile the Saviour lift up his eyes to heaven, and then fixing them on the high-priest's face, cried, I say unto thee, hereafter ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.

Thus shall Jesus open the last day, when he shall come in tremendous glory, descending amidst the songs of angels, and their sounding harps. Here the Saviour opened a sudden view of futurity, and with no less rapidity, from the amazed eye, closed the tremendous scene.

Caiaphas, now impelled by a torrent of rage, observed no measures, but stepping forth impetuous, with death lowring on his brow, rent his garment, and rolling his fiery eyes, called out to the mute assembly, speak, ye have heard his blasphemies! what need have we of farther witnesses? You have heard what he says. Speak; what think ye? Then all cried out, let him die! let him die!—Yes, let him die! rejoined Philo, swelling with rage; I must give vent to the fulness of my heart: Let him die the accursed death of the cross! a sharp and lingering death! Let his mouldering bones receive no sepulchre! Let his corpse putrify in the parching sun! and on the day when God shall call forth the dead, may he continue deaf, and not hear the divine voice. Here

he ceased, and the multitude, in wild confusion, rushed on the holy Jesus.——

O sacred muse of Sion's hill ! lend me the veil with which thou coverest thy face, when singing thy oraisons before the Eternal : that I, like the blessed spirits on high, with humble reverence, may cover mine eyes, adoring. Gabriel and Eloa, now standing apart and unseen, thus discoursed :

O Eloa, how deep are the mysteries of the Most High ! How inscrutable are his ways ! Nothing have I seen that equals the deep humiliation of the Son—of him who shone with such resplendent glory !—of him who, on high, subdued the rebel host !—of him before whom the bodies of the dead, shaken by his creative voice, shall, at his call, awake, and the earth suffer, as in the throws of childbirth, when he, attended by the loud resounding trump, the angels of death, and the falling stars, shall come to judgment.

Behold, cried Eloa, at the formation of this terrestrial globe, he spake, and the light diffused abroad its enlivening rays. A storm, replete with animating life, rushed before him ; and a thousand times a thousand living beings assembled on his right hand. At his command the sun, glowing with invigorating and reviving light, turned on its centre. Then arose the harmony of the spheres ! then he created the visible heavens !

Behold, at his command, replied Gabriel, eternal night fled and skulked at a distance from the wild creation ! Eloa, thou wast by when he stood over the dark abyss : when at his

call appeared an enormous mass inert and deformed: it spread before him like broken suns, or the ruins of an hundred worlds. He bid it glow and then through the regions of death arose the blue sulphurous blaze! Then was torture known; then did the yells of anguish reverberate through the deep profound.

Thus discoursed these great celestial spirits. Meanwhile Portia, unable longer to bear the insults offered to the divine Jesus, went up to the top of the palace; where, having for some time silently indulged her tears, she lift up her watry eyes, and her fair hands towards the lowering sky, and thus gave vent to the painful sensations of her troubled mind. O thou First of beings, who createdst the world from chaos, and gavest to man a heart formed to feel the mild sensations of humanity! whatever be thy name, God! Jupiter! or Jehovah! the God of Romulus, or of Abraham!—O thou Father and Judge of all, may I presume to pour out my lamentations before thee! What offence has this peaceable, this righteous man committed, that he should be inhumanly put to death? Dost thou, with delight look down from high Olympus on suffering virtue? To man indeed it affords an awful admiration, a wonder mixed with terror: but canst thou who has formed the stars, be filled with wonder? No—in thee amazement has no place! More sublime are the sensations of the God of gods! Surely thy divine eyes cannot, without pity, behold the guiltless suffer! nor wilt thou fail to reward him, who, thus calmly resigned, offers up himself a sacrifice to vir-

tue, and to thee ! — for me, compassion flows down my cheeks. But thou, where there is no trembling tear, canst discern the hidden anguish of suffering virtue. O thou Father of gods and men, reward, and behold, if possible, this righteous man with admiration !

As she now stooped over the balustrade, that encompassed the flat roof of the palace, she heard below, mournful accents, that seemed to proceed from a person in despair. These sounds of grief were uttered by Peter. John who had continued standing at the door, hearing Peter's groans, and the plaintive broken accents that burst from him, with tender pity, cried, Ah ! Peter, is he yet living ? Thou weapest !—thou art silent !—John ! returned Peter, leave me—leave me to die alone !—I cannot survive my guilt ! Our gracious Master is lost ! But more lost am I !—O Judas ! Judas ! thou execrable disciple, hast betrayed him !—I too have been false ; before all who have asked me, I, miserable that I am, have denied him ! Fly from me John, and leave me to die in silence. Do thou—do thou also die—Jesus is sentenced to suffer death ; and I like a base, ■ pusilanimous wretch, have publicly, before sinners, denied him !

Thus Peter, in the agony of his grief, confessed his guilt to John, who, struck with surprise and concern, continued silent. The repentant disciple then hasted from him and stood in the dark, by the dew besprinkled corner stone of that spacious building, against which faintly leaning, he sunk down, and de-

clining upon it his drooping head, long wept in silence. But at last in broken sentences, thus expressed the emotions of his agitated mind. O death! let thy hideous form now for ever cease to affright me!—Turn, O Jesus, turn away that tender, that killing look!—Ah! I, ungrateful! have committed the foulest, the blackest deed! I, like a base coward, have denied thee, my Friend! my gracious Master!—thee whom I loved—thee who lovedst me with an affection superior to that of the kindest friend! thee whose godlike virtues, whose benevolence, whose piety, more than thy miracles, render thee all divine! O my groveling timorous soul, what hast thou done?—in the great day of retribution, my dear Lord will disown me!—disown me before his faithful disciples and all the holy angels!—This—this I deserve. Yet, O Jesus, whom I still love! compassionate my anguish, and let me not hear the dreadful words, depart from me, I know thee not!—O horrid—horrid thought! Alas! alas! what have I done? The more I think of my crime, the deeper I feel its envenomed sting! Thus with conscious shame, and deep remorse, shall I languish out my wretched life, and lingering, die!

Here he ceased, and silent indulged his tears. Near him stood Orion, his guardian angel, who with soft pity, and seraphic joy, observed his penitential sorrow. Peter now falling on his bended knees, cast up his tearful eyes toward heaven, and in a low voice, cried, thou awful judge supreme, the Father of men and angels, and of my Lord, thy bles-

sed Son ! Oh pity—pity my distress ! Thou knowest the anguish of this contrite heart ! I have denied—basely denied Jesus, my Lord ! my gracious Master ! and my Friend ! Yet extend thy mercy to me, ungrateful ! Forgive, forgive this soul, so dastardly, and so vile. He will die ! Unworthy am I to die with my dear Lord—But before he bows his head to the grave—before he gives his last blessing to his faithful disciples, may I once more see him cast a gracious look on me, and may his dying eyes cheer me with forgiveness ! To thee, O Jesus ! would I then sue for pardon, and not for a blessing. I would intreat thee to let me hear from thy lips thou forgivest me : for my guilt will not permit me to say, my Lord, hast thou but one blessing, and that confined to these thy righteous, thy faithful disciples !—Then if by my tears, my humble sorrow, my deep contrition, I prevail on thee to let me hear that I have obtained forgiveness, I will go, and before the whole world acknowledge thee as my Lord—While it is thy will, O my adorable Creator, that I should live among men, it shall be my sweetest employment to seek out the good, the pious, the pure of heart, to whom, with incessant grief and tears, will I say, Yes, I knew Jesus, the most holy, the dearest : the best of men, the Son of the Most High God ! Yet was I unworthy to know him !—I was one of his chosen disciples !—He loved us all—he loved me—yet I, unworthy, did not return his love ! for in the hour of his distress, my courage failed, and I no longer loved the most holy of men, the

best, the most divine ! His kind, his generous heart overflowed with benevolence ; he lived for others, and not to himself. He fed the poor : healed the sick : he raised the dead to life. Hence he was hated—hence he was murdered by wretches dead to humanity. I will teach you the words of wisdom that fell from his gracious lips. But first, arise, ye men, and come away, let us go to his grave, and weep !— Ah ! his grave ! how dreadful the thought !— O Jesus, thou divine Jesus ! Where wilt thou rest in peace ?—Where wilt the rage of the cruel leave thee a grave ?

Thus with deep anguish, and humble fervor, Peter deplored his ingratitude to him, whom the sinners of the earth in their words acknowledge, and in their actions deny : but he wept, and obtained the martyr's crown.



THE

M E S S I A H.

BOOK VII.

VOL. I.

U 2

## THE ARGUMENT.

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Eloa welcomes the returning morn with an hymn.

The Messiah is led to Pilate, and accused by Caiaphas and Philo. The dreadful despair and death of Judas. Mary comes, sees her divine Son standing before the Roman governor, and filled with grief, applies to Portia, who comforts her, and tells her dream. The Messiah is sent to Herod, who expecting to see him work a miracle, is disappointed: when Caiaphas, observing his dissatisfaction, accuses Jesus, who, after being treated with derision, is sent back to Pilate. That governor endeavors to save him: but is prevailed on to release Barabbas, and condemn Jesus. He is scourged, arrayed in a purple robe, and crowned with thorns, and in this condition Pilate shews him to the people to excite their compassion, but finding all in vain, he delivers him to the priests, who cause him to be led to crucifixion.

THE

# MESSIAH.

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## BOOK VII.

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**E**LOA now stood amidst the purple blushes of the opening morn, encompassed by the guardians of the earth, and in slow and solemn strains joined his lyre to his melodious voice.

To thee, eternity, is born this awful day—this day of blood! It hastes to appear. It rises in the heavens replete with mercy, and with grace divine. Hail, all gracious Father! who gavest thy son to die for man! and from blackest guilt bringest forth smiling peace and immortality. Hail, Saviour, meek and holy! This awful day shall shew thy love to man, while all the wondering host above, enraptured shall admire thy condescension, and extol thy divine philanthropy and grace. Ye cherubim and seraphim tune your golden harps, and chant His praise, who now will bleed and die, that man may live. Thou now shall bruise the serpent's head, and break the sting of death. From the earth shall angels rise; and quitting their mortal clay, appear in radiant

forms ; while eternal rest shall close the train of thine exalted triumphs.

Hail blessed day, replete with mercy and with grace divine ! Behold the sun now begins to smile with more refulgent lustre on this earthly globe. See how his slanting rays dart along the nether sky ! Hail day of sacred rest, and solemn joy in heaven, in which the seraphs lay their crowns before the eternal throne adoring. Let all the wide creation join to praise the suffering Jesus, and suns and worlds innumerable admire and celebrate his mercy, and his love divine.

Thus sang Eloa, while his sacred hymn resounded through the heavens. Now had the high-priests assembled his creatures in the inner hall, where sitting in council, they conspired against the holy Jesus. There, in deep consultation, they debated on the methods by which they might bring over Pilate to join their bloody purpose ; on the measures to be taken with the multitude ; and on the manner in which the Saviour should die. But the proud Philo despising them too much to attend to their advice, abruptly left the assembly, and sought the Messiah, whom he found sitting with the guard at the declining fire. Before him, with menacing port, and quick step, he walked to and fro : till at length, he fixed his threatening eye, gleaming with revengeful fury, on Jesus : he then stood still : but amidst all the ebullitions of rage he foresaw, with fluttering anxiety, a train of difficulties that opposed his design : these he provided against, by placing before his mind every

expedient which eloquence, the authority of the priests, or any external object might afford : leaving nothing to chance. At length, recollecting that Jesus might be rescued by the furious populace, his heart began to fail ; but checking his fears, and summoning all his courage, he resolved to put him to death, or to perish in the attempt. Then considering that the time for executing his fell purpose was now arrived, his heart again fluttered ; but he soon suppressed the tumult within, and now full of his resolutions, the slight airy web prepared by vain precautions, he returned to the council ; where he instantly cried, with a loud voice, still, fathers do you delay ! Does not the dawn already appear ? Shall he yet live till the evening ?

Roused at Philo's words, the council suddenly broke up ; and the guard rudely laying their hands on the blessed Jesus, they, with a formidable body of the priests, scribes and elders, led him to Pilate. Cold was the breath of the morning ; and the glimmering light of the rising day now unveiled to Jesus the temple, which was only for a few hours to prefigure a nobler sacrifice, than was ever offered on its smoking altars. From that structure he turned his eyes to heaven. He was hurried along, and early as it was, was soon attended by a numerous multitude : for report had not concealed the transactions of the night. Messengers were dispatched to inform Pilate of their coming, and they had scarcely arrived when that governor to his great surprise, beheld all the tribe of Judah appear before him,

only to bring a dubious charge against a single man. Having pressed up the ample staircase, which led to the judgment hall, they stopped in an open gallery before it, called Gabbatha, where Pilate had caused his seat to be placed: for the approaching festival did not permit their entering the court of justice. There, in superb state, sat Pilate on the seat of judgment, who immediately cried, of what does the elders of Israel accuse the prisoner? and—How! added he, interrupting himself, do I see Caiaphas himself here? This he spake aloud, with his eyes fixed more on Jesus than on the assembly. The high-priest then advancing nearer, said, we flatter ourselves, that Pilate hath such an opinion of the fathers of Israel as to be persuaded that they would not have brought this man before him, were he not a criminal. Yes, Pilate, he is a criminal, and his crime greater than has ever been committed since Israel has enjoyed the happiness of being under thy government. With such indignation has his guilt filled the fathers of Judea, that they are unable to represent before thee, in a clear light, the impious opposition this Jesus has made against the laws of our prophet, and the holy temple! or how the sorcerer, by his fascinating speeches, and a thousand pretended miracles, has seduced the people. Long, very long, O Pilate! has he deserved death.—

Here Pilate, interrupting him, cried, then take him and judge him according to your law. Why, O Roman! resumed the high-priest, dost thou mock us? Thou canst not but

know, that it is not lawful for us to put any man to death. Here he paused, vexed that Pilate should oblige them to recollect their lost freedom : but soon continued, thou knowest what submission, what unreserved obedience and unshaken fidelity we have shewn to Tiberius, our sovereign, and the father of his country. This Jesus, whom thou seest before thee, has assembled the people in the wildernesses of Judea, where, by his factious speeches, he hath incited them to shake off their subjection to Cæsar, and to make him king : he pretended to be the person foretold by the prophets as the deliver of Judah. He searched into their inmost thoughts, learnt their sentiments, sympathized in their concerns, and when they were hungry in the desert, supplied them with food. How greatly he has by these means attached them to himself, appears from the manner in which he made his public entry into Jerusalem—but I shall not attempt to describe the odious pomp and rejoicings of that profane day. Thou thyself must have observed them, and have heard the rude acclamations, the hosannas, the frantic exultations of the maddening populace, which doubtless shook even this solid edifice.

At this Pilate only smiled : on which Philo, repressing the heat of his malice, and all the fury of ungoverned rage, calmly began, could I, O thou wise Roman, imagine, that thou wouldst suffer thyself to be deceived by a specious shew of humility, as to believe the proud traitor incapable of forming ambitious schemes of rebellion, I should continue silent. But

thou knowest mankind.—This Jesus, however contemptible he may seem, while bound and a prisoner, made a very different appearance in the deserts of Galilee. I beg, O Pilate! thy patient hearing, while I lay before thee a slight sketch of his projects. First, by the arts already mentioned by the high-priest, he practised on the infatuated multitude. He then proceeded to try how far he could govern them. But how did the trial answer his presumptuous attempt? Confident discourses, eloquence sublime, now indeed lying dormant, and fictitious miracles, gave him success. His projects ripening apace, he moved the multitude to make him king. They flocked about him, and the air resounded with their applause. This he perceived, and the more to inflame their zeal, withdrew from their sight. This succeeded. They went in quest of him, and the rolling stream was swelled by the accession of new currents. At length finding their strength equal to the end proposed, he no longer avoided them; but entered Jerusalem in triumph. Yet, however great was the attachment of the multitude to him, it went not so far as to induce them to compel the fathers of Jerusalem to go out and meet their king. And be assured, O Pilate! that had they dared to make the attempt, there is not a hoary head among all those thou seest before thee, nor any of us who serve at the altar, who would not with joy have bled in the cause of God, and of Cæsar.

The divine Messiah, without shewing the least emotion, remained plunged in profound



meditations. He thought on the sufferings that were to purchase the redemption of men. The most cruel death summoned him to the altar, while those who raged around him were only the sacrificers, and these he scarce observed. Thus the commander, chosen to revenge the injuries done to his country, flies to the bloody battle, without regarding the dust that rises under his feet. Pilate, though a Roman, was filled with amazement at the silence of the Mediator. Thou hearest, said he, the heavy charge that is brought against thee, and yet art silent.—Perhaps thou art unwilling to defend thyself before this tumultuous assembly. Follow me. Jesus then followed the Roman governor into the judgment hall.

Now inquietude and uncertainty seized on the priests, who trembled and turned pale.

Judas, a more abandoned sinner than they, who with guilt of deeper dye, had ungratefully betrayed his divine friend, seeing the approach of that death, to which he found the impatient priests were resolved to lead him, suddenly started up, and hastily rushed out of the assembly, then pressing through the waving multitude, flew to the temple, where Caiaphas, dreading an insurrection, had posted a number of priests. This the traitor knew, and now had entered the sacred structure, where reigned an awful silence. At the sight of the veil, hanging before the holy of holies, he hastily turned aside; he was seized with a sudden tremor: paleness sat on his cheek, guilt and horror on his brow. Then going with frantic gesture up to the priests, he cried

aloud, take back your silver. I have sinned in betraying the blood of the innocent, which, wretch that I am, now falls on my head ! He then throws the money at their feet, and rolling his eyes in wild despair, rushes out of the temple, and out of Jerusalem, flying from the sight of man. He stops, and looks around. He runs. Again he stands still. Again he flies. Then hastily casts his eyes about to see whether he be observed by mortal eye. At length no human being appears in sight, and the noise of the city dies on his ear.

Judas then clenching his hands, and stamping, cried, oh, how my guilt stares me in the face, and tears this obdurate, this black, this cruel heart ! I cannot—I must not bear it ! This nameless agony will not—no, it will not, after death, be more dreadful ! O horror most horrible ! O rage—rage, too long am I in thy power ! When these eyes are closed—these ears are deaf—I shall not see him stretched on the cross ! I shall not see his trickling blood ! nor hear his faltering voice ! But he who spoke on Horeb said, thou shalt do no murder !—He did ; but I have no God ! Thou despair shalt be my God ! Thou commandest me to die !—I will obey—I will die !—Ah ! why do I tremble ! why feel this inward conflict ? Why, O my soul, dost thou shudder at the dreadful deed ? Nature rises against it ! It starts back from destruction ! Wouldst thou live—live branded as the most treacherous—most ungrateful—most accursed !—Have I not betrayed—nay, murdered the holy Jesus—once my friend ? For this the grave opens wide

its gaping jaws—and hell!—O horror—horror inexpressible!—sure hell cannot be worse! I will know the worst. Die!—wretch die!—kill also the soul, which would carry its wretchedness beyond the grave.—Thought, thou art my torment, my curse!—I would kill thought!—Thou thinking principle, so wretched, and that yet shudders at this dread deed of black despair, to thee I wish destruction! Thus, with wandering look he spake, and then with fury cursed, and raged against the Eternal.

Ethuriel and Obaddon, the angel of death, had followed his steps. They saw him stop under a spreading tree, and perceived on his countenance the hideous traces of despair, when Ethuriel, with precipitate voice, said to Obaddon, behold he is going to die by his own hand! I, who have been his angel, was willing once more to see him; but I abandon him to thee, and to the dread effects of his rash despair. Yes, I was once his guardian, but thou angel of death seize thy victim, I veil myself, and fly from this scene of horror and turn away my eyes.—Then Obaddon, rising to the summit of an adjacent hill, stretched towards heaven his right hand, in which he held a flaming sword, and uttered the solemn words pronounced by the angels of death, when man, filling up the measure of his guilt, impiously deserts the post allotted him by the great Creator, and flying in the face of sovereign mercy, which ever smiles on true repentance, murders himself.

O death, I conjure thee, by the awful name of the great Omnipotent, to make this man thy prey ! His blood be upon himself. Behold thou, to thee, extinguishest the sun. Life and death lie before thee : but thou, wretched mortal, shortenest the time appointed thee by sovereign wisdom, and choosest death. Withdraw thy light, O sun ! and on him come the agonies of expiring nature ! O grave, open wide thy tremendous jaws ! and seize him, O corruption ! His blood be upon himself.

Judas heard the voice of the immortal. Thus, at midnight, the wandering traveller, in a lonely forest, listens to the distant storm which howls in the mountains, and tears up the cloud-topped cedars on their lofty summits. Filled with all the phrenzy of despair, he answered, too well I know that voice : it is the dying voice of Jesus ! Thou demandest my blood !—Thou shalt be satisfied. Thus crying, with look wild and furious, he leapt from the crag of a shelving rock, and was suspended in the air. Obaddon himself was astonished, and started back. The amazed struggling soul, ere the breaking of his convulsed heart, thrice shook his whole frame ; and at the fourth, the stretching cord, by which he hung, broke : he fell on the craggy rock, and death drove his frantic spirit from its searthy mansion. It arose upwards. Volatile spirits followed from the squalid corpse, and, swifter than thought, gathered round it, and became an ærial body, that, with clearer eyes, the soul might behold the dreadful abyss, and with finer and more terrified ear, distinguish

the thunders of the awful Judge rolling on high : but it was a body odious to the sight, weak, and only sensible of pain. Soon had the soul recovered from this stupor of death. It began to think, and said, am I again sensible?—What am I now ! How light I raise myself on high in the air ! Are these bones ? No, they are not—but yet I have a body ! How mysterious !—Who am I ?—Dreadful are my perceptions !—I feel myself miserable !—Am I Judas, who died by his own hands ?—Where am I ?—Who is he on the hill—that bright figure, who casts a dreadful look towards me ?—Oh that mine eyes had remained closed in darkness !—but they see more clearly !—more clearly still ! ah, how dreadfully clear !—Let me be gone ! O horror ! horror ! it is the judge of the earth !—I cannot escape—and that is my frightful corpse ! O that I could enter it again !

Now the guilty spirit, amazed and confounded, sunk to the ground. Arise called Obaddon from the hill, sink not down to the earth. I am not the judge of the world ; but Obaddon, the angel of death, one of his messengers. Hear thy sentence. This is the first, and worse is that which will follow.

To death everlasting art thou adjudged ! Thou hast betrayed thy Lord, the gracious Messiah ! Thou hast rebelled against the omnipotent Jehovah ! and hast murdered thyself ! Therefore he who holds the scales in his right hand, and in his left death, hath said, the terrors that shall gather round the head of the traitor are beyond measure ; beyond the reach

of numbers. First shew him the bleeding Redeemer fixed on the cross. Then at a distance let him see the bright mansions of everlasting felicity, and then convey him to the gloomy regions of eternal night !

Thus the angel announced the sentence. On which the trembling ghost, now rendered by its terrors still blacker and more horrible, followed Obaddon at a distance.

In the mean time Jesus was in the judgment hall with Pilate, who said, art thou the king of the Jews ? The Saviour looking on the Roman with a placid gravity, answered, if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight : but my kingdom is not on earth. How then, returned Pilate, canst thou be a king ? I am, said Jesus. I came down to earth, and was born to lead mankind to the truth. They that are of the truth listen to my voice.

Here Pilate changed the discourse, and with the air of a politician, willing to elude the decision of an affair which he thinks beneath his farther enquiry, said with a smile, what is truth ? Then returned with Jesus to the multitude, and addressing himself to the priests, said, I cannot find that he is guilty of any crime : much less that he is worthy of death. It does not appear to me, that he has really engaged in any seditious practices : but as ye have mentioned Galilee as the principal scene of his rebellion, I will send him to Herod, who is now in Jerusalem, and let him, if he pleases, punish him. The affair seems to relate to something in your law, of which Herod is a better judge than I.

After a sleepless night, the mother of the most amiable of the sons of men, came to Jerusalem with the first appearance of the dawn, and hasted to the temple in search of her divine Son; but not finding him, stood depressed by anxiety and grief, till a hoarse murmur from the governor's palace reached her ears. She then moved towards the sound without any idea of the cause from which it arose, and mingled with the crowds which from every part of Jerusalem were flocking to the judgment seat. Melancholy, but entirely at ease with respect to the cause of the tumult, she drew near to the solemn place, when she observed Lebbeus, who no sooner met her eye, than he hastily withdrew. Ah, cried she to herself, he shuns me! Why does he turn aside! This thought drew the sword which the divine providence had ordained, should pierce through her soul. Mary then entering the place called Gabbatha, and raising her head, saw Jesus. Her angel, on beholding the paleness of death overspread her face, and the tender anguish that appeared in her eyes, turned aside. Yet she, though her sight grew dim, and her ears seemed stunned, went forward, and trembling, proceeded towards the judgment-seat, where she at once saw her son, his powerful accusers, with the Roman governor sitting in judgment, and heard the voices of the multitude clamourously demanding his death. What could she do? To whose mercy could she have recourse? She looked around and saw no pity. She raised her eyes to heaven, but from thence received no relief. In this extremity her bleeding heart in silent fervor, thus offered up its



petitions to Him who perfectly knows every idea of the human mind.

O thou who causedst the miraculous birth of this my dear Son to be made known to me by an angel, before I had, by thy power, conceived : who in Bethlehem's vale gave him to me, that I might rejoice with a mother's joy in concert with those with whom never mother rejoiced ; with a joy which the angelic hosts themselves in their hymns at his birth, did not fully express : Oh let me not see the wicked prevail against him ! Thou who graciously lent an ear to the supplications of the mother of Samuel, when at thine altar, she mingled her petitions with her tears, hear my sighs, and pity the distress of my soul. O God most merciful ! consider the anguish of my heart. Thou gavest me the tenderness of a mother ? thou gavest me the best of sons—Of all human beings the best. O thou who createdst the heavens, and hast directed the sons and daughters of affliction to fly to thee for relief, if my petition be agreeable to thy divine will, suffer not these cruel men to put to death my son, the holy Jesus.

Here her distress grew too great to permit her even to give vent to her thoughts. Meanwhile the stream of the impetuous multitude drove her aside out of his view. With much difficulty she now made way through the crowd ; she stood still : then pressed forward, seeking for his disciples ; but not finding them, she veiled herself, and freely indulged her tears. At length, lifting up her eyes, she saw herself close by the other side of the Roman palace : then sighing, she said to herself, perhaps some



humane, some tender mind may dwell in this riotous house : perhaps a mother, who is not above sympathizing in a mother's grief. Oh that this were but the case !—Many mothers report of thee, O Portia ! that thou hast a benevolent heart.—O ye angels, who at the manger sang the nativity of my son ! may she pity my distress !

Mary instantly ascended the marble steps, took off her veil and entered the empty, silent rooms. Soon she saw a graceful Roman lady, issue forth from a distant chamber, on the side next the hall of judgment, who, beholding Mary stood surprised, while her limbs appeared to tremble under her loose robe. The mother of Jesus, though her countenance was clouded by grief, in all her gestures shewed a dignity that was admired even by the angels : for true dignity is best understood by the celestial spirits ; and now, with a graceful humility, she approached the fair Roman, who instantly cried, say—Oh say, who art thou ? for never have I beheld such noble sorrow.

Mary now interrupting her, said, if thou feel'st in thine heart the compassion that sits on thy countenance, lead me—O lead me to the amiable, the humane Portia. The lovely Roman matron, now still more amazed, answered with softest voice, I am Portia. Thou Portia ! returned Mary, filled with an agreeable surprise. On seeing thee a secret wish arose in my mind, that Portia was such as thou appearest. And art thou indeed that Roman lady ? But thou canst know little of the grief felt by a mother belonging to a people whom thou hatest, yet the women of Israel ex-

tol thy gentleness and humanity. I am the mother of him whom Pilate is now judging, whom cruel men have unjustly accused, though he has committed no effence; for he is holy, and his life irreproachable.

Portia stood viewing her with rapturous admiration; while her mind, rising above the dejections of compassion, she at first seemed lost in amazement. At length she cried, and is he thy son, and thou the most blessed of women? Art thou the mother of the divine Jesus? Art thou Mary? Then turning from her, she, with audible voice, thus lift up her thoughts, and her eyes to heaven!

O ye Gods! she is his mother! upon you, ye nobler, ye better Gods I call, who have been revealed to me in a dream—a dream filled with important realities. O thou Supreme! Jupiter is not thy name, nor Apollo; but whatever thou art called, thou hast sent to me the mother of the greatest, the wisest, the best of men! if indeed he be a man: sent her a suppliant to me!—Oh let her not offer her supplications to me! but rather let her lead me to her exalted son, that he may deliver me from darkness and doubt! that by casting upon me a distant look, he may unfold the knowledge of the Most High God, and the wonderous mysteries I long to know.

Portia again turned herself towards Mary, who with an affectionate look, met the Roman matron's eye, and then cried: how art thou moved!—Doth Portia pity me?—Oh then am I happy—then am I indeed a most happy mother! No mother ever loved a son with a love like mine. But, O fair Roman! let me conjure thee

by thy heart so full of compassion, not to implore thy gods. It is thou thyself must help my Son; they have no power to help him: nor canst thou, if the Most High hast decreed that he shall die. Yet if Pilate keeps his hands unstained with the blood of the innocent, with more confidence will he appear before the judgment seat of God.

Portia earnestly fixing her eyes on Mary, thus, with gentle voice, replied: oh I scarcely know what I say, or what emotions swell my heart! but, let this be thy consolation, I will strive to help thee—thee whom my soul loveth. Know too, O Mary! that I do not, as thou supposest, call on those Gods. A holy dream, from which I am but just risen, has taught me better Gods, and to them have I prayed—A celestial, a terrible dream, the like of which hath never before been presented to my imagination.—I would have helped thee, Mary, even though I had not the happiness of seeing thee: for the vision that appeared before me, had already, with a powerful voice, spoke in thy behalf: but the end of it was dreadful and mysterious. At my awaking, strong were the impressions it had made upon my mind, and I was hasting to see the mighty prisoner, when, behold, the gods sent me his mother!

Here she beckoned to a female slave, who stood at a respectful distance in the passage; for on leaving her apartment, she had given orders that a slave should be sent to attend her. She was now come, and Portia, addressing herself to her, said, go to Pilate, and let him know from me, that he who is now before him is a

divine person, that therefore I entreat him not to condemn the righteous. For this morning it was the will of the gods, that a vision in his behalf should trouble me while I slept. Then turning to Mary, she added, cease now, thou tender mother, to dwell on thy sorrows. I will lead thee into my garden : we will walk among the flowers opening to the morning sun : where we shall be free from this alarming noise, and there I will relate to thee my instructive dream.

Portia was now silent, and Mary, unable to express her gratitude and joy, made no reply. They walked down into the garden, while the noble pagan was wrapt in amazement, and in reflections which had never before employed the faculties of her mind. Her angel had infused the dream, and from the strong and warm sensations with which she was affected, now awaked new thoughts, that with the greatest certainty and force, he might touch the finest strings of her heart : but at length, rousing herself from these contemplations, she thus addressed herself to Mary.

Socrates—thou indeed knowest him not ; but my mind exults at his very name ; for the noblest life that ever man lived, he crowned with a dignity in death, that did honour to such a life. That eminent sage, has always been the object of my highest admiration. Him I saw in a dream : for he gave me to know his immortal name. I, Socrates, said he, whom thou admirest, am come to thee from the regions beyond the grave. Cease to place thine admiration on me. The Deity is not what we thought him. I in the shades of rigid wisdom,

and thou at the altars, have gone astray. To reveal to thee the wonders of the Most High would exceed my commission. I only lead thee to the first step of the outer court of his temple. Perhaps, in these wonderful days, in which the greatest and most important event is seen on earth, a better and more exalted spirit may come, and lead thee farther in the way of truth and holiness. But thus much I may declare to thee, and this knowledge thou has procured by thy singular goodness. Socrates no longer suffers from the cruelty of the wicked. There is no Elysium, no infernal judges, no Tartarus. These are only weak and chimerical fictions, the offspring of ignorance and error. Another Judge judges beyond the grave, whose wisdom comprehends all knowledge, whose justice is impartial, whose power is boundless, and whose goodness is infinite. Other suns shine than the fabulous luminaries of Elysium, and the felicity of the blest is pure, ineffable, eternal. But all actions are numbered, weighed, and measured, how then must the highest apparent virtues sink in real value ! how is the boasted worth of the hypocrite scattered like dust before the whirlwind ! The sincere are rewarded : their involuntary errors receive forgiveness. Thus I, on account of the sincerity of my heart, have obtained grace, and am happy. On earth I loved virtue ; here I drink full draughts from its pure celestial spring. O Portia ! Portia ! how different is the state on the other side the tomb, from what we have imagined. Your formidable Rome, is no more

than a large assemblage of busy ants, and one sympathising virtuous tear is of more value than a world. Oh deserve to shed such tears ! The celestial spirits are now solemnising a mystery which has not been unfolded to me, and which I, wrapt in wonder and surprise, can only admire at an awful distance. The greatest of mankind, if I may presume to call him a man, suffers, more than the sufferings of a mortal, and paying the lowest obedience to the Most High God, perfects all virtue. He suffers for the human race. Behold, thine eyes have seen him. Pilate now sits in judgment on thy Redeemer : but should his blood be shed, louder will it cry, than any innocent blood ever spilt.

Here the venerable phantom paused, and then crying, Observe ! instantly vanished. I looked around me, and, behold, a black cloud soon covered all the azure sky with darkness, and descending, hovered over the graves, which trembling, opened. Over one of them the cloud separated, forming a lucid chasm, through which ascended a man stained with blood, followed by the eyes of multitudes dispersed on the graves, who looked upwards with stretched out arms, as if longing to follow him, till he ascended above the clouds, which soon dispersed. After this I looked, and behold many bled and died for him who had ascended on high. The earth drank their blood, and trembled. I saw the sufferers die ; nobly did they suffer, and better were they than the men among whom we live. Now arose a tempest : dreadful it marched along,

spreading a thick gloom over all nature. Terrified I awoke.—Here she abruptly paused. Thus the mind, trembling, starts back from a train of thoughts, on finding that the last verges too near on the awful depths of providence.

Mary, now filled with new sensations, lift up her eyes to heaven; and then casting an affectionate look on the fair virtuous Roman, thus answered, what shall I say to thee, O Portia? I do not comprehend all the sublime truths contained in thine amazing vision. But how much do I honour thee, O thou favored of heaven! Spirits of an higher order will come, and lead thee into the sanctuary of God. Silent as I am, when with pleasure and admiration I listen to thy discourse, permit me now to say, that he who created the revolving heavens, with as much ease as these blooming flowers, is the true and only God. It is he who has given to the human race a life of labour, of fleeting joys and transient sorrows, that we may not forget the value of our immortal souls, nor cease to remember that immortality dwells beyond the grave. He is called Jehovah, the Creator, the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and the Lord of lords. He was the God of Adam, the first of men; the God of Abraham our father. The worship we pay him, whatever the proud may say, the pious among us acknowledge to be involved in obscurity. Yet it was prescribed by the Eternal himself, who can and will remove the veil. He is now removing it. Jesus the great Prophet, the worker of mighty miracles, the messenger of the Most



High God, whom with inexpressible joy, reverence and astonishment, I call my son, came to remove the veil. That I was to bear him, that his name was to be Jesus, that he is to redeem mankind, were revealed to me by an immortal being, one of those spirits whom we call angels; but though they are, like us created, the deities of the Greeks and formidable Romans, did they really exist, would be but as mere mortals, compared with these exalted beings. When I brought forth the wonderful child, though mean was the place, an host of those bright immortals celebrated his nativity, with hymns of joy and triumph.

Portia now overcome by her amazement, lift up her joined hands and eyes towards heaven, and sinking down on her knees, prayed. She strove to pronounce the word Jehovah: but feeling a secret awe, which would not suffer her yet to presume to mention the tremendous name, she arose, and giving Mary a look of sympathetic sorrow, cried, he shall not die.

Ah he will—he will! returned Mary. Long has this thought clouded my life with grief and melancholy. For he himself, O Portia! has said it. He is resolved to lay down his precious life: this appears to me, and his pious disciples, most mysterious.—Ah now my wounded heart bleeds afresh! Thy divine vision begins to open upon my mind.—May God—the God of Abraham bless thee!—but Oh turn from me thy weeping eyes!—In vain do thy tears, O Portia, speak comfort to my soul!—he is determined to die!—to die!



Here her voice failed her. Long they stood without being able to lift their eyes to each other, weeping in silence. At length, as the dying saint casts a look at her friend, the amiable, the disconsolate mother, lift up her head, and cast her swimming eyes on Portia, who with answering look of tender sympathy, took her by the hand and said, O thou best of mothers ! thou most honourable among women ! I will go with thee—I will mourn with thee at the sepulchre of the dead !

While they thus interchanged cordial discourse, the high priest, attended by the multitude, hurried the great Messiah to Herod, whose stately palace already rang with the cry, that Pilate was sending thither Jesus of Galilee, who had performed such mighty miracles. —That prince hastily assembled his courtiers ; and being seated, thus addressed them : This day will instruct us in the truth, or free us from error. You have all heard what fame has published of Jesus of Nazareth, of his healing the sick with a word, and, with a word, raising the dead ! Yet he could not save himself from bonds, and is at last in our hands ! What an unexpected event !—Here he ceased, dissembling the satisfaction that lurked in his proud obdurate heart. The greatest of all prophets, said he to himself, is going to appear before me as a vile criminal, and I shall see him tremble at my feet. I shall be his judge. I will order him to perform a miracle. Should he comply, I shall have the pleasure of seeing it, and the honour of its being done at my command ; and should he not, yet still will plead before me

this celebrated prophet, before whom Israel has strewed palms, and sung hosannas.

Herod's indulgence of these vain contemplations was interrupted by the priests, who, with loud and hasty steps, entered the hall. The benovolent Jesus was still at a distance among the multitude, who pressed around him, endeavouring to see him : some stormed, others raged : Some, uttering curses, reproached him, and others wept. The great Messiah walked amidst the tumult with silent resignation, filled with ideas too sublime for the narrow powers of a mere human mind to conceive. He looked forward, to the state of his pious followers after his decease, when the comforter should pour raptures into their transported souls, and enlightening their understanding, lead them into all truth. Many of these, his faithful friends, were among the multitude, pressing towards him, to obtain his last blessing, while the crowding populace drove them back. Often did they renew their efforts ; but they renewed them in vain. Amidst these were the disciples ; Peter, with heavy heart and languid eye, that in silent language spake his grief. John, and Lebbeus, were also there, with Nathaniel, and many of the seventy followers of the Lord. Among the crowd were also several of the female friends of Christ : Mary Magdalene, with Mary, the mother of the sons of Zebedee ; but not the sister of Lazarus ; she lay at the point of death. The first of these fair disciples was unable to repress the ardour of her soul ; for seeing by her one whose eyes the divine Jesus had opened filled with devout

fervor, she cried aloud. oh, if thou still rememberest the hour when he gave thee to behold the glorious light of the sun, and all the blaze of day, help me—Oh help me!—convey me through this maddening crowd, that my eyes may once more see my Lord—that I may once more receive his last blessing!—Oh they will kill him!—they, cruel men, will murder my Lord! but in vain were her entreaties, in vain did the grateful man endeavour to assist her. Meanwhile Peter, dispirited by the anguish of his mind, at length desisted from all attempts to advance nearer to his gracious Master: but John ascending an eminence, obtained a distant sight of the blessed Saviour; and then, lifting up his eyes to heaven, gave vent to his full heart in silent prayer. Meanwhile Lebbeus, addressing himself to the other Mary, who, overpowered with grief, covered her face, said, O thou mother of the sons of Zebedee! happy parent! look up to heaven, look up with comfort! how great is her grief who bore the spotless, the righteous, the divine Jesus! Wherever I turn my eyes, methinks she appears before me! I feel, I feel her sorrows! I sympathize in the tender, the painful emotions of her melting soul—of her bursting heart! Pity, oh pity me, ye angels of death! shorten her sorrows, and that she may not see her only son expire, oh remove her to the world of peace and joy!

At length the future Judge of the world entered Herod's palace, and was led before that prince; who, on his seeing him, was struck with amazement: amidst all the swellings of

pride, he was astonished at beholding such dignity, such sedate composure. For some time he sat viewing him with a penetrating look, till his pride suppressing his amazement, he thus spake :

Thou Prophet, the fame of thy miracles has spread over the whole country, and has reached even my ears. Yet the voice of fame, seldom representing things as they really are, generally says too much or too little. Shew me then what I am to think of the miracles she, perhaps, has too sparingly attributed to thee. Not that I doubt of thy having performed them : I would only see them performed, that I too may admire them. For as thou wert before Abraham, so thou art greater than Moses, and all the succeeding prophets. Thou oughtest then, to exalt thyself above them by thy superior miracles. That thou mayest not hesitate in thy choice, I have selected some, all of a sublime nature, and worthy of thee. Yonder rises Moriah ; above which thou seest the roof of the temple, and its lofty glittering pinnacles ; do thou say, bow, ye pinnacles, and do homage to the prophet. Within the temple lie the remains of David, how would that holy king rejoice at the sight of Jerusalem ! with what amazement should we be filled at seeing him ! Call, therefore, O Prophet ! to the bones of the king, that he may fly from the dark and lonely tomb, and appear alive among us. But thou art silent. If neither of these please thee, speak to the waters of Jordan, saying, arise, O Jordan ! turn thy limpid stream, flow round Jerusalem ; defend her

splendid towers, and then roll back thy waters to Genazareth. Or command Sion to rise nearer to heaven, or to place its lofty summit on the top of Olivet, that the people may, with amazement, behold its far projecting shade. Thus spake Herod, without knowing to whom he directed his discourse. He knew not that both the aspiring mountain, and the proud tyrant of conquered nations, when compared with the humble, the divine Jesus, were no more than elevated dust.

Herod now once more exclaimed, what art thou still silent? the Messiah then beheld him with a look of awful dignity: which he mistaking for contempt, arose full of wrath. When Caiaphas observing his passion, seized the favourable moment, and leering on the Messiah, with malignant sneer, thus spake:

Thou thyself, great Herod, seest what kind of man this prophet is. Behold, when thou demandest a miracle, he is silent! Can he perform miracles? The vulgar imagine that he can, and we have some weak men among the elders, who are of the same opinion. Can he who, though often admonished, has had the insolence to oppose the covenant, and the law of Moses, be sent of God, and endued by the great Jehovah with the power of working miracles? But his profanation of the covenant delivered on Sinai, when involved in smoke, amidst the terrors of God, the summoning tempest, and the sound of the trumpet, Caiaphas might avenge. But, Herod it belongs to thee to punish a rebel who has pretended to be a king, and gathering all Judea around him, has made his triumphant

entry into Jerusalem. The people strewed his path with the branches of the palm : they spread their apparel on the ground, crying, hosanna to the son of David, hosanna to the king of Israel, hosanna to him who comes in the name of the Lord ; strew palms ; pour forth your hosannas ; let hosannas resound through the highest heavens. Sion echoed back these seditious acclamations, and the portico on Moriah reverberated the sound. I, therefore, conjure thee by the ashes of the holy David ; and by the sacred remains of thy father Herod the Great, to punish these impious profanations.

Philo now smiled on Caiaphas, though he was the object of his hatred ; while Herod, with bitter mockery, ordered a white robe to be put upon Jesus, like those worn by the Romans when candidates for an office. Pilate, added he, has judged rightly, and knowing his high merit, will inaugurate him as king, by adding to his hosannas and his palms, the purple and the crown.

Herod spoke and withdrew. The guards of the prince then put a white garment on the holy Jesus, and having insulted him by their cruel mockery, he was sent back to Pilate. The multitude being now greatly increased, by the vast resort of people who came to celebrate the feast of the passover, Jesus was accompanied by an innumerable crowd, and every part of the city was thronged by a wild concourse. This Philo undaunted sees, just as a pilot on observing the approaching waves, rejoices in his skill, and in the buoyance of the

supporting flood. Though he knows that the people are still divided, and that many thousands are warmly attached to Jesus, he remains unmoved. He assembles about him the Pharisees, hastily gives the word, and they as readily disperse themselves among the yielding crowd. Thus from the cup of a mortal foe poison flows, and every drop is death. The Pharisees haste to inflame the multitude, and the many-tongued orators emulate his rancour, his eloquence, and specious blandishments; each according to his different disposition venting exclamations, reproaches or curses. Thus from different mouths resounded.

Think ye, that he has performed miracles? Herod has asked for a miracle; but has asked in vain. Ye saw how mute he stood.—Accursed be he who vilifies our father Abraham. Accursed be he whose life has been a profanation of the law!—Behold his accusers are the priests of the Most High God!—Has Jehovah sent to us one whom he abandons? He has abandoned him—ye see him in bonds.—The heathens in his trial are too mild, too merciful.—Men and brethren, ye are the holy people! for you shines the temple! for you the altars blaze! for you the flame of the offerings on the high altar rises up to heaven! To you the dust of the prophets, to you the holy ashes of Abraham, call for revenge! Come then and revenge the greatest of our fathers. By such exclamations, the Pharisees drew thousands to their side. Few stood neuter and suspended in doubt: Yet still some continued virtuous and faithful:

These were thinly scattered amidst the multitude. Thus when a wild hurricane has laid waste the forest that cover the extended summits of the mountains, still stand a few solitary cedars that have resisted its fury.

In the mean while Pilate, in order to save Jesus, had caused a prisoner, who, before his being apprehended, had been the terror of the country, to be privately brought into the judgment hall, and the priests and people were no sooner returned than he was exposed to their view on an eminence in the open gallery, called Gabbatha. His glaring eyes rolled : he bit his lips, and held his panting breath. Rage, not remorse, bowed his bushy head ; and shaking his naked nervous arm, he rattled his chains. On the right hand of this fell murderer, Pilate placed the divine Redeemer. The assassin viewed him clothed in a white robe, when the idea that Jesus, or himself was to be immediately led to death, struck him like a fiery dart, and with anxious solicitude agitated his big swelling heart.

Now Pilate, pointing to the benevolent Jesus, said, ye brought this man to me, for seducing the people from their allegiance to Cæsar. I have heard him, but do not find that he is guilty of the charge ; neither does Herod. I cannot therefore consent to his death. But as on your festival, I am to deliver to you a prisoner, I will order him to be scourged, and then release him. Here he paused, but observing, that with dissatisfied looks they continued silent, he resumed. But ye hear not reason—Tell me, which shall I deliver to you, this



Barabbas, a robber and a murderer, or Jesus, whom ye call the king of the Jews?

In the mean time Portia's messenger came to him, and said, the man whom thou judgest is a divine person : Portia therefore entreats thee not to condemn the righteous ; for this morning it was the will of the gods, that, on his behalf, she should suffer many things in a dream. Philo was now alarmed especially when his emissaries coming in, let him know, that many of the people declared for Jesus. Suddenly were heard from afar the melancholy cries of those who had been deaf, lame, blind, and even dead, calling Jesus the holy, the benevolent, the divine friend of mankind ; but the raging murmurs of the nearer crowd, stifled the sound of their exclamations and complaints ; as the cries of an helpless child, in the midst of the forest, are drowned by the bellowing storm : or as the wise instructions of the sage, are lost before the repetition of the sounding exploits of the great. Philo was sensible of the danger of having his malevolent views rendered abortive. He knew Pilate's design in placing the murderer with the prophet, in the view of the people : but relying on his popularity, he, with an indignant air, left the Roman, proud of the chains, which, by his oratory, he could throw on the minds of the people, and stepped forth, while Pilate, with mingled contempt and anger, observed him from the seat of judgment.

Philo made a sign to the people, and they were silent before him : he then with ardent look said : with but few words, ye men of Is-

rael, can I this day address you. Ye know me. I hate the despiser of Moses. I curse him, who, whatever his soothing lips may pretend, curses Moses by his life. From this disposition ; from my zeal for our great prophet, I now come to lay before you felicity and destruction. Choose, ye Israelites, choose whether Barabbas shall be saved, or Jesus. Barabbas, we all know, is a murderer. Pilate also knows it, and did he not aim at inspiring you with a misplaced compassion, he would not have raised up him as a competitor for your favour with this Jesus, who would fascinate our minds with the specious semblance of innocence. But I shall not presume to penetrate into Pilate's designs. We are a conquered people, and it becomes us to be silent ; but Philo cannot conceal from you, ye Israelites, that ye stand on the brink of ruin, and, with grief, with anguish of heart I speak it, ye are, perhaps, inclined to choose destruction. Yet the descendants of such great, such holy ancestors, shall not thus sink into perdition. This Jesus—this man of cruelty knows, that when he had filled up the measure of his seditions, the Romans would come and extirpate us. Thousands stood around him when he talked of the seige of this city, of the sinking state, of the temple of God being levelled with the dust. So blinded were ye, that ye were filled with admiration. But he had no mercy on you. He foresees the miseries of Jerusalem : he knows that he, and he alone, is the cause of her approaching anguish, yet persists in his rebellious practices. He sees

the smoke of the burning temple, which sinks on Moria, never more to rise. He sees the altar for burnt offerings thrown down. He beholds the stately Jerusalem weeping ! she who sat as a queen among the cities, covered with ashes—bereaved of her children—alas ! they lie unburied ! they lie exposed in the eye of day, turning to putrefaction ! while the young, whom torturing anguish and devouring grief have spared, are seized by the furious warrior, and their tender bones dashed against the ruins of this their native city !—Alas ! no father sees them !—their fathers died in the field of battle ! no mother weeps over them ! the mothers had long been consumed by emaciating grief ! All this he sees—he sees void of pity, insensible to mercy !

He had no sooner ended, than the other priests shouted their assent, as a signal to the people. But little want was there of such dreadful, such malignant representations, to raise a tumult in their hearts, which their own vices had already implanted there.

Pilate who had sat lost in thought, now again cried, which of these two shall I deliver up to you ? Immediately Barabbas ! was resounded from every side, with such fury, that the angels who encompassed Jesus, trembling, turned aside their faces ; and Barabbas ! Barabbas ! was still the cry. At length, Pilate's amazement being suppressed by his indignation, he cried, what then shall I do with Jesus, your king ? At this, stamping with fury, they bellowed out, crucify him ! crucify him ! The Roman once more endeavouring to calm their

rage, added, but what is his crime? He has done nothing worthy of death. At this their fury burst out with a more violent flame, which being still blowed up by the voices of the enraged priests, the people, stammering, pale, and grinding their teeth, cried, with vengeful looks, crucify him! crucify him! Sion, and the forsaken temple on Moria resounded with the noise, whilst their feet filled the air with a cloud of dust.

Pilate seeing that all his endeavours to save Jesus were in vain, with a weakness unworthy of a Roman, passed sentence upon him whom he had declared innocent. Struck with fear, he had before left the judgment seat, but now ascending it again, a slave, by his command, brought him water in a vessel of Corinthian brass, when making a sign to the people, they, with a mixture of perplexity and wonder, stood looking at him in silence. The slave pouring the water on his hands, he solemnly washed them before the multitude. At this instant the angel, which in ancient times passed over the dwellings in the land of Goshen, sparing those that were sprinkled with the blood of the lamb, armed with the terrors of God, hovered over Judea, to devote the people to utter destruction, and fixing his eyes on the countenance of the divine Messiah, there perceived their rejection, accompanied with a tear. Then that angel of death began those words of the curse, which proclaim through heaven the sentence of the sovereign Judge, when nations are ripe for destruction. His voice seemed like the sound of earthquakes,

the remote harbingers of death. Then he engraved the sentence on an iron tablet, and placed it near the Judge's throne.

Pilate, making a sign to the slave to retire, again addressed himself to the multitude, crying, ye furious and inexorable men, I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it. On which, pronouncing sentence on themselves, they cried, his blood be upon us and our children. Pale horror, sepulchral silence, and a cold shivering followed the words: but not remorse.

Now Pilate having ordered the crowd to make way, they opened to form a passage, and Jesus was taken in to the judgment hall to be scourged, while Barabbas, being set at liberty, joined the multitude. The savage murderer, on finding that he was free from his chains, shook himself, and leaping, shouted forth his obstreperous joy. He stood still: he was silent: he ran: he again stopped: the people trembled, and wherever he came, drove back. Yet Philo gazed upon him with pleasure. He too would have gladly accompanied the Redeemer: but it not being lawful for him at that time to enter the judgment hall, he walked before the door, and often stopped to listen. With joy would he have seen his sufferings: with joy and triumph would he have heard the voice of his pain.

But, O thou muse of Sion! who filled with grief turnedst away thy face from the divine, the suffering Redeemer, sing in mournful strains, the scourge, the reed, the purple mantle, and the crown!

The guard, a brutal band, assembling round him, rudely stripped off his garment. Thus in the parched desert where no refreshing stream gladdens the plain, and dispenses fertility, the furious winds strip off the leaves from a solitary tree, that had often afforded shelter to the faint and weary traveller. They then drag the Lord of Life, and bind him to a pillar. The blood follows every stroke. The precious blood of the holy, the benevolent Jesus, in crimson streams falls from his back. Then Eloi, 'at the dreadful sight, sinks down, and, with the humiliation of a mortal, lies prostrate in the dust. At length, laying aside the blushing scourge, and loosing him from his pillar, over his shoulders they threw a purple robe; in his hand they put a reed, and pressed upon his drooping head an encircling crown of thorns, from which the drops of blood fall trickling round. Then bowing with insulting mockery—But the trembling harp drops from my feeble hand, and my faltering voice in vain attempts to sing all the sufferings of the Eternal Son.

Pilate seeing the calmness with which the divine, the humble Jesus bore pain and insult, once more endeavoured to fill the people with the commiseration he himself felt, and, giving a sign to the Redeemer, went out of the judgment hall, followed by the patient, all-gracious sufferer. The multitude seeing them coming, again pressed forward, till Pilate, having commanded silence, cried aloud, ye men of Israel, I bring him out once more, to inform you, that he has done nothing worthy of death.

Then Jesus advancing nearer, they had a full view of him in his purple robe and bloody crown. Pilate now stretching out his hand, and looking first on Jesus, and then on them, in a compassionate accent cried, behold the man ! At this instant the great Redeemer gave orders to the angels, which, trembling, hovered round him : for his divine looks needed not words to express to them their meaning : they instantly read this gracious command, give to my disciples, and all my faithful followers, internal and celestial consolations, when I, on the uplifted cross, shall bleed and die, and lie among those that sleep in death !

Pilate had hoped to impress the minds of the Jews with sentiments of compassion : but they still shewed their insensibility to all the tender feelings of humanity : for the clamours of the cruel priests were a constant prelude to the loud cry of, crucify him ! crucify him ! At length being filled with indignation, Pilate hastily answered, take him away then, and crucify him : for I find no fault in him, and then angrily turning from them, retired.

Caiaphas, now hasting after the Roman, said, O Pilate ! we have a law, and by that law he ought to die, because he has made himself the Son of God. At hearing the words, the Son of God, Pilate trembled, and taking Jesus back to the judgment hall, with anxious solicitude, cried, tell me whence art thou ? Jesus made no answer, at which the governor being offended, said, speakest thou not to me ? Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify, and power to release thee ? Then the Messiah

calmly answered, no power couldest thou have against me, were it not given thee from above, therefore they that delivered me to thee have the greater sin.

Pilate then went back to the assembled people, when reading, in his resentful gestures, the motives to his return, they cried aloud, If thou, O Pilate ! releasest this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend——Whosoever maketh himself a king, rebels against Cæsar. The governor provoked, and struck with double fear, wanted the resolution to support his dignity ; and only answered with mockery and a contemptuous sneer, what, shall I crucify your king ? On which the chief priests hastily replied, we have no king but Cæsar.

Now the multitude surrounded the divine Jesus, and in savage triumph led him to death, while the pusillanimous Roman withdrew into his palace.



THE

MESSIAH.

BOOK VIII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

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Eloa descends from the throne of God, and proclaims that now the Redeemer is led to death, on which the angels of the earth form a circle round Mount Calvary, also named Golgotha. Then, having consecrated that hill, he worships the Messiah. Gabriel conducts the souls of the fathers from the sun to the Mount of Olives, and Adam addresses the earth. Satan and Adramelech, hovering in triumph, are put to flight by Eloa. Jesus is nailed to the cross. The thoughts of Adam. The conversion of one of the malefactors. Uriel places a planet before the sun, and then conducts to the earth the souls of all the future generations of mankind. Eve, seeing them coming, addresses them. Eloa ascends to heaven. Eve is affected at seeing Mary. Two angels of death fly round the cross. Eve addresses the Saviour, and the souls of the children yet unborn.

THE

# MESSIAH.

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## BOOK VIII.

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**C**OME thou who, on Sion's sacred mount, hast oft beheld the most holy of the high celestial choir: thou who from him hast learned what the eternal spirit taught, now sing the dying Saviour, the greatest of the dead. Come, O muse of Sion! divine instructress! come—trembling thyself, lead thy trembling votary—lead me to the awful crucifixion. filled with holy terror, I would see the expiring Redeemer; behold his fixed eyes, his pallid cheek, his open wounds, his precious blood!—Ah! he faints, he bleeds, he reclines his drooping head! he bleeds, he faints, his eyes are closed in darkness! speechless is he who formed the tongue, and dead is the Lord of Life!

From the presence of the Almighty Father, Eloa darted down with flight more swift than rays of light, beaming from the bright orb of day: even the immortals could scarce discern his rapid course. In his left hand he held a celestial crown, and in his right, a golden trumpet, from which he breathed heavenly notes, while all the spheres joined their harmony. Then the ex-

alted seraph sang in strains mellifluous and sublime.

Rejoice ye sons of heaven, rejoice ! and all ye celestial spirits, whether seated on the flaming suns, or encompassing the throne of the great Omnipotent, join with soft commiseration and exalted joy, to celebrate the great Sabbath of redeeming love. Join all ye spirits in wonder and in praise. Rejoice, the hour is come—the awful hour, in which the Lord of Life will die for man. The gracious victim is already on his way. Join all ye heavenly hosts, in rapturous strains, to celebrate his love to man.

His voice spread through the heavens. The blessed spirits had already anticipated the awful, the joyful sound. Eloa instantly hovered over Mount Calvary, while the angels of the earth hastened around him. He called, and about him they formed a radiant circle, close arranged, extending far and wide. Then, leaving the centre of this resplendent ring, he descended on the top of the mount. Thrice, with humble reverence, he bowed his face to the dust, then standing erect, lift up his hands, and cast his eyes down on the Messiah, who, amidst insulting crowds, was slowly moving towards Calvary, groaning under the weight of the ponderous cross. Then Eloa stretching out his arms over the mount, cried, hear, ye heavens, and rejoice ! Thou hell, give ear and tremble ! In the name of the All-gracious Father, whose sovereign goodness laid the plan of mercy ; in that of the great, the suffering Redeemer, who, full of benignity and soft compassion, is coming here to bleed and die,

and in that of the Holy Spirit, the sanctifier, the comforter of repentant sinners, by whom they shall be led into all truth, thee, O mount. I consecrate for the death of the Son. Holy, holy, holy is he who was, and is, and is to come!

Thus did Eloa consecrate the mount while over-powering amazement dimmed the effulgence of the great immortal, who now seeing the Son of Man near the mount, bending with tottering step, under the galling cross; a heavy burden for shoulders torn by cruel stripes! he prostrated himself on the parched grass, and with folded hands thus poured out his soul.

O thou who drawest near to thy altar, to die the most ignominious, and therefore the most astonishing, the most glorious of all deaths! Thou Friend of man, Creator, yet Child of Bethlehem, born of a race doomed to the grave!—Thou weepest, while to thee we sing triumphant hymns. Thou humblest thyself so low as to suffer on Golgotha. The heavenly host are lost in wonder, while wrapt in the contemplation of thy love to man. O thou Son of God! the incarnate Messiah, once immortal! the accomplisher of all that is amazing, highest, best!—of all that is most glorious, most admirable, most divine! the Restorer of innocence! the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world! the Reviver of the dead! the Destroyer of death everlasting! the Judge of the earth! Hear my lowly supplications, attend to the voice that addresses thee from the dust on which thou art to bleed. O thou Saviour of man, when thine eyes fail, when the paleness of death overspreads thy face, when the heavens shall tremble—

ling pass away, and the sun withdraw his light, then from the overshadowing night, in which thy life departs, strengthen me, O thou great accomplisher of the redemption of man!—strengthen me, that I, helpless, trembling, and forlorn, may not sink among the sepulchres of the earth—and when in the hovering twilight, the convulsed creation shall appear to swim before my disordered sight, may I see thee expire! O death of the Son, how near dost thou approach! From the first who became mortal, till the last of the race of Adam, the happy influences of thy death, O thou Messiah! shall extend, and all arise at the sound of the last trump. Hail, ye redeemed, who shall come rejoicing, having washed your robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!

Eloa now arose, and around Calvary marshalled the angels of the earth in wide extended circles. They assembled on low and floating clouds, that covered the broad summit of the mountain, or hovered in deep contemplation above the cedars, moving with their waving tops. He himself stood on a pinnacle of the temple. A mighty host encompassed the mount: these were the dispensers of the providence of the Omnipotent. Here were the angels of death and of judgment, the guardians of mankind, and of the future Christians, who, being the protectors of the martyrs, have the chief place at his throne, for whom the palm-bearing martyrs die.

Meanwhile Gabriel, whom the divine sufferer had sent to the sun, alighted at Uriel's resi-

dence, and standing before the souls of the parents of mankind, thus addressed them :

Draw near ye parents of the human race, and behold your Saviour. Here, with his trembling right hand he directed their sight, and then added : the Redeemer is dragging his cross ; near the foot of the hill of death ! On its summit, ye shall behold him bleeding on that torturing cross for you, and for your children !—O ye redeemed ! he goes—he hastens to prepare eternal life for generations yet unborn !

Thus spake the seaph, and then flew towards the earth. Silent with mingled grief and joy the human spirits follow : they haste : their celerity can only be surpassed by the ideas of the devout soul ranging with holy rapture from star to star. Grief leads the radiant band, and now they reach the Mount of Olives, on which Adam alighting first, sinks down, and kisses the earth.

O earth ! maternal land ! said he, do I again behold thee ! How many ages are passed away, since at my death, or rather my revival to a nobler, a better life, thou receivedst my frail cumbrous body into thy peaceful bosom ! Never since that awful—happy moment have I trod on thy surface. Thy bosom is now filled with the remains of my offspring. I salute thee, O earth ! I salute you, ye remains of the dead, my children. Ye shall awake ! Yes my dear children, ye shall awake ! The hours approach that shall deliver the earth from the curse brought upon it by my sin, and at length your dust, my children, rising, shall bless the gracious Saviour, who now dies for you and me.

Behold the incarnate Messiah, the earth-born Creator comes !—Behold he comes to die—to die for you !

Thus spake the first of men ; then silently looking towards Calvary, a heavenly melancholy, a sacred awe, thrilled through his whole ethereal frame.

On the temple stood Eloa, whence he described the crowd of happy human souls that descended with Gabriel. Then turning his face, he perceived on high over the cross, Satan and Adramelech wheeling about with looks of wild exultation : Satan transported with the work he should soon accomplish, and both pleased with the thoughts of future deeds, productive of misery. He sees them above the clouds of the moving earth, with immense circuits, measuring the vast empyrial vault. Eloa, now vested in his full glory, instantly arose from the temple towards the immortal offenders, arrayed in all the lustre of this most solemn day, and surrounded by the terrors of the Most High. Before him light breezes became bellowing storms ; and his progress was as the march of an army, under whose feet the rocks tremble. The mighty sound, and no less awful effulgence of the celestial spirit, proclaimed his approach. The apostates saw and heard him coming ; they strove in vain, to conceal their confusion : they stopped, and became still of more sable hue. So in the abyss of the lowest hell stand two rocks, covered with the darkest nocturnal gloom. With one stroke of his extended wings, the seraph then reached the spirits accursed, and thus, with commanding voice, spake : ye



whose names are mentioned in the abyss, be gone. Ye see the luminous circle of the pure, the exalted immortals; fly, and free the sacred place from your profane presence. The extent of the most distant radiance of the blessed shall indicate your limits: within the compass of their beams, presume not either to soar above the clouds or to creep along the dust of the earth.

Thus the seraph delivered his commands. As when two storms descend in black clouds on two of the mountains of the Alps, the rapid thunder bursts in their bosoms, and rolls through the winding valleys; so the proud infernal spirits prepare to answer Eloa. All the terrors of rage, all the rancour of revenge, gather in the wrinkles of their brows, and flash from their flaming eyes: but Eloa beholding them with majestic look, and steadfast gaze, checked the thunder ere it burst, crying, with a commanding voice, be ye silent—fly—Did I come with that triumphant strength, with which I am indued by the Omnipotent, my thunder, hurled from this uplifted arm, should drive ye beyond the bounds of the wide creation. But I come in the name of the Son of Adam, who there bears his cross! and in the name of that conqueror of hell and death, command you to fly. They fled: but first changed blacker than the gloom of midnight, and were pursued by terrors, which drove them aside among the ruins of Gomorrah in the Dead Sea. With joy the angels and the souls of the blessed saw their disgrace—

ful flight, while Eloa, arrayed in all his glory, returned to a pinnacle of the temple.

The holy Jesus was come to the hill of death, when, faint with suffering and fatigue, he sunk under the burden of the cumbersome cross. The blood-thirsty multitude then forced a fearful traveller, who had just descended the declivity, to bear the cross. Among those who followed, some soft and gentle minds, free from rage, beheld him with compassion, and lamented his fate : yet their hearts being attached to vanity, scarcely did they know whom they pitied. This sorrow, fleeting and transitory as a morning dream, arose from no devout sensation of soul. Jesus heard their lamentations, and turning towards them, said, why do ye weep, O ye daughters of Jerusalem? Weep not for me : but weep for yourselves, and for your children : for the day of distress and anguish approaches ; the dreadful day, when they shall say, blessed are the barren ! the womb that never bare, and the breast that never gave suck ! Then will they say to the mountains, fall on us, and to the hills cover us. For if this be done to me, what shall be done to the sinner ?

Having at length reached the summit of the hill, Jesus lift up his eyes to the Sovereign Judge. Meanwhile the executioners take the cross, and set it up among the bones of the dead. Now the solemn day shines with fainter light ; yet still the smallest of the animal creation sport in the extended fields of vital air. Soon the earth gently trembles through its depths profound : whirling storms

sweep along its surface, and howl through its hollow caverns : the cross shakes, and near it stands the Prince of Peace.

Adam on perceiving him, could no longer contain his transports : with glowing cheek, and hair flying back, he rapidly advanced to the slope of the mountain : then sunk to the earth, while the celestial radiance, which beamed from his immortal eyes, was dimed. He lay dissolved in the tears of joy, and love, and gratitude, which were mingled with a flood of sorrow and amazement. While all these passions, in pleasing confusion, rushed upon his soul, his thoughts burst into speech, and the angelic circle heard his suppliant voice, when lifting up his eyes, he thus spake :

O thou Son ! thou Saviour ! thou the great Messiah, and my Lord ! the immortals weep, when absorbed in thy love, they, with silent admiration, mention thy thousand thousand glories, thus eclipsed—thus brightened by thy sufferings ! Ah I call thee Son ; then struck with wonder, pause and weep with them ! Jesus my Son !—rapture is in the thought ! Whither—Oh whither shall I retire to bear the pleasing—joyful grief of this inexpressible salvation ? O ye angels who were before me, yet not before him, look down—with wonder and amazement look down on Jesus my Son ! Thee, O earth, I bless, and thee, O dust, from which I was formed !—O joy !—thou plenitude of joys eternal, that filled all the desires of the immortals ! O the great, the profound, the heavenly plan ! It was thine, O Jehovah !—thine was the glorious, the gracious plan of

redemption ! thy loving-kindness and compassion exceed the ideas of the wrapt seraph !—and thou, O Jesus ! didst leave the splendor that surrounds thy throne, and all the pure, the refined, the ineffable delights of heaven, to descend to earth—to become my Son—to redeem my offspring from the power of sin—to perfect redemption for man, by obtaining a glorious victory over temptations, sufferings, and death ! Thus dost thou bruise the serpent's head. Rejoice, O my immortal soul ! in the wonders of his love—eternal praises are due to him, who by his sufferings and death, for us procures eternal felicity ! Stand still, ye immortal souls, and wondering, behold this abyss—this wide abyss of joy ! What, ye heavens, are the moments of a mortal life to the joys of immortality ! Yet each of these is divine—each moment when well employed bears on its rapid wings eternal repose ! This shall I—this shall you, my children, enjoy ! Lend me your voice, ye celestial spirits, that through the whole creation I may aloud proclaim, that the great Redeemer is now entering the shadow of death. Arise mankind from the squalid earth—arise, lift up your heads ; come and wash your souls in tears of pity, love, and joy ! The Messiah, your Creator ! Brother ! Friend ! is on the verge of the opening grave. Ye, my children, are his beloved ; for you he dies ! Come, all ye my children, to your dying Redeemer—ye who dwell in palaces roofed with gold, lay down your crowns and come—Ye cottagers leave your lowly hurdled huts, and come. Alas ! they hear not my voice—

they hear not the voice of love—O thou who offerest thyself a willing sacrifice! let me, with overflowing gratitude, for ever admire thy condescending love. Complete—oh complete, thou gracious Sufferer, the mighty work. And now—But ah! what inexpressible melancholy rushes upon my heart!—What sympathetic sorrow penetrates the deep recesses of my soul! Now, O Jesus! thou enterest the dismal path of death! Strengthen, O Eternal Father! me, the first of sinners, who have already seen corruption, that with melting soul, I may behold my Son, my Lord, die—die for repenting sinners!

Adam was silent. In the mean time the mighty, the humble Sufferer approached nearer to the cross, and lifting up his hand, held it before his face, then bowing low, said what no angel heard, nor no creature understood: but Jehovah from his lofty throne, now environed with sable clouds, answered. The words of the Most High reached the distant limits of the wide expanse of heaven, and the throne of judgment trembled. The executioners came up to the Redeemer: then all the worlds, with wide extended roar, stopped at the points of their orbits, whence they were to proclaim the redemption. They stood still: the thunder of the poles died away, and sunk into silence: silent was the whole motionless creation, shewing to all under heaven the hour of sacrifice. Thou also, O world of sinners and of graves, stood still! Now the angels, arrayed in all their unfading glories, looked down. Jehovah himself looked down, and

supported the sinking earth : he looked down on Jesus, whom, with barbarous hands, they nailed to the cross.

As when almighty death has overspread the creation, and a world sleeps in silent corruption, no living being standing on the dust of the dead ; so, in solemn silence the angels, and thine Omnipotent Father, O crucified Jesus ! looked on thee. But when thy blood first started forth from thy hands and feet, then the amazement of the seraphim grew too strong for silence, they burst into mingled sounds of exultation and mourning. Now were the heavens filled with new adorations. Once more, and again once more, Eloa casts his wondering eyes on the bleeding Jesus : and then with a dignity with which he had never appeared to any of the immortals, in an ecstasy of admiration, he flew into the heaven of heavens, and with a voice that resembled the sound made by the stars in their circular courses, cried, the blood of the Saviour flows ! Then flying into the immense abyss, he repeated, the blood of the Saviour flows ! He next, with more calm astonishment, bends his course to the earth. As he returned through the region of creation, he saw the archangels on the suns ; worshipping they stood, while from their golden altars a flame arose, like the crimson blush of the morning, and ascended to the Judge's throne. Beneath, through the wide creation, sacrifices blazed, as types of the bleeding sacrifice on the cross. Thus the seventy elders of God's chosen people saw on Sinai the appearance of the glory of

the Most High: or thus arose the sacred cloud, and pillar of fire from the tabernacle, to guide the people on their way.

Still the god-like Saviour bleeds; and looking down with divine benignity and grace on the people of Judea, who were crowded together in one great throng from Jerusalem to the cross, he meekly cried, Father forgive them; for they know not what they do!

Silent amazement accompanied the voice of love through a part of the crowded multitude, who lift up their faces to the bleeding Redeemer, and beheld him overspread with a deadly paleness. This was all that mortal eyes could see. The souls of the pious dead saw diviner, more mysterious things. They observed his struggling life, which death could not destroy, had not he borne a commission from the Supreme Sovereign of all. They perceived what convulsive terrors shook his mortal frame, while forsaken by his Almighty Father, he hung on the lofty cross! How great the salvation procured by those purple streams! What love and compassion were shewn by his bearing his cruel wounds! Behold, he lift up his eyes to heaven, seeking ease from pain! but no ease he found, every moment repeated the most dreadful death. With him, as a farther debasement, were crucified two malefactors, one on his right hand, the other on his left. Of these, one an obdurate sinner, grown grey in guilt, turning his sullen distorted face to the Mediator, cried, if thou be Christ, save thys If and us, and come down from the accursed tree.

The other criminal was in all the vigour of blooming youth : he was not abandoned, though he had been seduced by sin ; and now rising superior to his tortures, he boldly reproved his fellow sufferer, crying, ah, dost thou not fear God, when death—when condemnation are so near ? What we suffer, alas ! we suffer justly for our crimes ; but this man, added he, looking on Jesus, has committed no crime. Then writhing his body towards the Redeemer, he strove to shew his veneration, by lowly bowing his head. The effort tore his lengthening wounds, and the blood gushed forth in larger streams ; but disregarding the pain, and the streaming blood, bending still lower, he cried, Lord, remember me, when thou enterest into thy kingdom.

The Mediator, with a divine smile, beaming benignity and grace, looked on the agonizing sinner, and, with a gentle voice, replied, this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise. With devout trembling the malefactor heard the reviving words, which thrilled through his soul. With blissful ecstasy his eyes, which swam in tears of joy, remained fixed on the divine Sufferer, the Friend of man, and till his faltering speech began to fail, he attempted in broken sentences, to express his new and exalted sensations, the delightful foretaste of eternal felicity.—What was I ? Oh what am I now ? cried he, with a look of transport, that banished from his face the traces of pain. Such misery before and now such joy ! Oh this ecstatic remor ! these sweet—these rapturous sensations ! What dawning felicity breaks in upon



my soul ! Who is he that hangs next me on the cross ? is he a pious, a just, a holy prophet ?—He is much more—Ah, much more—surely he is the Son of God, the Messiah, sent from heaven ! His kingdom then is far—far exalted above the earth ! O ye men and angels, this is the promised Messiah ! yet how deeply does he humble himself ! He stoops to suffer this painful death ! he stoops still lower—he stoops to save me ! How incomprehensible ! O be thou ever beloved by me, while, lost in wonder, I cannot comprehend this grace ! Greater art thou than the highest angel ; for surely an angel could not thus have transformed my soul—could not, with such sublime rapture, have raised it to God ! Yes, thou art the divine Messiah, and thine—thine I shall be for ever !

Thus he spake, and then hung absorbed in silent rapturous astonishment. Whenever he cast up his eyes towards heaven, or on the extended earth, all seemed to smile. The peace of God had rested upon him. At a glance from the Redeemer one of the seraphim now hastily left the circle which encompassed Calvary, and stood under the cross. The import of the divine look was, thou seraph bring the redeemed to me, after his death. He instantly returned to the angelic circle. This was the invincible Abdiel, who by the appointment of the Most High was now an angel of death, and kept the gate of hell. Instantly troops of other angels surrounded him, and asked his commission. Abdiel with transport answered, I received orders after the death of that crim-

inal, to conduct him to the Messiah, who hath given him salvation. The delightful task fills me with sweetest joy. A sinner is delivered, and delivered in the hour when the gracious Saviour is bleeding—is dying for man ! To conduct this purified soul, thus prepared for heaven, to its Redeemer is a delightful task ! Congratulate me, O ye angels ! on the blissful office.

In the mean while Uriel, the angel of the sun, had long stood on a mount of that shining globe, ready for his progressive flight ; and now the time was come for executing the commands he had received. Radiant he arose, and proceeded through the heavens, with steady wing, to a remote planet, which the Omnipotent had ordered him to place before the sun, that the life of the divine Redeemer might expire under a more awful covert than that of the night. Already the seraph stood over the pole of the star—of that star where dwell the souls who, before their birth, are removed into this momentary mortal life of probation. There Uriel looked down on the souls of future generations, and calling the star by its immortal name, thus spake :

Adamida, he who has assigned thee thy station, commands thee leave thine orbit, and to place thyself opposite to that sun, to prevent any of its rays reaching the earth.

The heavenly orbs heard the commanding voice reverberate from the mountains of Adamida. The star tremulous turned its thundering poles, and the whole creation resounded ; when, with terrific haste Adamida, in obe-

dience to the divine command, flew amidst overwhelming storms, rushing clouds, falling mountains, and swelling seas. Uriel stood on the pole of the star, but so lost in deep contemplation on Golgotha, that he heard not the wild tumultuous roar. Now, O sun! it had reached thy region. At the sight of the new solar orb, the tender human souls were filled with astonishment, and raised themselves above the planet's ascending clouds. Adami-da then slackened her course, and advanced before the sun, covered its face, and intercepted all its rays.

The earth was silent at the descending twilight, and as the gloom increased, deeper was the silence. Terrifying shades and palpable darkness came on. The birds ceased their notes, and sought the thickest groves: the very insects hurried to their retreats, and the wild beasts of the deserts fled to their lonely dens. A death like stillness reigned through the air. The human race standing aghast, looked up to heaven. The darkness became still more dark. What a night in the midst of day! The intercepting planet had, to all human eyes, extinguished the sun! How terrifying the awful night which thus involved in sable clouds the extended fields, and was rendered doubly terrible by this solemn silence!

But Jesus, amidst the terrifying gloom hung unterrified on the lofty cross, while the blood and sweat of death trickled from his dying members. At the sight silent nature was struck with consternation, like that felt by virtuous friend on his hearing that he whor

he loved is snatched away by a premature death. Or as the generous citizen remains immovable, and contemplates with eyes that shed no tears, the melancholy and venerable remains of the brave patriot who has died for his country : but soon awaked by grief, his emotions shake his whole frame, and raise a tempest in his sympathising soul. In such dismay the earth then lay, and thus shook. The foundations of Golgotha quaked : the darkened cross trembled, and widened the wounds of the divine sufferer, while his life issued forth in larger streams. Now stood the multitude, fixed by deep-rooted horror, wildly gazing towards the cross. Dreadfully flowed the sacred blood, by them unjustly shed. On them it came, and on their children. Fain would they have turned aside their faces ; but irresistibly impelled by terror, their eyes were continually directed towards the bloody cross.

Uriel, having still another command to execute, descended from the pole of fixed Adami-da, to the unborn souls on its surface. They saw the celestial intelligence approach ; already were they in bodies of the human form, though of an ethereal texture, tinged with the gay splendour of a ruddy evening cloud. Follow me, said Uriel : I come from the great Eternal, to take you to yonder earth, overshadowed by the world on which you live. Ye shall see the Saviour of man—your Saviour : but yet ye know him not. A remote beam of immortal felicity will dart upon you.—Follow me, ye blessed, who, when born, will become candidates for immortal life, and all

the joys of heaven.—Come and behold the awful scene. To him who now dies on the cross, every knee shall at length bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord and Redeemer.

The conducting spirit extended his wings, and flew encompassed by the souls. Thus the pious sage, fond of meditation, and high celestial converse, hastes by moon-light into a lonely forest, there in devout raptures to contemplate on thee, O thou Infinite and Supreme ! so amidst the souls, the transported seraph, wrapt in thought, speeds his way, and draws near to the earth.

The progenitors of mankind saw the numberless band coming in the dusky clouds : myriads of myriads of immortals ; a majestic train of thinking beings, that have existed ever since the creation ! Now the mother of men, astonished, turned from the cross her attentive eye. The children come—they come ! all the unborn—the Christians come ! Thus spake the general mother to the father of men. But soon she again fixed her eyes on the bloody cross, adding, these are my immortals—But ah, by what name do they call thee, O thou who bleedest, who diest for them ! With what hosannas shall they hymn thee, thus disfigured with wounds ? O that you, ye children of salvation !—ye Christians ! were now born : that thousands and thousands of weeping mothers led you to the cross ; Oh that you already knew the most holy of those born of women : him who when he first entered this mortal state, wept at Bethlehem ! But O Adam ! they will know him, they will know the dear Saviour, the son of

the Eternal ! But as the flower whose stalk is broken by the boisterous wind, hangs its still beauteous head and dies, so some of you, my beloved children, will fall by the murderous sword of persecution ; and in hanging your heads, will smile in death. You happy martyrs, your mother congratulates, ye are the chosen the exalted witnesses of the greatest and most important of all deaths. O ye glorious sufferers for the cause of truth, of virtue, of your Redeemer ! Your pale and hollow cheeks, will assume the soft blush of celestial beauty : Your wounds will shine with refulgent splendor : your dying groans be changed to sweetest strains of heavenly harmony, and rapturous songs of joy and triumph.

The great Emanuel now lifting up his eyes, filled with celestial love, beheld the unborn souls : his look drew forth a sacred tear on every cheek, and each soul trembling with holy awe, felt new sensations.

Now the colour of life instantaneously flushed on the face of the dying Jesus ; but as instantaneously vanished never to return : his faded cheeks became sunk, and his head hung on his breast : with difficulty he raised it up towards heaven ; but unable to sustain its weight, soon it dropped. The pendant sky formed an arch round Golgotha, more silent and dreadful than the sepulchral vault, and sable clouds of wide extent hung over the cross. In an instant the silence ceased, and a noise ushered in by no murmuring sound, suddenly burst from the earth, with a roar so tremendous, that the sepulchres of the dead, and the

pinnacles of the temple shook. This was the fore-runner of a tempest, which, rushing on the lofty cedars, tore them up by the roots, and made the towers of Jerusalem quake. Then loud thunder rolled through the sky, and the deafening clap bursting over the Dead Sea, its affrighted waters foamed, and the heavens and the earth trembled.

Silence, with steady foot, again stood on the earth, again the gloom began to disperse, and the unborn, the human race, and the dead, speechless gazed on the Redeemer. Meanwhile our general mother, with soothing melancholy, now her sweet companion, viewed the divine Saviour, under his lingering death. On beholding him, her eyes were dimmed by obscuring affliction, and soft sympathetic sorrow. The Messiah now downward bent his looks on a fair mortal, whom with fixed regard he viewed, while she with drooping head, and a countenance pale and mournful, trembling, stood at the foot of the cross, involved in silent sorrow : her eyes fixed by grief on the ground, shed no tears ; for the kind relief of those heart-easing drops was withheld. This, said the first of women, is surely the Saviour's mother—Thy grief, O my daughter, tells me that thou art she who bore thy Lord and mine.—Thou art Mary. What thou now feelest, I felt for my dear murdered Abel, when he lay breathless, with his own blood distained—how I pity thee—thy grief equals what I then felt, O thou tender mother of my dear dying Jesus ! Thus to herself she spake, while, with an affectionate look, her eyes hung



on Mary : nor yet had they left her beloved daughter, had not two angels of death, with awful, solemn flight, approached from the east. Silent, and slow they came. Destruction sat on their faces, and their vesture was the gloom of night. Sent by the Supreme Lord, they approached the cross, and so tremendous was their appearance, that the souls of the progenitors of the human race sunk nearer to the earth, and images of death, with the terrors of sepulchral corruption, hovered round the immortals.

The angels of death standing on the hill, face to face, viewed the dying Saviour, then one rising to the right, and the other to the left ; with sounding pinions, seven times flew round the cross. Two wings covered their feet, two trembling wings their faces, and with two they flew. These, when expanded, sent forth groans and sighs, and sounds of death. Dreadful the angels hovered. The terrors of God sat on their expanded wings, and seven times they flew around. The dying Jesus, raising his languid head, looked at the angels of death, then cast up his eyes to heaven, and cried, with a voice which none but his Almighty Father heard, Ah cease to increase the torture of these wounds ! O my God forbear ! Instantly the two angels bent their airy flight towards heaven ; but first cast a dreadful look on Jerusalem, and on her inhabitants who stood around. On their ascent they left the etherial spectators under deeper dejection, and pensiveness more profound. With disordered countenances they stand looking on



the graves, then at each other, and then towards heaven: but soon they again turn their faces to him who bleeds on the cross. Innumerable they stand, and though every eye speaks 'grief' or consternation, no immortal eyes express such tenderness as those of the mother of men. She bows her head towards the earth, the grave of her descendants, and spreads her raised arms to heaven. Now she lays her mournful brow in the dust: now folds her hands. She rises, and earnestly looks around. At length with faltering voice, she gives utterance to her thoughts, and, from her lips, immortal harmony flows forth in sighs.

May I, O thou divine Messiah! presume to call thee Son?—It was my crime that brought thee down from heaven, and nailed thee to the cross. Had it not been for me, who have exposed my offspring to sin and death, thou wouldst not have been my Son—thou wouldst not now hang bleeding on thy gaping wounds: nor ever, ever die! What an exchange has my guilt brought on thee, O thou most loving and beloved! thou hast exchanged bliss for misery! life and ineffable joy, for torment unutterable, and all the agonies of expiring nature! I—alas! I was the cause! yet turn—turn not away from me thy dying eyes. Thine allgracious Father, the prime source of goodness and of love, has condescended to forgive me—Thou too hast pitied—hast forgiven me, O my Redeemer, and the Redeemer of my offspring! the high arch of heaven, resounded, and the throne of the Eternal echoed back thy praise, when thou, the

beloved of thy

Father, offeredst to give thy life for repentant sinners, that we might enjoy life everlasting.— And now thou diest—I stand absolved by boundless grace—But thou diest !—This overwhelms my soul—It throws back immortality into the grave ! O thou divine Saviour, allow me to weep for thee, and forgive—forgive the soothing tears of an immortal !—Yes, O thou dear Redeemer ! thou hast forgiven me.—Forgive me also, O my pious offspring ! for when me, your last groans, when me, your dying sighs curse, as your murderer ; then let your hearts bless me ; for I am also the mother of the Saviour, of the Prince of Grace, of the Author and the Finisher of your faith, who dies that you may live ! Curse me not then, O my children ! for I, when mortal, often shed the kindly tear for you, and when my struggling heart failed, for you I dying wept, and poured forth tears for those who, after me, were to sink into corruption. When ye now, O my pious, my virtuous children, expire, ye shall sleep in Jesus, and be conveyed to the realms of ineffable delight !—conveyed to him, whom ye now see bleeding on the cross !—Then curse not your mother, O my children ! for though I rendered you mortal, Jesus Christ is also my Son, and he will clothe you with immortality ! But O my dear Lord ! my Redeemer ! my best Beloved ! whose kindness and grace no words can express, thou diest ! Oh that this sorrowful hour were passed, and that thou hadst escaped from pain, to the felicity that awaits thee, at the right hand of the Majesty on High.—Now my dear

Jesus bends his looks on me ! O ye seraphims rejoice, he turns his face to me ! Let the gates of heaven echo back the sound, that the great, the divine Redeemer once more turns his face to the mother of mortals ! The joys of eternity already shine around me ! I lift up my eyes to the Most High, the Omnipotent God, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain ! I stretch forth my hands to his beloved Son ! the Brightness of his Father's glory, the Restorer of innocence ! the Reviver of the dead ! the Judge of the earth ! the Redeemer of man ! and with amazement attempt to express my gratitude : but words cannot describe what I feel : My soul swells with rapture. I am lost in transport, in ecstasy, in joy unutterable ! bless the Lord, O my children ! bless the great Omnipotent, the original source of joy, of love, of happiness ! Oh pour out your souls in grateful praise to the Lord your Redeemer, and everlasting Friend. By his bloody sweat in Gethsamane ; by those wounds, and that pure blood now shed for you : by his drooping head, his dim and languid eyes, his countenance disfigured by pain and approaching death, I conjure you, to love and imitate your Lord, your Friend, your Saviour. In his name I bless you, O mine offspring ! and may the blessing of the Lord always rest upon you !

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